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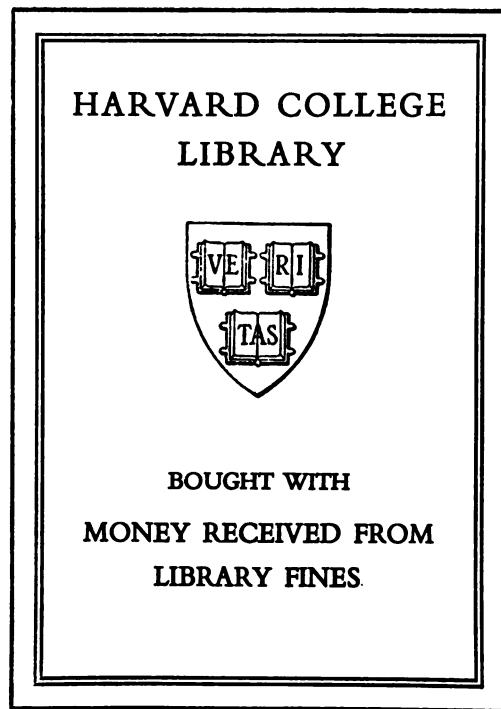
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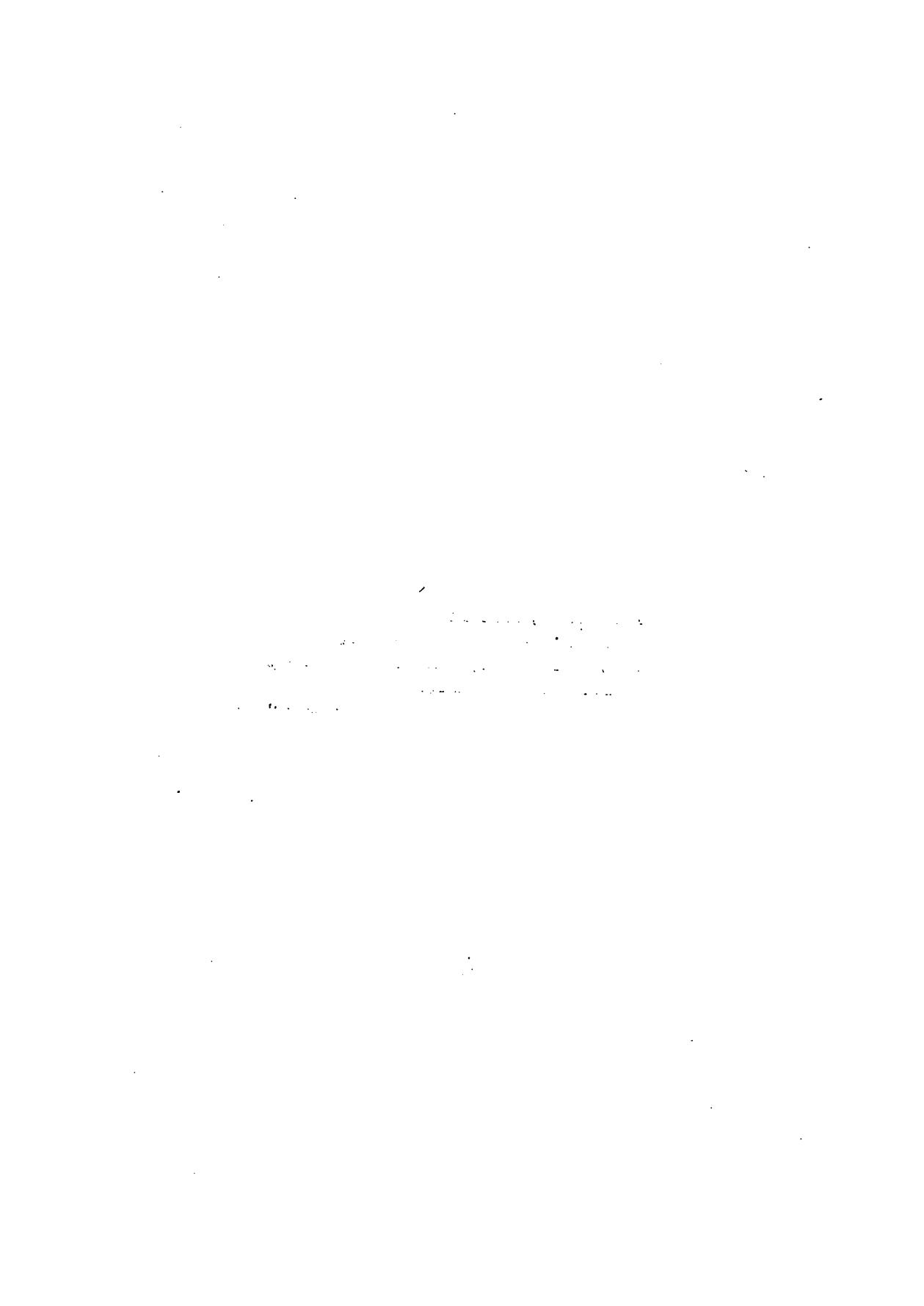


2072









The Cavalry rode all night,
The Infantry marched all day;
They rode and they marched into History,
For ever more to stay.

EUGENE WARE.

War Talks in Kansas

A Series of Papers Read before the Kansas Commandery of
the Military Order of the Loyal Legion
of the United States.

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Fine money

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Kansas in 1861.

By Col. A. A. Woodhull, U. S. A.
November 5, 1890.

I was to tell how we took down a Rebel flag in Kansas. How can I tell so simple a thing as that and entertain you? the half of you whose hands have doubtless been red many times and oft with the gore of border ruffians and other disturbers of the peace, and the other half, I am sure, are quite ready to swear that there never has been a Rebel flag in the Sunflower State (we didn't call it that in those stormy days) except in the hands of predatory bands with no abiding place. But I reflected that this was in the nature of an after-dinner speech (I believe the dinner is omitted on this particular occasion), a response to a toast, as it were—and we all know that toasts are mere devices for getting a man on his legs, after which he may wander in any direction, regardless of the call made. So with that understanding, I begin.

A good many years ago now, but then it seemed a good many years ago after the event (it was twelve, I believe), on a night train from New York to Washington I overheard one Colorado man ask another: "Do you know Colonel Jack H——?" "Yes, but I haven't seen him since I was on a committee to hang him." And then he went on to explain certain iniquities the said Jack had been guilty of at the Lower Crossing connected with stuffing ballot-boxes.

Stuffing ballot-boxes anywhere and horse-stealing in a new State are two of the offenses for which self-preservation demands prompt and thorough expiation—that is, a preventive or prophylactic measure effectually guarding against their repetition. The one is directed against the collective community generally in a vital part, for, singularly, ballots are never stuffed in the interest of virtue and progress; they are always so treated *against* our side; and the other is equivalent to taking a man's life. For to leave one stranded on the prairie without his team is much like abandoning him on a desert island without food. When the frauds at the Lower Crossing and elsewhere were perpetrated, this section was a

lively place in which to live. As late as 1859, when I first knew it, although the great billows that the civil storm had raised throughout the Territory were subsiding, enough foam was left on the surface for one to judge how the waves had lashed. Men who had been conspicuous in that Civil War, for it was nothing less, were as easily found as to-day those who served with distinction in the greater one; and the men who "had been out in the troubles" were comparatively as common as those who have worn the blue, and they were not all old men, as we are so swiftly becoming. Pike's Peak had naturally drawn off a great number, but those who had an interest in the soil, and especially those who had fought for their claims, remained, forming an intelligent, hard-headed somewhat radical community it may be, if I may so express myself to your faces, but one strongly attached to the National Government as it existed in the spring of 1861. To this general statement may be made the exception of a sprinkling of pro-slavery settlers, especially in the eastern file of counties, being more numerous as the Missouri line was approached. And these chiefly were those who "sympathized" with secession, when Sumter drew the line for Kansas as for the nation at large.

Lawrence since its foundation had been a center for the dissemination of anti-slavery ideals and the shelter of anti-slavery men, and the fire from John Brown's rifle-trenches on the height of Oread had successfully held his position against assault. So Lawrence was a recognized objective point for our friends over the border—both on account of bitter feeling and because it was supposed to be a depot of arms.

The place of which I write lay seven or eight miles east of Lawrence, and we had been so often threatened and so often warned of possible attacks that a militia company of mounted rifles had been organized, and been recognized by the governor in commissioning the officers. We furnished our own arms and our own mounts, and were quite independent of uniforms. In fact, the little hamlet was an outlying

picket for the greater town. Its citizens and their farming compadres were those who would first feel the invaders, as every one very well knew. And when Quantrell with his band swept over that prairie in the summer night before the bloody dawn, he captured a neighboring lad I well knew and impressed him at the carbine's mouth as an unwilling but, alas! too exact guide. But had not blind Fate stepped in (Are such things due to Fate, I wonder?), Lawrence had been warned, and instead of a Ramah mourning in desolation, it might have added to its record a second repulse of the border hordes; for as the raiders swept by on the higher prairie the news of their advance came down to the little village. I have sometimes wondered how that message was borne. Did some loyal Missourian, learning of the raid, ride on the far flank to watch its course and then, with exhausted horse, wake the last rider, of whom I shall tell, to carry on the warning? Did some sharp-witted Yankee of the prairies, as those night-riders flitted by, discerning the evil they bore with them, afraid of his horse's hoof-beats, run, breathless and on foot, to the blacksmith's door? Or was this courier of the night, this harbinger of day, had he not met with such sad eclipse, awakened by his own consciousness of danger and trouble abroad? I do not know. But this I know, that a stalwart man, unhonored and unsung, gave up his life that night in the vain attempt to alarm the sleeping town. Paul Revere, arousing the minutemen of Middlesex, has gone down into history glorified in song and story. He watched for the lantern in Old South's tower and rode away, a patriotic courier at whose warning "the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." From his horse's heels flew the sparks of the same fire that has always burned in the torch of Liberty, and steed and rider deserve well of the country. But in the little frontier village was a man far more daring, far more self-sacrificing. A pack of human wolves had swept along with the scent of helpless prey before them. How he knew it we cannot now tell; but to learn it

was to act. A soldier carries orders as he is sent; the scout comes with intelligence that he has gleaned; in the machinery of war each has place to fill. But here a sleeping civilian, going to rest with no thought of danger near, awakes to hear that his neighbors of nine miles away are in peril of their lives. He takes no thought of his own. At once his horse is mounted. Whether even saddled I cannot tell, but off they go in a wild gallop across the Wakarusa, along the black Kaw bottom, the winding trail picking its way among the heavy growth of timber. To me the road is perfectly familiar. On more peaceful errands I had traversed it many times. This herald hoped by very swift riding to outflank the war-hounds and to reach Lawrence before them. It was possible to do with local knowledge, with courage, with speed. His local knowledge brought its own danger with it; his courage, his brave-hearted helpfulness bore him into it; his speed hurled him to destruction. Threading his way through the dark woods, his horse, pressed by the lash, swerved around a tree, and the daring rider was swept off upon the roadside, crushed and unconscious. Samuel Reel, the blacksmith of Eudora, died to save Lawrence and died in vain. He has no song, no eulogy, but this. His life till middle age was spent at the forge in the central Pennsylvania town of Bellefonte. He came to Kansas not long before the war. He died by violence trying to save his distant neighbors.

I have wandered from what I started to tell—but it shows that we traversed debatable ground, and that, while our troopers wore no facings to excite maidenly admiration, we had good reason for corporate existence. With your good will, one other episode. As I have intimated, we lay on the high road to Missouri—or from it, as you will. Up to this time no troops were taken from Kansas, but with many valorous resolves we carried on our drills. One July Sunday in 1861 came the news that the Missourians were advancing, that they were coming up the stage road, and that Blue Jacket's Ford and the other approaches to the Yankee town might again

echo with hostile tread. Our duty was obvious: we must bar the way when they came, we must find out where they were and how many before they came. We were not well versed in theoretical war; we had little instruction from books or orally in the mission of cavalry—or, more strictly, of mounted riflemen—but our common sense made it plain that we were to stop those people if we could; we must delay them at the least, and must give our friends in the rear definite information. Your speaker was the second lieutenant and responsible for the second platoon. It is my recollection that the captain was temporarily absent. At all events, the officers' consultation resulted in bringing the two platoons, or as many as could be hastily mustered, together at Hesper School-house just as dusk fell upon the day. We had no scrap of uniform; we had no rations; we had no reserve ammunition; no two weapons were alike; the officers had no swords nor indeed any other insignia, nor do I think there was a saber in the troop. But we were there to fight! Those little matters just mentioned might trouble regulars, but they did not concern us. We were above the pedantry of war. Indians required none of such things. Why should we, or, in fact, any earnest soldiers? We were soldiers inside, that was enough.

Our directly outlying pickets brought us no news. I fear we had no fan-like disposition, and an alert enemy might have passed us and gone to the rear. As the bed-hour approached and no powder had been burned, our rustic recruits, with the prospect of Monday's work before them, proposed to go home. If the Missourians weren't coming, there was no use staying out on the prairie; and if they were coming according to the original report, they should have been there long ago. That sounded reasonable, and yet it would be a shame to have the morning break and find a rebel band had passed our lines, after warning had been given, and we had not fired a shot. Where was the enemy? In this dilemma your speaker and a private, Richards by name, volun-

teered to find out. We were going to beard the lion, if not exactly in his den, at least on the war-path, and, if necessary, to stir him up. The remainder of the troop promised to wait a reasonable time for the returns before dispersing. We, Richards and I, moved off to the east down the stage road toward Westport, and finding no one in the highway, began to arouse the settlers and to ask questions. We met with a singular and unanimous reply; to every inquiry was the response: "Yes, the Missourians were not far off; they were believed to be *en route*." Many of those quiet souls seemed to think that if they themselves would only go to bed and to sleep, the tide of war would not touch them. But the further we went the warmer the scent, the hotter the trail—although we were approaching, not following it. It was a very curious fact that all along that route we found evidence of the serious belief that there was trouble to the east. Finally, about dawn, we found a place where it was reported not only that there was actual fighting going on a few miles away, but that all the men of the neighborhood had gone down to take part. You will say that was a queer place to turn back. Well, we didn't turn back. We went on—but no other sign of the contest greeted us. By this time, daylight, we considered our situation. We must be very nearly invading Missouri ourselves. Our troop certainly couldn't get into that fight, if there was one; and, fight or not, no Missourians could now reach Douglas County, the country being aroused, except in such overwhelming force that our own troopers could only act as scouts, not in line of battle. We rode back, but, tired and hungry, it was high noon before we reached Hesper School-house—to find it, of course, deserted. Late in the afternoon I crossed an express-rider from Lawrence. Telegraphic news had been flashed to Leavenworth, the nearest point; there it had been put into type and it had been run by express to Lawrence, whence it was going broadcast. What? The grand army, that on to Richmond had been spurred by the paper generals of the Northern cities,

had been defeated on the banks of Bull Run, it was in full retreat on Washington, and, worse than all, the Black Horse Cavalry had swept everything before it, and the forces of the Union were "cut to pieces."

There had been no skirmish on the Missouri line, although everything pointed to it and the belief had been widespread. But could it be possible that all along the anxious line from the far Virginia field the sympathy of loyal souls had felt the danger, had had borne in upon their hearts the unconscious signs of that first disaster, which, after all, was only the first stroke of the modern Vulcan forging the panoply that should ultimately protect inviolate the national life, but that then seemed a shaft aimed at that life itself? I do not know. But I do know that some power of the air, some influence beyond myself, led me to make that well-meaning although resultless scout that could not have been far from sixty miles, and had brought my comrades out in arms for service. We were not a very formidable body, judging by subsequent standards; but we were in dead earnest, and the men of Kansas did not shoulder their weapons in those days for mere amusement. When the rude shock of Sumter rolled over the relics of border strife, then peacefully crumbling, and we found war on our hands without our asking for it, without our wish, the youngest member of the Union was perfectly ready and glad to bear her share in its defence; and your presence here to-night, companions, bears witness that she did it well. But rejoicing that we are alive to see the indivisible Union, with sectionalism buried, we are not to forget the precious lives laid down that the country might live!

These tales of days that never will return, this runaway tongue loosened on the down-grade of memory, has not yet brought me to that Rebel flag. But now I see it in the distance. As you have learned, the community in which I lived was in the northeastern part of Douglas County, with the Delaware Reservation—now covered with fertile farms—to the

north, and Johnson County (we didn't think as much of Johnson County then as we might) on the east. Our particular village was almost exclusively German, and then, separated by a two-mile strip of absentee Shawnee land on the south, came the high prairie settled almost entirely with native Americans of a very high order of character. Sumter drew the lines for Kansas as it did for the nation at large, and while as the border was approached some might be found who "sympathized," and in other places there were those who were disloyal, our community was a unit on the great question of the inviolability of the Union. We regarded ourselves not merely as an outlying picket for the city of Lawrence, but an advance guard of the whole Union line, occupying the post of honor and in a measure guardians of the dignity of the State for an indefinite distance around. In token of it the Stars and Stripes were kept flying night and day from the liberty pole in the public square. Our indignation can be imagined when one Sunday afternoon a responsible traveler passing by reported that a Secession flag had been raised at Monticello. That Monticello was sixteen miles to the east, half way to the line, was nothing. That those who raised it would probably try to keep it raised by the aid, it might be, of rifles that Osawatomie Brown had faced, was nothing. If half of Missouri were to support it, or if it floated over Kansas prairie half a hundred miles away, we felt then that it must come down. Some allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the time, and especially for the want of opposition, the unanimity of sentiment. But, as we honestly felt at the time, a Secession flag was never to be thought of in our region of Kansas while powder could express our feelings.

Past 2 p. m. we heard of the insult. The least time was had for consultation, and then I rode to the prairie on this mission of love to invite those who might desire to unite in the vindication. An itinerant preacher was discoursing to a full school-house as the door was reached. It required but a

slight sign to bring out the first man. As the case was explained to him, he left for his arms; then another and another (for congregational etiquette was not strong) until the male contingent was pretty well thinned out, and the worthy exhorter diverged from his text to rebuke the ungodly disturbers of his ministrations. The poor man did not at first realize how grave a temporal evil needed to be rectified, that a private judgment day was at hand, and that no discourtesy to him was intended under the stress of the occasion. A little after dusk we rendezvoused some twenty men and started eastward. The leader chosen by common consent was a young man lately returned from the mountains who had had a good deal of experience in the troubles with the stubs. He was drawn for the time to the little village by that irresistible power that "rules the camp, the court, the grove." As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were fair women before Helen, and, thank God! the breed had not run out, so that early Kansas was not altogether desolate, just as Kansas of to-day is pretty well stocked. With his peaceful Atlantic conditions still clinging to him, a stranger might well be amazed at the encouragement our leader got. His sweetheart, magnificent daughter of the West, got him his pistols, prepared a lunch, and bade him good-by with as much apparent unconcern as though he were going for prairie chickens—although we didn't go for prairie chickens with pistols. An Eastern girl would have pleaded, or at least have trembled and hesitated and grown pale. She flushed a little, her eyes sparkled a trifle more, and there was no doubt what she thought about it, and with such backing there was nothing left for that flag but to come down. She was a splendid creature: young, handsome, with little of the polish of social attrition, yet clothed with a native grace; without musical cultivation, she could sing an old English ballad with the sweetest voice and expression. Her youth had been passed in the stormiest period of Kansas history. She had seen men shot down before her eyes; she had witnessed and suffered

from the raids of border ruffians, had known what it was to have her father in daily danger of his life, had lived for years in a section that saw war as no other in our land had yet seen it and as few have since, so that the risk of life by firearms had become a trivial matter. You will excuse this eulogy of a sweetheart—another man's sweetheart—when it comes in with appositeness in such a patriotic cause. She was a magnificent horsewoman, and to this day I remember and often quote an expression of her equestrian taste. As a girl riding bareback at a gallop to gather her cattle, she feared nothing that wore horsehair.

We started for the flag, for the fray if need be. During a halt after a couple of hours' marching, the tramp of horses announced another party, and soon arrived a squad bound on the same errand from the town of De Soto. Now De Soto lay eight miles nearer to the obnoxious flag than did our homes, and we took great praise to ourselves that we were so far in the comparative advance of our compatriots. The accession made us nearly forty. Forty men gathered without concert, on the literal spur of the moment, with the sole idea of keeping unsullied the character of the newborn State. Looking back, it seems not unfair to recognize a species of rough chivalry in the expedition. But at the time we were too much in earnest to think of chivalry. The predominant feeling was that of duty, spiced with danger to fascinate. We were there to take down the sign of treason and to see that Old Glory (we did not call it Old Glory in those days, but it was, all the same) had no rival, that no false god should be worshiped. Of course everyone was armed and mounted, and so we jogged along secure enough in our number to make unusual caution unnecessary until about midnight we approached our destination. The night was dry and balmy, and the moon had risen enough clearly to display the surrounding objects. Our horses had not been pressed and were fresh enough for any work. The riders were only stimulated, not fatigued, by the march, and their faces showed enough excite-

ment to bring out most strongly the points of masculine beauty, while the diversity of equipment added to the material picturesqueness of the scene. Indeed that picturesqueness, reviewed from the head of the column, looking back, almost defies description. There was one situation that lives with me vividly to this day, undisturbed by subsequent experiences of battle and bivouac, and well worthy the pencil and brush of artists. The road, pursuing one of Fremont's earlier trails from Independence, at one place dipped down into and crossed a little creek whose narrow bottom nourished well-grown timber. Standing on the further bank, so as to take in the clear prairie and the dark belt at our feet, one saw the open column, part on the plain, part winding up the gentle slope, and part fording the shallow stream. The faces of the men stern but not anxious, the horses easy under their accomplished riders, the varied weapons, with silence broken chiefly by the pattering tramp, the gentle splash and careless of the arms, with the moon silvering the broad expanse glistening on the steel, its reflection in the quiet brook checkered by the heavy shadows of the timber, were to the unaccustomed eyes that drank it in an inspiring draught never to be forgotten. Many a scene less striking has gained immortality at the painter's hand. That night march can never belong to history, yet there is much that is historical that it would far excel in every element of attractiveness. At the time, the predominant feeling in my mind was the vivid revival of boyish fancies of Marion and Sumter and the partisans of the Revolution. And so on the extreme western verge of the theater of war this little squadron was rehearsing its part for the mighty tragedy. How are those actors scattered! Naturally nearly all entered active service sooner or later—a part are still following the flag; a part, after honorable service in defense of the nation, are adding to its material and peaceful growth. Some, alas! are the price that has been paid and sleep on Southern fields. One in particular I recall who deserves a better eulogy than I can give. Julius

Karnasch was killed before Atlanta a subaltern, and his name may never again come before you. He was a quiet, hard-working Prussian of Breslau, who left his fatherland while yet a youth, an exile for political reasons. Better educated than the majority of Americans, especially those who wrought with their hands, he had, when I knew him, formed one of a colony from Chicago attempting to build a new city. Hopeful of the future and faithful in his daily duty, he turned his hand to what he might have to do with never-failing diligence. Now "making a claim" at a distance on the prairie, now clerk of the corporation, now building his own house and cultivating his plot of ground, now dispensing both law and equity as a justice of the peace, and now using his mechanical education in the manufacture of hand-presses and seals, he was always intelligent, modest, sincere. He loved the Republic for its own sake, and when the time came, he fought for it with single-hearted devotion. His private letters from the field glowed with intelligent enthusiasm for the service, with military fervor guided by patriotic conviction. Not yet thirty when he was killed in the discharge of his duty as an engineer on General Schofield's staff, the country and the service could better have spared a man of more years and greater rank than that devoted German lieutenant.

As we approached the scene of our exploit, a halt was called. Our leader administered a little advice, that was at once recognized as sensible and was agreed to. Briefly, everything was to be done quietly and with a single eye to the one object; there was to be no unnecessary talking and no firing without orders; the advance was to be slow until the word, and then a dash, halting in a semi-circle; the conference, if any, to be held by men delegated at the time. Above all, no violence was to be offered if no resistance was made, and especial care was to be taken not to shoot one another. What the thoughts of the others were can never be known, but one rider loosened his Colt with the decided hope that there might be no fighting. He thinks there was no special fear of be-

ing hurt, but an intense repugnance toward seriously injuring others. But that was secondary to the object of the expedition. And if it were not, it was then too late to withdraw.

A quiet advance of half a mile, a sudden charge—the first good gallop we had—and dashing into the group of houses called Monticello, we reined up in open order before the flag-staff. Surely enough, a flag was floating in the moonlight, but unrecognizable in detail from the ground. Everything was quiet. It required but a moment to bring out the occupant of the nearest house, whom the unusual tramping had already aroused. "What flag is that?" "The United States flag." By that time it was hauled down, and what it really was was a puzzle. It had three broad stripes, blue, white, and red, and a union of eleven stars. What was it? It was not the National flag. The man and his wife, who by this time also had appeared, protested that it was designed as such. It was not the Secession flag as we understood it—none of us had seen the Rebel colors then. Probabilities had to be balanced. The offender was the postmaster, and therefore, as an official, ought to be loyal and also to know what the United States flag looked like. There were no signs of armed defiance. We could prove nothing. Still, Johnson County, as well as some other places, held men who should be loyal and who were not. This one, to the knowledge of some present, had bad antecedents, and holding his office over from the preceding administration, it might be construed as a reward for some piece of ruffianism. On the other hand, in view of the fearful ignorance then prevailing all over the country as to its actual construction, an ignorance that now seems incredible until memory is pressed for the facts as they were, the flag might actually have been meant for what it was claimed to be. But in point of fact it had a greater likenesss to the reports that came from the South. The stars corresponded in number with the States that had passed the ordinance of secession, and it floated in a suspicious atmosphere. Possibly it was designed as a compromise, for the

favor of both parties in that debatable land. The poor fellow was terribly frightened, perhaps with reason on the face of things, and appeared to see in our troop the reverse of the picture when he himself used to ride by night. His punishment was promptly determined and immediately inflicted. Our leader delivered him a lecture upon the construction of the Stars and Stripes and the wickedness and peril of blundering therein. He was cautioned that we should hear of no more such bunting, and was directed to fly a genuine flag without delay. Our justice of the peace then administered the oath of allegiance, which was just becoming the panacea for all political ailments, to the man and his wife, and we dismissed them. At first no one appeared but those we demanded, but as it became evident that no outrage was contemplated, quite a knot of villagers gathered before our departure. Bearing with us our trophy, we rode off in triumph, with, it must be confessed, a little regret that after our considerable effort we had not captured something having a more unequivocal mark of the devil. Our homeward ride had little incident. We deviated somewhat from our exact route to escort our De Soto comrades, in whose village we found watchers awaiting the tidings, and where we indulged in remarks of mutual admiration and compliment. So, like other campaigns, the object of the expedition was satisfactorily accomplished, and, unlike some, without bloodshed, intoxication, or disorder. By dawn we had regained our homes and were ready for our daily occupations.

What I Saw and Did Inside and Outside of Rebel Prisons.

**By Companion O. R. McNary, First Lieutenant 103d Pennsylvania
Volunteers.**

December 3, 1900.

Some time ago I received a communication from our worthy recorder, requesting me to read a paper, and suggesting that I relate some of my experiences as a prisoner of war. Long ago I learned to obey my superiors; but what shall I write? If of prison life, of what part of it? The treatment of prisoners by the Rebels during the war is an old story; you have doubtless all read it; it is an important part of the history of the late war, and the blackest page in the book. Being a very modest young man, I have heretofore declined to recite my personal experience in public. It is too much like blowing my own horn. But someone has said: "He that bloweth not his own horn, verily, his horn shall not be blown." And as I happen to have the horn, I will tell you part of what I saw and did inside and outside of rebel prisons.

In April, 1864, I was a staff officer, and acting superintendent of negro affairs at Plymouth, North Carolina, and with Major Marvin (now a citizen of Lawrence, Kansas) was recruiting negro troops. Plymouth was the advance post of the extreme left wing of the Army of the James, commanded by General H. W. Wessells.

Early in April our scouts informed us that a strong force was coming down to drive us out, or—take us in. On the 17th of April we were attacked by a rebel force of over 10,000 men, under command of General Hoke and General Ransom.

On the third day of the siege, a citizen, Mr. Johnston, who lived near our picket line, came to me with the interesting information, that the rebel provost-marshal had offered a reward of \$10,000 each for Major Marvin and myself, dead or alive, and that our negroes would be shot at sight. I immediately sent him to notify Major Marvin, and I informed General Wessells.

We had read a copy of the joint resolution of the rebel Congress, approved May 1, 1863, Section 4 of which read as

follows: "That every white person, being a commissioned officer or acting as such, who, during the present war, shall command negroes or mulattoes in arms against the Confederate States, or who shall arm, train, organize, or prepare negroes or mulattoes for military service against the Confederate States, or who shall voluntarily aid negroes or mulattoes in any military enterprise, attack, or conflict in such service, shall be deemed as inciting servile insurrection, and shall, if captured, be put to death, or be otherwise punished at the discretion of the court." Section 7 of the same act provides like punishment for negroes or mulattoes taken in arms.

While Mr. Johnston's information did not change our status, it did give us cause to fear that the Rebels intended to enforce the law in our cases, and did not add to our peace of mind. General Wessells suggested that, as we were about out of ammunition, we should send our negroes across the river into the swamp after dark, and that Major Marvin and I should follow them at the proper time, and try to make our way to our gun-boats, then in Albemarle Sound. But "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." A majority of the negroes refused to leave us, and just before daylight next morning, in a dense fog, while placing a section of the 24th New York Battery, I was wounded in the leg and captured. About 9 o'clock what was left of our small force surrendered. ✓ I was then compelled to witness a sight which will remain a disgrace to the Confederate authorities and a reproach to General Hoke and General Ransom for all time. Immediately after our men surrendered, the Rebel soldiers commenced firing on the negroes, shooting them down, old and young, wherever they found them; some ran for the timber and were pursued by Dearing's Cavalry and shot as they ran. I saw two loyal white citizens, an old man and his wife, both shot, by order of a Rebel lieutenant, while standing in their own door. \

In the afternoon General Hoke inquired of General Wessells what had become of Colonel Marvin and Major Mc-

Nary, who were stealing and drilling negroes? The general told him they had taken their negroes to Roanoke Island. He had introduced me as his aide-de-camp. Major Marvin had been a lieutenant in the 85th New York and had taken his place with the company. I did not feel comfortable, however, with the general, and in company with the Rebel officers, and as soon as I could get an opportunity I went to the men and kept out of sight as much as possible.

Next morning the prisoners (2,197, not including the wounded) were formed in open order, faced inward, and five rebel soldiers marched through between our lines and looked every man in the face. They were followed by a Rebel major and a Miss Norkum, on horseback. Miss Norkum and her mother lived inside our lines and had often received orders from me, on our commissary, for provisions. She was well acquainted with me, and slightly acquainted with Major Marvin. When I saw her, I supposed it was all up with us; they rode down one line and back the other. I raised my head and looked her full in the face, until she passed. I did not intend to look pleasant. I supposed I was about to be betrayed by a woman whom I had befriended, but for whom, just then, I felt the utmost contempt. She looked me straight in the eye for a few seconds as she came towards me, and then turned away her face. She did not betray me.

We were marched to Tarboro, packed in box cars, and started south. At Wilmington immense piles of Confederate cotton lay close to the railroad track, and as the train moved out I placed a lighted match in a bale of cotton. The *Charleston Courier* said the Yankee prisoners ("Plymouth Pilgrims") set fire to the cotton-yards at Wilmington and destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of Confederate cotton; that the scoundrels who started the fire should be roasted alive. From that time until this day we have been known among prisoners as the "Plymouth Pilgrims."

We arrived at Andersonville on the 30th of April. I shall not attempt a description of Andersonville Prison. Abler

pens than mine have tried in vain to paint the picture. The horrible sensation experienced by the captive when the creaking gates of a Southern prison closed behind him can neither be fully imagined nor described; from the hour his fate was veiled in impenetrable gloom, to which time added the blackness of darkness, until the last ray of hope was well-nigh shut out forever. He was forsaken by his Government, whose protecting care he had a right to expect. He was shut out from friends and home, and his appeals for relief were alike unheeded by friends and foes. He was exposed to the burning sun of summer and the icy blasts of winter, with no bed except the earth, with no covering save the clouds of the sky, parched with thirst and mad with hunger, often destitute of hat or shoes, without clothing to cover his nakedness, tortured with flies and vermin by day and by night, even his comrades powerless to help. *He was doomed to suffer a living death through weary days and nights, weeks and months. The horrors of that life no pen can describe nor tongue can tell.*

After a short sojourn at Andersonville and a fruitless effort on my part to escape, I was taken to Macon, Ga., where the rest of our commissioned officers had preceded me. On the way from the city to our camp, under guard, we passed two young ladies going to see the Yankees; one of them handed me a bouquet of magnolias. As I had been without anything to eat for forty-eight hours, I had my appetite with me, and immediately proceeded to reduce the supply of Rebel commissary stores on hand. Years ago Byron wrote:

"All human history attests,
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner."

While I was eating, Colonel Maxwell found a note concealed in my flowers, which read as follows (after giving street and number): "You have our sympathy; if you can escape, come to our house and we will assist you. (Signed) *Loyal Maggie Langley.*" We were provided with tents, and encamped on what had been a fair-ground, and guarded by

the 1st Georgia Infantry, commanded by Colonel Davenport. They were mostly Germans, and had been prisoners in our hands in the early part of the war. They gave us good rations and treated us well. But the few days in this camp were the one sunny spot, the oasis in the desert of our prison life.

On the 17th of May we were marched inside a stockade, newly constructed for the confinement of officers; it contained about two and one-half acres, surrounded by a stockade fence sixteen feet high, near the top of which projected a guard-walk. Fifteen feet inside of the stockade was the dead-line, an ordinary picket fence. On the same day 800 officers were brought in from Richmond. We were divided into squads of 100 and each squad assigned a certain space of bare ground, 60 by 150 feet; 101 officers were captured at Plymouth, and we became Squad 6.

The only shelter inside the stockade was an old, one-story frame building, designated the hospital. The prisoners generally formed messes of from four to eight, who bunked and lived together; each one in turn was mess-cook for two days, and one was housekeeper or police for the same time; it was the duty of the housekeeper to police the quarters and guard the rations and other property of the mess, a necessary precaution, as you may learn further on.

The officer highest in rank among the prisoners was designated commanding officer inside the stockade, and he was required to detail an officer to act as quartermaster.

The rebel officers would hold no communication with anyone except the officer in command or the quartermaster. For some time General Wessells was in command, and I was quartermaster. The officer highest in rank in each squad was commanding officer of the squad. An officer was detailed each morning as officer of the day, and he in turn would detail a police squad to police the camp. You are not to understand, however, that rank counted for anything or was any advantage to the prisoner. The general was esteemed no better than the lieutenant; each one did police duty, did his

own washing, and everyone scrutinized his own garments in search of the ever-present *pediculus corporis*.

Our rations were one pint of unbolted corn-meal (often ground cob and all), one tablespoonful of rice or black peas, one teaspoonful of salt, and about twice a week we received about five ounces of bacon and skippers mixed.

We were not furnished any cooking utensils, and were obliged to use tin cups, flat stones, or a piece of an old canteen. Our mess of six paid fifty dollars for a Dutch oven and were better equipped than any in the stockade at that time. Our rations were delivered to the quartermaster in bulk, and by him issued to each squad—which, by the way, was perhaps the most difficult and thankless duty I ever tried to perform. We had no scales, and no measure except a tin cup, and if perchance one squad received an ounce less meal or rice than some other squad, or a piece of bacon with more than the regulation amount of skippers, or if it smelled a little stronger than what their neighbor got, they would talk to me in language not taught in Sunday-schools; and when I tried to resign, the general told me that I could stand abuse better than anyone else he knew.

Captain W. K. Tabb, a very mean specimen of the home guard, was in charge of the prison. We were guarded by militia or home guards, boys from 12 to 17, and old men too feeble for service in the field. We had a process of initiation and regular grades of promotion. For the first three months a prisoner was called a "fresh fish," the next two months a "pickled herring," then for two months a "dried cod," and the balance of his time a "smoked herring."

The entrance to the prison was through a gate at one corner of the stockade; a bell gave notice when the gate was about to be opened, and I was required to go immediately to the gate and ascertain what was wanted. If a fresh arrival of prisoners, I would count them and show them to their quarters. On all such occasions I was required to wear my coat and shoulder-straps; not one in fifty of the prisoners

wore a coat, and but few more than two garments—many only shirt and drawers.

The sound of the bell would attract attention, and immediately on the appearance of a new arrival of prisoners, almost every man would yell, "Fresh fish! fresh fish!" and rush for the gate; before the new-comer would be thirty feet inside the gate, his way was blocked, and he found himself surrounded by two thousand smoke-begrimed, sun-burned, lank, lousy creatures, such as he had never seen or imagined before. The reception disgusted some and frightened others. For instance, one morning Colonel Sherman and Captain Breckinridge came in; they were both neatly dressed in new, clean artillery uniforms. They were immediately surrounded by what to them seemed to be a vast mob of wild savages or lunatics, yelling: "Fresh fish, fresh fish!" "Come out of that hat," "I want his boots," "Keep your hand out of his pocket," "Oh, but they are dandies!" "Let me kiss him for his mother," "Don't put lice on them yet," "Give them air," etc. As I made my way through the crowd they noticed my shoulder-straps; the colonel laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "My dear sir, will you be kind enough to show us the officers' quarters?" His request caused a laugh and increased the confusion. I told them that every man they saw was an officer. Just then Colonel Lagrange, who was well acquainted with Colonel Sherman, came up; he had just washed his shirt and left it to dry, and had nothing on but his pantaloons. He addressed Colonel Sherman and extended his hand, but Sherman drew back. I told him it was Colonel Lagrange, in command of Squad 9; to go with him and he would furnish them quarters.

We had three chaplains in prison with us, and had religious service three times a week; the chaplains would pray for the success of our Army, for the President of the United States, for the destruction of the Rebel Army and the downfall of the Confederacy, etc. This was not agreeable to Captain Tabb, and he issued an order forbidding all prayers; nevertheless the prayers went on as usual. One evening, when we were

assembled for service, Captain Tabb marched in at the head of about one hundred armed men. Captain White, of the 5th Rhode Island, was standing on a stump, conducting the service; Chaplain Dickson, of the 16th Connecticut, and Chaplain Whitney, of the 104th Ohio, and about one thousand men were standing close around, singing. Tabb halted his men and made his way through the crowd to the stump; as soon as the singing ceased, he asked Chaplain White if he had read his order prohibiting prayer, and announced that if his order was violated, there would not be a damned chaplain alive inside of ten minutes. Chaplain White replied: "Sir, we recognize that we are prisoners of war; that as such it is our duty to obey all reasonable orders in relation to our persons; but you have no right and can exercise no control over our consciences; in all such matters we will exercise our own judgment, regardless of consequences; we will obey God rather than man"—and immediately commenced one of the most eloquent prayers that I ever heard; he prayed for the success of the armies of the United States, and for the return of peace, when no Rebel flag should be permitted to appear in the land, and for the destruction of the Rebel Army and the Rebel Government, and concluded by praying for Captain Tabb, whom he believed to be one of the chief of sinners. In the meantime two-thirds of all the prisoners had joined the crowd; almost every one had provided himself with a brickbat, a stone, or a piece of wood, and when Captain Tabb looked around soon after the chaplain commenced his prayer, he saw Lieutenant Richardson close beside him on the right, Colonel Hanson on his left, and Colonel Maxwell in front of him, each one with a brick in his hands, and himself packed in the crowd, so that he could not get out; he also saw his soldiers surrounded by more than a thousand determined men, armed with clubs, stones, or bricks; when he undertook to move, Colonel Hanson simply raised his hand in which he held the brick, and motioned to him to stand still. Everything was still and quiet until the prayer was ended; then Chaplain White at once

stepped down beside Tabb and said to him: "Captain, our services are over, and whenever you wish to leave, we will escort you to the gate, and we will be glad to have you and your men attend our services often." Tabb replied: "That was a damned smart prayer, chaplain, but it won't answer the purpose," and immediately started for the gate with White, Maxwell and Hanson as escort; as he approached his men he ordered them, "Left face," and marched them out. No further attempts were made to prevent prayers.

About this time the Rebels discovered three tunnels, and Captain Tabb issued an order that all prisoners not in ranks at roll-call would be shot down by the sentinels. In consequence of this order, men unable to walk without assistance were obliged to stand in the hot sun, often for an hour at a time. About the 18th of June, Captain Tabb was relieved, and Captain Gibbs was placed in command of the prison.

On the evening of the 4th of July roll-call was repeated several times, and we were kept standing in line for over two hours. After roll-call Captain Todd, of the 8th New Jersey, displayed a small knit silk United States flag, four by six inches, which had been knit and presented to him by Miss Paradise, of Jersey City. It was at once hailed with three cheers. The demonstration alarmed the prison authorities; the long roll was beaten and all prison guards were ordered out under arms. The prisoners organized a meeting in the hospital building, which was opened by prayer; speeches were made and songs sung. But in the midst of it, while Colonel Thorp was speaking, Captain Gibbs marched a regiment of troops inside the stockade, and ordered every man to his quarters. We had no alternative and obeyed his order.

Our mess of six had made arrangements for a good 4th of July dinner. Our bill of fare was fresh beef (\$8 per pound), butter (\$6 per pound), sweet potatoes, green peas, blackberries, green cucumbers, soft bread, tea, sugar, salt, vinegar, and pepper, at a total cost of \$1.36, or \$28 each.

To prevent tunneling, Captain Gibbs issued the following order:

“Special Order
No. 6.

C. S. MILITARY PRISON,
Macon, Ga., June 22, 1864.

“Sentinels are instructed to shoot down all prisoners in the future who are seen moving about camp after taps.

“Geo. G. Gibbs,
“Captain Commanding.”

When you consider that four out of five of the prisoners had diarrhea, and that the sinks were at the extreme corner of the stockade, you can have some idea of the effect of such an order. On the 22d day of May, Lieutenant H. P. Baker, of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, was shot and severely wounded by a sentinel, a boy about 14 years of age. He was standing by a tree twenty feet from the dead-line when shot. I presume the shot was intended for me, as I was walking between Baker and the dead-line at the time. On the evening of the 11th of June, Lieutenant Otto Grierson, of the 46th New York, was shot and mortally wounded while at the spring for water. On the 16th an officer, whose name I have forgotten, was shot at the gate while going out with a squad for wood; he was taken to a hospital outside and died.

On or about the 25th of July, General Stoneman left Atlanta with a division of cavalry for the purpose of relieving the prisoners at Macon, destroying railroads, etc., and with ordinary good generalship should have succeeded. The rebels, however, seemed to know more about the intended raid than many of the officers who took part in it, and transferred the prisoners to Savannah and Charleston. Lieutenant George S. Hastings, of the 24th New York Battery, and myself, adopted a plan to escape by concealing ourselves under the hospital building until the prisoners were taken out of the stockade, and then escape. Captain D. W. Olcott, of the 134th New York, and Lieutenant Cane, of the 104th New York, adopted a similar plan. On the night of the 29th of July the

last of the prisoners were taken out, and Captain Olcott, Lieutenant Cane, and myself—left. By some mishap Hastings was left behind and captured. After an interesting and hazardous pilgrimage of nineteen days, we were re-captured by dogs, and confined in jail at Madison, Georgia. After being there thirty hours, I again escaped (Olcott and Cane being too sick to travel), and, after four days, was again captured with dogs, when within eight miles of Sherman's lines, and was again taken to Madison, and from there, together with Olcott and Cane, taken to Augusta, Ga., where by order of the provost-marshall, a degenerate son of Governor Bradford, of Maryland, I was heavily ironed and confined in a dungeon for nine days, as an outlaw, and fed on about six ounces of dry corn bread and a pint tin cupful of water a day.

The heavy iron shackle riveted immediately over the wound on my leg (which, owing to scurvy and exposure while attempting to escape, had become an angry sore) caused intense pain, which, together with my miserable surroundings and insufficient food, speedily reduced my strength both physically and mentally. After repeated messages sent by the old negro who brought my bread and water once a day, the sheriff condescended to come and see me. In reply to my earnest appeal for relief, he said he could do nothing for me, that I was charged with being an outlaw and a spy, and that he was only obeying the orders of the provost-marshall. He finally agreed, however, to send a note to General Wright, the rebel officer in command at Augusta, and furnished me paper and pencil wherewith to write it. In this note I stated that I was an officer of the United States Army, and was heavily ironed and confined in a dungeon; that I was sick and wounded, and, unless soon relieved, I must die. On receipt of my note, the general sent a Rebel surgeon to see me, who ordered my irons to be cut off at once, and conducted me into the presence of General Wright and Captain Bradford, the provost-marshall. In reply to the general's inquiry, Bradford said I was an outlaw, that I had escaped from every place where I

had been confined, and was charged with being a spy. The general allowed me to plead my own cause, and I soon convinced him that I was neither an outlaw nor a spy. He said he did not approve of the ill treatment of prisoners of war; that this was the second time he had found Captain Bradford guilty of cruelty to prisoners; and that if it occurred again, he would relieve him and have him ordered to the front. He then sent me to the back yard to wash, sent a negro to a restaurant for a good dinner for me, gave me a drink of brandy and sugar, sent for the surgeon to dress my leg, and after a lengthy and interesting discussion in relation to the war, he sent me back to jail, where Olcott, Cane, and four other prisoners were confined in a large room on the second floor. After two days, we were all sent to Charleston and confined in the jail-yard, under fire of our batteries on Morris Island. Perhaps there was no Rebel prison where there was more consolidated misery to the square inch than Charleston jail-yard. It was surrounded on three sides by a wall eighteen feet high, the jail and work-house forming one side of the inclosure. Everything was in the most filthy condition imaginable. The ground was literally covered with vermin. A fellow-prisoner has said it was the nastiest, dirtiest, filthiest, lousiest place he was ever in.

We are told that, as one of the great plagues of Egypt, "the dust of the land became lice." I do not know that the sand in Charleston became lice, but I do know that millions of them were in the sand. At the risk of being thought impolite, I have taken the liberty to "borrow" part of a poem written by a fellow-prisoner, which I have modernized to suit this paper:

"Of prison lice, to us the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly muses sing."

—Homer modernized.

"Think not my theme so trifling; none that you can mention
Receives, in prison, half so much attention.
He who so lazy, so busy, or so nice
Neglects to give an hour or two each day to lice,

Would be beset with troubles great and small,
And have hard scratching to get along at all.
If poets write of battles 'twixt frogs and mice,
Why not of skirmishes 'twixt men and lice?
And while these verses rude we are inditing,
Look 'round to see the different styles of fighting.

"Sisera, a great warrior, was slain by Jael,
With those unwarlike weapons, a hammer and a nail,
While to slay these parasites, so pestiferously accused,
Although there be no hammer, two nails are always used.

"Watch Pugilisticus, how he in a trice
Pulls off his dirty shirt and pants, to fight his lice.

"Mark now Gallantricus, that nice young man,
With taper fingers made to wield a ladies' fan,
Much disgusted, see him hunting, half ashamed of being seen,
Thinks it 'very unpretty' lice should stay in shirts so clean.
See now his handsome visage, what contortions and grimaces,
As if to scare the nasty things by making ugly faces.
What would she think, his would-be future spouse,
To see him strip and squat and grin and louse?"

Here he ceased scratching lines, to scratch "Scotch fiddle tunes"
At something crawling in his shirt and pantaloons.

We were without shelter; a few fragments of tents were occupied by General Stoneman and his officers, but they were soon cut to pieces and made into clothing by the old prisoners, who were destitute.

Six hundred prisoners were in the yard when we arrived, and every foot of space seemed to be occupied; Lieutenant Hammond, an old friend and neighbor, divided quarters with me for the time being. That night a prisoner died of yellow fever, and I took his place. It was directly under an old gallows which stood near the east wall. Prisoners who had been there some time told me that three men had died there of yellow fever, and advised me not to stay; they seemed to have a superstitious notion that it was a fatal place. I dug up the sand to the depth of six or eight inches, throwing the fresh sand on top, and held my claim. This was the nearest I ever came to the gallows.

Our rations were about two pounds of flour and three pints of corn meal for five days, issued all at one time; none of our party, and but few of the prisoners, had any cooking utensils, and no way to keep our rations, except in our pockets. We were furnished six barrels of water a day for six hundred men, and very little wood.

My friend Richardson suggested that we were so near hell we did not need much fuel.

The jail was a large four-story building; the ground floor was occupied by civil convicts, the second story by Rebel officers and soldiers under punishment for military offenses, and the third and fourth stories by our negro prisoners of war. In the jail and work-house they used a number of large cast-iron spittoons with loose lids, which the prisoners in the jail carried down into the yard each morning to wash. While Lieutenant Cane entertained the guard with an Irish story, I buried one of the spittoons in the sand, and as soon as they left, I dug it up, washed it out, and used it to cook in.

Every evening our negro prisoners entertained us by singing songs, in a manner rarely surpassed. One of their favorite songs was written by Sergeant Johnson, of the 55th Massachusetts, colored; I can now recite but two verses of the chorus:

"Now we're weeping sad and lonely,
Oh, how bad I feel!
Away down in Charleston, South Car'lin'a,
Praying for a square meal
Now I'm hungry, lousy, naked,
But we'll starve or fight,
To defend the starry banner sacred,
Or die for the cause of right."

Most of their songs were either original or parodies, and no one with a grain of patriotism or music in his soul, who heard them, will ever forget them; strong men wept, and the camp was hushed to listen.

Early in September we had one of the most fearful thunder-storms that I ever witnessed; cold rain beat down

on us in torrents during the day and night. The yard was level and without drainage, and before morning the water was five or six inches deep. Through this flood we were compelled to walk continually to keep up circulation. Two-hundred-pounder shells from our batteries on Morris Island—one every fifteen or twenty minutes—passed over us or exploded near us; several times fragments came inside the yard. Yet it is a singular fact that while a number of the Rebel soldiers guarding us and at least three of their officers were killed by these shells, not one of our prisoners was seriously injured. During September large numbers of our prisoners died with yellow fever. The Rebel captain commanding the prison and his adjutant both died in one night. But

"No grief so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but will in time amend."

So we sang when about the first of October we marched out of the jail-yard and were transferred to "Camp Sorghum," near Columbia, South Carolina—a transition, however, which forcibly reminded me of Satan's soliloquy:

"Which way I fly is hell; myself an hell:
And in the lowest deeps, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

We were kept under guard in an open field without shelter, and, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, turned out to grass. Our ration was the usual pint of corn meal, and very filthy sorghum molasses, which to men in our condition at that time was about as nourishing as a diet of Epsom salts; hence the name "Camp Sorghum."

In view of the approaching presidential election, the rebels were anxious to get an expression of our sentiments. They proposed to furnish paper for ballots, and publish the result in the city papers, if we would hold an election, doubtless hoping the result would be good news to send to their friends in the North. Our election was held in due form, and the result was 1,064 for Lincoln and 103 for McClellan. The

Rebels were disappointed and cursed us bitterly. The papers made no mention of our election.

The only ration of meat issued to us at Columbia issued itself: an old wild hog chanced to pass the guard-line, and as soon as he came within range, several hundred starving men gave him a hearty welcome: "He was a stranger, and they took him in."

When the black hog was seen on a run through the camp,
Each soldier forgot his weakness and cramp.
The grunts of the hog and his running were vain—
His form will ne'er darken that camp-ground again.

For two weeks I had been quite sick and was no longer able to stand or walk, and my wound had become infected with gangrene. With the assistance of Lieutenant Saul, of the 25th Massachusetts, who gave me an order to the hospital, which he said he had *borrowed* from a man who had no further use for it, I was sent to the First South Carolina Rebel hospital, in charge of Dr. George R. C. Todd, Mrs. Lincoln's brother, where I spent the last month of my prison life, I would like to tell you something about this hospital, but this paper is already too long.

At the risk of being tiresome, however, I desire to say a few words in defense of prisoners of war generally. In what I have said I have given you the bright side of prison life.

We had with us in prison men of every conceivable grade of society; and no condition in life so fully developed a man's true character. We had men and officers who would condescend to act as spies for the Rebels, or render them any servile service to obtain their favor. They would apologize for being in the service, and curse the Government they had sworn to defend. I know some of them well, and am not afraid to name them if called on. This class were always well provided for by the Rebels. They were generally paroled and given a comfortable place outside the prison pen. If kept inside, where they acted as spies, they were not attached

to any squad or mess, but were well supplied with ham, eggs, milk, and soft bread. We had two of them with us at Macon, one an officer of a Missouri regiment and the other of a Pennsylvania regiment; a committee notified them that it might become necessary to stop their wind; next day they were taken out and boarded up-town. They are the class of ex-prisoners who are ever ready to proclaim that prisoners of war, as such, are not entitled to any special consideration. They were disloyal while prisoners, and are traitors to their comrades to-day. Thank God there were but few of them. Prisoners soon became excessively selfish; self-preservation compelled them. If one had money, and a comrade was starving, he dare not spend his money to relieve him, as it was only a question of time when he would need it to save his own life.

Our prison life did not all consist in loss of liberty, in subjection to the control of cruel enemies, in insufficient food, in scant clothing, in an exposed life, in the absence of all conveniences of living. God knows all these are bad enough. But to persons of any culture, isolation adds much to his misery.

“The dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed”

The world, friends, fellow-citizens, and home were things as remote as though in another sphere. The prisoner preserved affections and interest without being able to indulge them; and thus with quickening pulse he dismissed continually the dove for the expected emblem, but it returns forever, with flagging wing and drooping head, not having found whereon to rest its weary foot. Thus there comes despair, and from despair comes always degradation. Men became reckless because hopeless, brutalized because broken-spirited, until from disregard of the formalities of life they became indifferent to its duties, and passed with rapid though almost insensible steps from indecorum to vice, until a man would

pick your pocket in prison who would sooner cut his own throat at home.

Perhaps the best description of the condition of our prisoners in the summer of 1864 that has been written by any one is the report of an inspection and investigation, made by Surgeon Joseph Jones, by order of the Rebel surgeon general. Jones was a bitter Rebel and an eminent physician and surgeon, which makes his report all the more valuable. I have only time for a short extract from it in this paper:

"Large numbers of the Federal prisoners appeared to be utterly disgusted with Indian corn. Those who were so disgusted with this form of food that they had no appetite to partake of it, except in quantities insufficient to supply the waste of the tissues, were of course in the condition of men slowly starving. In such cases an urgent feeling of hunger was not a prominent symptom; and although it existed at first, it soon disappeared, and was succeeded by an actual loathing of food. In this state the muscular strength was rapidly diminished, the tissues wasted, and their thin skeleton-like forms moved about with the appearance of utter exhaustion and dejection. The mental condition connected with long confinement with the most miserable surroundings, and with no hope for the future, also depressed all the nervous and vital actions, and was especially active in destroying the appetite. The effects of mental depression and of defective nutrition were manifested not only in the slow, feeble motions of the wasted skeleton-like forms, but also in such lethargy, listlessness, and torpor of the mental faculties as rendered those unfortunate men oblivious and indifferent to their afflicted condition. In many cases, even of the greatest apparent suffering and distress, instead of showing any anxiety to communicate the causes of their distress, or to relate their privations and their longing for their homes and friends, they lay in a listless, lethargic, uncomplaining state, taking no notice either of their own distressed condition or of the gigantic mass of human misery by which they were surrounded."

Nothing appalled and depressed me so much as this silent, uncomplaining misery."

We have been amazed at the great number who have no proper conception of what it was to be a prisoner of war, or of the true history of rebel prison life—or, rather, death in Rebel prisons—and who profess to believe that prisoners were out of danger and much less exposed than their comrades in the front. These men would like to have people believe that prisoners had a pleasant time—in fact, that a Rebel prison-pen was a desirable place for soldiers, and was sought for as a haven of rest and shelter from the storm of battle.

Men who make such assertions must be either willfully ignorant or shamefully perverse. Authentic statistics show that the total number of men captured by the Rebels was 188,145; number actually confined in Rebel prisons, 94,072; number who died while prisoners of war, 55,910, or 59.43 per cent; or 60 per cent, in round numbers, of those confined for thirty days or over never reached their homes.

"They fell where they wearied,
And lie where they fell."

Now compare the mortality of prisoners of war with the risk of life in the field: total number of men received into the service of the United States during the war, 2,335,951; total number killed in action or who died from wounds received in action, 86,761, or 3.75 per cent; 213,675 died from disease or unknown causes, making the entire mortality of the Army (not including prisoners of war) 300,437, or 12.86 per cent, and 46.57 per cent less than the risk of life in Rebel prisons. Again, 121,896, or 5.21 per cent of the Army in the field, deserted or took the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, while only 3,161 out of 188,145, or 1.68 per cent of those who were captured, deserted or took the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States.

Now let those who will call us "camp-followers," "cowards," or "skulkers." In defense, however, of the memory of

50,000 comrades who lie buried in Southern prison graves, I protest. Such slanders come with a bad grace from men who should know what these men were. The loyal heroes who could have purchased their lives and their liberty with a pledge of allegiance to the Confederate States, who literally suffered and died a horrible death in order that their Government might live, stand to-day as monuments of surpassing heroism and manly loyalty, worthy of admiration and commendation during all coming time.

**Wilder's Brigade of Mounted Infantry in the
Tullahoma-Chickamauga Campaigns.**

By Captain George S. Wilson, 12th U. S. Infantry.

November 4, 1891.

I.

The brigade was composed of the 17th and 72d Indiana, and the 92d,* 98th, and 123d Illinois Volunteers, and for most of the time the 18th Indiana Light Battery was attached to it. Colonel John T. Wilder, of the 17th Indiana Volunteers, commanded until after the battle of Chickamauga, when ill health compelled him to take a rest from his hard services, and for the remainder of the campaign the command devolved upon Colonel Abram O. Miller, of the 72d Indiana Volunteers. During the operations I shall briefly describe I was a non-commissioned officer in the 17th Indiana Volunteers, and as it has been impossible for me to gather information of the different regiments and parts of the brigade when acting separately from the main body, I have thought it best to omit mention of such movements of detachments, except when my own regiment was concerned. This may give my narrative somewhat of a regimental coloring, and it is due to myself and to members of the brigade outside of my regiment to make this explanation. I have striven hard to keep this paper within the limits of true history.

After the battle of Stone River, which ended in nominal victory to our side January 2, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland settled down about Murfreesboro (near which place the battle was fought), with its flanks extended to Triune on the right, and Woodbury on the left. Major-General W. S. Rosecrans was in command, with Thomas, McCook, and Crittenden commanding corps. The late President Garfield, then a brigadier-general, was chief of staff.

The Rebel army, under General Braxton Bragg, retreated from the battlefield to the Duck River Hills, twenty to thirty

* This regiment was taken out of the brigade soon after the battle of Chickamauga.

miles to the south, where it occupied entrenched camps about Shelbyville and Wartrace, with its right flank extended to Hoover's Gap and Manchester.

In these positions, confronting each other with scarcely elbow-room between, the two armies lay in comparative inaction until late in June, nearly six months. It was during this period that our brigade was mounted. In February, Colonel Wilder, on learning that General Rosecrans was anxious to increase his mounted force, but could get no horses, sought and obtained authority from that commander to mount his command by raiding the country to the flanks and rear of the army and impressing animals wherever found. Our operations in this enterprise extended east to the base of the Cumberland range of mountains, from McMinnville north to the Cumberland River, and back to Lebanon and the Hermitage. Besides overrunning this country, we made two or three excursions to the southwest. All this extensive and rich section we stripped of horses and mules, and by the middle of April the entire brigade was mounted on fairly good animals. Up to this period of the war our forces had, as a rule, respected the property rights of citizens. Now a new policy had come into operation, and we were its pioneers—the first of all the Army of the Cumberland to commence a system to forcing the disloyal inhabitants of the South to contribute to the support of the army. Not only animals, but vast quantities of forage and other supplies were regularly gathered in by us, and distributed to the troops. Henceforth this policy was largely followed by the western armies, and the practice of stripping the country marched over of all available supplies of war soon became a matter of course and expected by the inhabitants. But not so in the commencement. Our wholesale confiscation of property was looked upon by the sufferers simply as wholesale robbery, and hence a very bitter feeling was entertained toward us. So much so, that at one time rebel commanders of cavalry—numerous small commands of which were constantly encountered by us—felt justified in executing

any of our men who happened to fall into their hands. Two of my regiment were shot after being captured near Lebanon. We had a report which we then believed to be true, but which I now doubt, that the Rebel authorities had officially declared our brigade outlaws. Be that as it may, we were in a position to put a stop to any such practice, and we did. Soon after learning of the shooting of the two men above referred to, some of our men hanged four Rebel cavalrymen to a tree about fifteen miles north of Murfreesboro. Other acts of retaliation might be mentioned. During the period of our horse-stealing adventures we constantly encountered Rebel cavalry, principally belonging to John Morgan's command, from whom we captured a great many prisoners, while we scarcely lost a dozen men.* We aimed to take nothing from Union men, and so long as we kept west of the foothills of the Cumberland range we were in little danger of so doing. But when we reached the mountains great discrimination was necessary, for in these regions a preponderance of the population was intensely loyal.

Saddles were furnished as needed. Our mount was not such as to delight the eye of a cavalryman, but it answered the purpose of rapid transportation, and that sufficed, for we invariably fought on foot. In our eagerness for riding animals we paid no attention to age, color, size, sex, or previous condition of servitude. Blooded racers, awkward plow-horses, sway-backed plugs, brood mares, stallions, ponies, and mules of assorted dimensions and uncertain tricks, all went to make up the mount of a company; while our drummer-boy was happy in the possession of a little brown jackass, which he contentedly rode until the melancholy-looking creature came to an untimely end at the hands of an exasperated veteran, whose only pair of trousers had served for its midnight tiffin. Whenever we found an animal, hornless and with deck-room for

* "Acting Brigadier John T. Wilder . . . [said] that from April to November his command had captured over 2,800 officers and men, losing as prisoners in the same period only 6 men"—Article on "Magazine Rifles" in *American Encyclopaedia*, Vol. —, 1864.

a saddle, we took it; and if some fellow was not riding it before night, it was for the very good reason that the beast would be riding him. We were an infantry command, many of the members of which had never straddled a horse, and this last contingency was not of infrequent occurrence. But in time our mount improved. We got things straightened out and finally presented a tolerable appearance. In tactics and drill we were indifferent, but soon learned enough to use great caution in approaching a mule to go abroad, and never to entirely trust in his well-simulated intention of good behavior. Early in the season I got a lesson from a little specimen of the seemingly meek and lowly variety. He had a tired, resigned manner about him, a sort of "If you want to lick me, you can, but I wish you wouldn't" expression, that altogether inspired me with confidence and recklessness. But you should have seen that mule and me the first time our opinions happened to differ on some point or other, which he deemed of importance.

In April, about the time we were all mounted, another fortunate circumstance resulted in our being armed with the Spencer magazine rifle, using metallic ammunition. At that time no other large body of troops was so well armed; in fact, I doubt if there was then (spring of 1863) another entire brigade in all the West using metallic cartridges. Our services up to this period had been arduous, while we had had considerable experience under fire, so now, with our Spencer rifles, we felt ourselves to be wellnigh invincible, and anxiously awaited an opportunity to broaden our field of operations. The opportunity soon came. By this time the brigade was known throughout the Army of the Cumberland as "Wilder's Brigade." We were nominally a part of Reynolds' Division of Thomas' 14th Corps, but usually operated separately. The foregoing somewhat lengthy digression from the real subject is made that the reader may have an acquaintance with the command whose movements he is asked to follow in the campaign about to open.

II.

June 23d Rosecrans commenced his movement against Bragg's army on Duck River, known as the Tullahoma campaign. The plan was to threaten the enemy's left, but to turn his right through Hoover's Gap and Manchester. Thomas, with the 14th Corps, was assigned the center of our army, and moved out on the Manchester road the morning of the 24th. Wilder's brigade had the advance. It was known to our commanders that the enemy had a division of Hardee's corps still occupying their winter encampments back of Hoover's Gap. His intentions were to move forward some three miles on learning of an advance on our part, and to occupy the Gap at its northern entrance, which place affords strong natural advantages of defense, but is not a favorable site for an encampment. Wilder, a man of enterprise and energy, had thoroughly informed himself of the situation and probable intentions of the enemy. The instructions Colonel Wilder received were to move out, drive the enemy's outposts, and get within striking distance for the next day. But he determined to do more. Ten miles from Murfreesboro we struck the Rebel pickets, and immediately put spurs to our horses and drove them back on their supports, and, without halting, pushed their whole outpost force back at a gallop; following so closely and rapidly that before the alarm reached the rebel camp we had ridden through the whole length of the Gap, which is a defile between Sugar Loaf Hills, three or four miles. Now the enemy's chosen ground for defense lay behind us; while we took our position at the southern entrance to the Gap, with the same defensive advantages to us that he would have had in holding the northern entrance. This is twenty miles from Murfreesboro. Thus by a dash, rapid and bold, and wholly unexpected, not only by the enemy, but by his own superiors, Wilder had gained one of the most important positions on General Rosecrans' whole line; one which it was expected would cost several days' valuable time and heavy loss.

The next question was, Could we hold the ground until the infantry, now miles back, could get up?

We were hurriedly dismounted and assigned positions. My regiment was posted on a wooded hill to the right of the road; the other regiments were assigned positions and the battery took station on high ground retired from the center. My company was thrown forward to a rail fence as skirmishers, and was at once hotly engaged by a battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters, who had cover behind a sharp ridge about 200 yards to the front. At the same time a Rebel battery opened on ours, and at once elicited a reply. Both friendly and unfriendly projectiles passed over our heads. This state of affairs had gone on about ten minutes, when there suddenly burst from a thicket a short distance to our left front two Rebel regiments, who bore down on us at a run, with their accustomed yell. About this time I developed a sudden desire to retire to the seclusion of the wood-covered hill where the regiment lay, and looked around to see if the other fellows were not of the same mind. They were. If we didn't make tracks to the rear at the same speed, it was because some of the boys couldn't run as fast as the rest of us. When a few paces from the fence I heard a man to my left exclaim, "My God, I'm killed!" and I looked around in time to see our first lieutenant fall forward on his face. A week after the colonel sent for me and said that my name had gone to Governor Morton for promotion to fill the vacancy caused by Lieutenant Moreland's death.

But I shall leave the description of the battle to Judge Tourgée, who, in one of his historical novels, "Figs and Thistles," has taken this fight, and, with the license of a romancer, has transferred it to the battle of Perryville, which was fought the year previous, 250 miles to the rear. There he places his hero in command of my regiment, and tells the story in these words:

"'Steady.' The word came from lip to lip along the line, while the yell of the enemy grew nearer and nearer, and

the men awaited breathlessly the quickly following order, 'Fire!' A sheet of flame shot from the kneeling line. The assaulting column hardly wavered. Markham's men threw forward the butts of their breech-loaders in the peculiar position required for charging that weapon. The enemy, now rapidly advancing, within a short distance, saw the movement, and, ignorant of the purpose, mistook it for a sign of surrender, and shouted in triumph. Back to the shoulder came the many-charged rifles, and a second volley flashed in the faces of the astounded enemy. Again! again! The column wavered, but still pressed on. Again! again! again! came the deadly sirocco. Almost to the muzzles of the rifles pressed the brave Southrons, but the stream of fire did not abate. It was too much, that regularly recurrent blast of leaden death among their crowded ranks. They halted and tried to return the fire. But their aim was uncertain and the volley scattering. Still the smoking barrels steadily vomited destruction in their faces. 'Charge!' The word passed along the Northern line like wildfire. Whether it was really an order, or one of those inspirations which sometimes seize upon large bodies of men, it would be difficult to determine. But it was the right thing at the right time. As the enemy broke and fled, the line sprang up with a cheer and rushed forward, pursuing them to the edge of the wood they had occupied."

A footnote in "Figs and Thistles" in explanation of the above is as follows: "The above account of the action at Perryville is given with literal exactness so far as concerns the crushing of the left division of our army, and the death of Generals Jackson and Terrill, except the incident of the first use of the Spencer rifle, which is borrowed from the fight at Hoover's Gap, June 24, 1863, at which a regiment of Wilder's brigade, armed with the weapon, repulsed an assault in column of regiments made by a division* of the Con-

*Judge Tourgée says "a division." We understood that the Rebels had five regiments besides the Georgia Sharpshooters opposed to the 17th Indiana Volunteers —G. S. W.

federate General Hardee's corps. And, although the slaughter was terrific, the repulse was due mainly, I think, to the moral effect of the continuous fire after the enemy had mistaken the motion to reload for a sign of surrender." ("Figs and Thistles," page 302.)

This spirited pen picture of the battle of Hoover's Gap is in the main correct. But the concluding charge, described by Judge Tourgée, was not made until the 98th Illinois Volunteers came to our assistance. At that time our line—in single rank, considerably deployed—was doubled back to conform to the shape of the ground (and the pressure of the enemy), until the flanks were not over 100 yards apart. My regiment took about 350 men into the fight, 26 of whom were killed and wounded. The loss of the brigade was 61 killed and wounded. General Thomas, in complimenting Wilder, said he had expected to lose 2,000 men in gaining the position.* The enemy's loss was very heavy. At sundown Reynolds' infantry began to arrive and we retired from the field. This engagement thoroughly tested the power of the Spencer rifles and proved their great superiority to the muzzle-loader. For us it did more: it inspired us with a confidence in ourselves which of itself was worth double our numbers. Ever after the brigade would cheerfully have fought ten times its own strength.

On the following day Thomas pushed his lines well to the front. On the 26th Wilder marched toward Manchester, my regiment going via Bradyville, and on the 27th drove Rebel cavalry out of Manchester and took possession of the town, capturing a good many prisoners. In the meantime heavy rains had set in and put the roads in a most miserable condition, rendering the movements of troops difficult and laborious. Rosecrans was now closing to the left for his turning movement, while Bragg was concentrating about Tullahoma.

At this stage of operations our brigade was sent to cut the railroad in Bragg's rear, some place near Dechard, ten or

*Letter from Colonel Wilder to the writer.

fifteen miles from Tullahoma. We left Manchester the 28th, taking three days' rations in haversacks, and moved in light marching order without a single wagon. Wilder expected to reach Dechard before night, but the rains had so swollen the tributaries of Elk River, ordinarily small streams, that it was necessary to make a long detour to the left in order to find crossings which could be forded, and then we had to swim some of the streams. It still rained, and marching was slow and wearisome. At the main river we lost two or three hours in building a log raft on which to ferry our mountain howitzers, so by the time we rode into Dechard, tired and hungry, and our animals wellnigh worn out, it was 9 o'clock. A part of the command stood watch while another part commenced tearing up railroad track, destroying water-tanks, etc. Two or three companies were sent to capture a Rebel company garrisoning a stockade at a trestle near town. The stockade was taken, but most of the Rebels escaped. Soon scouts brought word that the enemy's camps were alarmed and infantry and cavalry were moving against us. Only about 300 or 500 yards of track had been torn up when we again mounted and took the road leading east towards University Place, on top of the mountains. On the way we found wheat in the shock, and loaded our horses with a feed. We rode eight or ten miles and halted in the woods at the base of the mountain. We had now ridden fifty-eight miles since morning, all the way through a drenching rain and on the worst of roads, so we were glad to unsaddle and take a little rest. We were forbidden fires, and our rations were soaked to a pulp and utterly unfit for use. Take it all together, we were a miserable set; but I got some sleep by spreading my saddle-blanket on logs and covering with a poncho. With all these discomforts, our perilous situation in the rear of and only a few miles from an enemy 40,000 strong was a matter of secondary consideration with us.

By sunup we were again in the saddle, and soon after got to University Place, where we halted for breakfast. With

me this was a simple affair, consisting of a cup of coffee and a view of effect in mist and sunshine such as I have never seen equaled. For a time the rain stopped and the clouds blew away, revealing to us some of the beauties of Nature which these mountains held in keeping to enrich the coming pen of Charles Egbert Craddock. To our right the steep mountain swept in graceful curve, surrounding, almost, a beautiful little valley or cove. Here and there in this cove detached hills reared their heads to half the height of the mountain itself. From our feet the mountain pitched almost perpendicularly to the cove below. Two-thirds of the way down hung a dense mist, its surface as well defined and as level as the waters of the ocean. Looking down from a clear atmosphere the effect was that of a beautiful lake, and to add to this illusion the rounded tops of the hills showed above the surface as islands; while the exquisite beauty of the picture was enhanced by the green setting of the mountain. Presently the sun peeped over the brink, and the whole scene was lit up in dazzling brilliancy. Then, without disturbing its perfect surface, the lake began slowly to rise, swinging slightly away from the mountain side beneath us, so that, without losing sight of the upper surface, we could look under the sheet of mist to the cove below, and see farm-houses and green fields, and over and above all prismatic colors as bright and varied as the hues of a rainbow.

From this point a part of the command made an attempt on the railroad south of Cowan; but the enemy, now on the alert, had trains loaded with troops all along the road, and nothing further could be done. Detachments tore up the Tracy City branch road, and the command moved on in an easterly direction. It now transpired that we were followed by a large cavalry force, whose fresher horses would soon overtake us. Of course it is the policy of a raiding party to avoid an engagement unless a special object is to be gained by fighting: so, under the circumstances, Wilder successfully adopted Indian tactics to baffle pursuit. As we moved on towards

Chattanooga, the command began to scatter to the left in detachments of regiments, all moving in the same general direction, to concentrate at a point where a road leads down the mountain, not far from the Elk River bridge, by which we hoped to cross next day. The whole of the vast plateau of the Cumberland Mountains is (or then was) heavily wooded and sparsely settled, so we rode miles through the dense timber without roads or sign of human habitation. Meantime the rain had recommenced, which so completely obliterated our tracks where we had slipped off the road that the enemy failed to notice our trail, but allowed itself to be drawn further east by our rear guard, as arranged by Wilder, until nearly to the foot of the mountains in Sequatchie Valley. The rear guard, having thus played its part, also suddenly disappeared in the woods, and joined the command late that night. By 10 p. m. the brigade was again concentrated in camp at the foot of the mountains. I don't know what became of the pursuing rebel cavalry. The day before, on leaving Manchester, Wilder sent Colonel Monroe with the 123d Illinois to attempt the destruction of the railroad bridge over Elk River, and later in the day found it necessary to send Colonel Kitchell with a detachment of the 98th Illinois to Pelham, to hold the bridge at that place for our use on the return trip. This last object was accomplished, but Colonel Monroe was not able to get near the railroad bridge, so he joined Wilder on the mountain next day. Late as we got into camp, forage and supplies were gathered in, and for the first time on the trip horses and men had a fair feed. Next day we got back to Manchester. In the three days we had ridden 110 miles in drenching rains, by miserable roads and through mountainous country, and had swum three of four streams. Horses and men had subsisted on next to nothing, and both were wellnigh worn out.

As to the results of the raid I can say but little. In my opinion, spasmodic efforts of this kind directed against an enemy's communications generally miscarry. Something is apt

to happen to prevent a full realization of expected results. In this instance, the bad condition of the roads and swollen streams caused delays which prevented our getting at the road in but one place, and then with only time to destroy 300 to 500 yards of track. The material damage to the enemy was slight, and I doubt if the moral effect was commensurate with the risks and costs of the expedition. Next day we were again in the saddle. Speaking of this period, in his official report, Colonel Wilder says: "We reached Manchester at noon, having been in the saddle or fighting about twenty hours out of each twenty-four for eleven days, and all the time drenched with rain, our men half starved, and our horses almost entirely without forage." The hardships of those days are still unpleasantly impressed on my memory, and yet, as Colonel Wilder says, "our officers and men seemed willing and cheerful." July 7th the brigade went into camp at Roseville, north of Tullahoma, and then hoped for a few days' rest.

In the meantime Bragg had declined a general engagement, and was in retreat to Chattanooga. Rosecrans disposed his forces from Manchester to McMinnville, occupying the same ground and relative position to the enemy that his army had occupied the year previous under Buell when that general, disregarding Thomas' urgent advice, allowed Bragg to slip by his left flank and cause a race between the two armies for Louisville.

But I must return to our brigade. July 12th my regiment and another started on an expedition through Columbia to Centerville, and back. We were out seven days, and marched 190 miles. The object was to gather in horses, mules, and forage, and to look to the protection of the flank of the army. We returned with about 1,000 head of stock, most of which was needed to replace worn-out animals in the brigade, after the hard service of the last three weeks. We also brought in large quantities of forage and supplies, besides having lived off of the country during the trip.

Except under strict organization and discipline, foraging

may be, and generally speaking undoubtedly is, demoralizing to troops. But so far as I am able to judge, the discipline and efficiency of our brigade was not impaired from that cause. Waiving that phase of the question, and speaking from the standpoint of the forager, I can only say that living off of the inhabitants is the soldier's ideal of waging war in an enemy's country. Its enjoyments are many fold: first, good living as compared with the Government rations "straight"; second, the fun and spice of adventure attendant upon the "forager at work"; third, the feeling that stripping a hostile country of supplies is a direct blow at the enemy. With our men this last consideration amounted to a conviction, and the commander who attempted to restrain foraging was regarded as a person whose loyalty and intentions would bear watching.

But the fun and frolic of the life was its chief charm. A comrade of my old company writes as follows of one incident which occurred on this last expedition:

"On this excursion I was a party to an affair which I fear resulted in damage to the moral aspects of one of our men, Jake _____, you remember him? You may also remember that he and a few others in the company claimed to have conscientious scruples about foraging. But we always noticed that the digestive mills of these gentlemen never failed to take liberal toll from provender brought in by the rest of us. This was an inconsistency which we despised, and we never let slip an opportunity of laboring for their conversion to the true faith of the forager, the chief tenet of which was that no sensible and well-regulated patriot would steal a heating-stove in summer, or an ice-making machine in winter. Our lessons usually took a practical turn. One afternoon a couple of us returned to the column with several animals which we had picked up, also bringing along two or three darkies to help with the stock. There was one pretty little mule, which I spoke of appropriating to my own use. 'Don't do it, sar,' said one of the darkeys. 'I knows dat mule; me an' him was fotched up

in de same cotton-field, an', bress your soul, de only way you can ride de Baby is to get de genelum what goes afore you to ride dis here old mare, which is his mudder, an' den Baby 'll follow; but if 'de mare gets killed, he 'll stay right dar an' mohn all de rest ob de wah.' Further inquiry and observation showed that the mule's attachment for his mother was most singular and touching; but, as the darkey said, would be inconvenient in ranks. So I changed my mind and told the darkey to keep family secrets to himself.

"Next morning someone advised Jake to gobble the little animal and turn his lame horse into the herd. He did. I saddled the mare. We formed single rank, but Baby amender tactics by putting Jake behind me. There was a jerk at Baby's bridle, and low mutterings. Jake was a church member and didn't use profane language. Out on the road he was detailed to report with the train to go for forage. He tried to obey the order, but Baby declined going on a picnic without his chaperon. Jake began to elevate his voice; his remarks became animated and he gesticulated violently with his spurs. Then the sergeant made him walk because he did not obey the order. Soon I stopped to fix my saddle, and had to trot to catch up. Jake was jerked off his legs once or twice, but he held on to the bridle. I felt sorry for the fellow, and asked the captain to let him mount. About noon I saw signs of a tobacco plantation off across the river, and started over. Jake didn't smoke, but he went with me, all the same, following like a commanding officer's orderly. Having secured a supply of tobacco, I started over the fields at a gallop to catch the command. As luck would have it, I came to the river opposite a mill-pond. My mare's long legs only let the saddle skirts into the water, but Baby was a small mule and had to swim. There was floundering; under the weight of his rider, Baby was about to sink, so Jake quietly slid off behind, took tail-holds, and came over riding 'tandem.' When the pair landed, I thought myself discreet in being some distance away. But I caught fragments of Jake's argument with Baby, and

noticed that it was punctuated with a hickory club. This day's experience worked a change in Jake. After that he looked up his own riding animals, and in time became one of the worst bummers in the company. But Baby stuck to the old mare like a leech."

III.

August 21st, about 9 o'clock in the morning, we dismounted behind the hills overlooking the town of Chattanooga, screened from the enemy's view by timber. Line of battle was formed, and our battery opened fire on the town, in and around which Bragg's army was encamped. So quietly had we slipped over the mountains the night before that the bursting of shells in their midst was the first intimation the enemy had of our presence east of the mountain. It was nearly noon when the enemy replied by sending a 32-pound solid shot, which took a leg off an artillery sergeant and killed three battery horses. Our battery sunk a small steamboat at the wharf in Chattanooga; what other damage the enemy sustained I am unable to say. Next day, or the day after, General Hazen crossed the mountain with two brigades of infantry, and Minty reached the river higher up with a cavalry brigade. General Rosecrans' plan was to make a feint of crossing the river above Chattanooga, but to cross below. To this end Hazen was to make as much display of force as possible, while the 21st Corps moved into Sequatchie Valley and camped for twenty-five miles up and down the valley. The 14th Corps and two divisions of the 20th Corps closed up about Stevenson and Bridgeport. Hazen had command of all troops east of the mountain and in front of Chattanooga—four brigades, including ours. His duty was to picket the river and watch the enemy from Williams's Island, below Chattanooga, to Kingston above, about seventy miles. Our camp was near North Chickamauga Creek, and when not scouting we picketed the river above Chattanooga. We had a chain of pickets at the river, with supports further back, and the Rebels seemed to watch us from the opposite side on about the same plan.

In daytime we could see each other, and when not exchanging shots—usually a harmless exercise on both sides—we would be talking across the river. If one side wanted to go in bathing, permission was asked from the other; or, by agreement, both parties would go in at the same time, each keeping to its own side. One day a Rebel opened negotiations for the exchange of reading matter. Myself and another man agreed to meet a like number from their side at a sandbar midway of the river. I put a copy of *Harper's Weekly* in my hat (I didn't take any pockets with me), and we swam out to the sandbar. We had a pleasant chat, during which one of the Rebels asked us to mail a letter from him to his mother, who lived in Memphis, inside our lines. He said he had had no chance to get word to or from his family for a year. We stipulated that the letter be delivered next day, unsealed, and promised, if it contained nothing improper in a military sense, to send it on to his mother. We took the letter to the adjutant's office, and it went as mine. Thus at least one Rebel had the benefit of the franking privilege which our Government extended to its soldiers.

General Hazen was very active. By splitting up his camps and sending bands and field music to play and sound calls at different places, the appearance of a large force was kept up, while threats of crossing the river were frequent. Speaking of this period of our service and its importance, General Thomas, in an official report (Rebellion Records), says: "I have the honor to transmit the report of Colonel John T. Wilder . . . for his ingenuity and fertility of resources in occupying the attention of an entire corps of the rebel army while our army was getting around its flank, and for his valor and the many qualities of a commander displayed," and so on. In thus occupying the attention of so large a force of the army, it was necessary for us to be in the saddle most of the time, day and night. Bragg soon determined to evacuate Chattanooga, and fall back toward Rome or Dalton, but to deceive Rosecrans, his cavalry, under Wheel-

er and Forrest, kept up the same performance on their side of the river that we were enacting on our side. Among other things, they built pontoons and put them in the river at Chattanooga, and made other threats of crossing.

By September 4th Rosecrans had his forces across the river below Chattanooga, by pontoon bridges at Bridgeport, Battle Creek, and Shell Mound, and the night of the 4th the army occupied Lookout Valley from Wauhatchie to Valley Head, thirty-five miles. Two days after it became evident to Hazen and Wilder that Bragg had entirely evacuated Chattanooga, and General Rosecrans was so notified. September 10th Hazen's forces crossed the river by fording, and that night Wilder camped twenty miles out on the road to Dalton.

General Bragg's reasons for evacuating Chattanooga, as stated by himself, were that he might protect his communications against a superior force, and at the same time be able to strike the columns of his adversary as they separately filed down the east side of Lookout Mountain. For this purpose he took position in the hilly and heavily wooded country between Lee and Gordon's Mills and Lafayette. But Rosecrans was under the belief that the enemy was in retreat to Rome, and, acting on this belief, he sent McCook to cross Lookout Mountain by a road far to the south, while Thomas should descend into MacLemore's Cove, and Crittenden move via Chattanooga towards Ringgold and Dalton, and on the line of the enemy's retreat.

On the 11th we fought Scott's brigade of cavalry at Ringgold, capturing some prisoners. We took the town, and, the infantry coming up, moved on to Tunnel Hill, near where we again encountered Scott, who had been reinforced by Dibbrall's brigade of Armstrong's division, and Davidson's of Pegram's, all under command of General Forrest in person. We attacked and drove this force out of our way, and rode on to within four miles of Dalton. The infantry had halted at Ringgold, and we returned to near that place for the night. At this time, the night of the 11th, Thomas' advance was near

Lee and Gordon's Mills. McCook's corps was at Alpine, nearly twenty-five miles to the south of that place, and Crittenden's main force was at Ringgold. Bragg had been reinforced, and other large commands were on their way to join him. But he should not have waited; his opportunity had come. He had only to strike boldly, first one place and then another. But he delayed and allowed Rosecrans to concentrate.

By this time Rosecrans was satisfied that Bragg intended to give battle, and he recalled McCook, whose corps had to march back over Lookout Mountain and come in on Thomas' trail. Crittenden's corps was also put in motion towards Thomas on the 12th. Wilder passed back through Ringgold the morning of that day and moved by Leet's Tan Yard to Lee and Gordon's Mills. The infantry moved on parallel roads, we begin between it and the enemy.

Of this day's work, Colonel Wilder, in his official report,* says: "I was then ordered to report to General Reynolds at Lafayette,† Georgia, by way of Leet's Tan Yard. About four miles from Ringgold my advance encountered General Pegram's pickets. At the same time my rear guard reported an enemy in our rear. I immediately made preparations for battle, and, advancing in line, found Pegram's force drawn up in line of battle, occupying a high wooded hill to the south of Leet's Tan Yard. I immediately attacked him. Being unable to use my artillery on account of the woods, my left flank was now attacked by a force under Armstrong, while the force in our rear passed us closely. With two regiments I boldly attacked Pegram, driving back towards Lafayette, the other two regiments holding my rear and left flank. On our right, towards Pea Vine

* All quotations from official reports in this paper, whether of Federal or Confederate commanders, are taken from the Rebellion Records.

† This order shows that as late as the morning of the 12th our people didn't understand the situation. Lafayette at that time was occupied by Bragg's army, and had been all along. Reynolds nor no other Federal ever reached that point.

Church, a brigade of Rebel infantry, under General Stahl, occupied the road towards Gordon's Mills. I immediately determined to cut my way through this and join General Crittenden at Gordon's Mills. Leaving a strong line of skirmishers facing rear, left, and front, I, with the remainder of the command, charged Strahl's command, driving back his left, opening the road to Napier's Gap, in the Pea Vine Ridge, safely withdrawing my command by that route, and joining General Crittenden (Lee and Gordon's Mills) at midnight." The day's march was thirty-two miles.

Of Leet's Tan Yard, the Confederate General Pogram, in his official report, says: "The second engagement with the enemy was on the 12th instant, near Leet's Tan Yard, where we fought for two hours Wilder's Lightning Brigade of mounted infantry. My force engaged in this fight was the 6th Georgia and Rucker's Legion. It would be impossible to pay too high a tribute to the daring gallantry of my small force in this unequal conflict with the picked brigade of General Crittenden's corps. For a time the fight was almost literally hand to hand. I was forced back only about 400 yards, which point I held during the night. My loss in this fight was about 50 killed and wounded."

Next day we scouted around and found the enemy at every point. On the 14th we went to Pond Springs, twenty-three miles, and on the 17th returned and passed on to Alexander's Bridge, across the Chickamauga River—twenty-five miles. Minty with his splendid brigade of cavalry was at Reed's Bridge, further down the river. Thomas and Crittenden were about united and McCook's forces were beginning to arrive. On the morning of the 18th we were attacked by a large infantry force, with artillery. We held the bridge until late in the afternoon, when word came from Minty that the enemy had forced a crossing in his front, and then we fell back one or two miles and formed in line, mounted. It was getting quite dark, when we heard rebel cavalry following us up. When they got within a hundred yards or so, we opened a fusil-

lade, but I doubt if we hit a single man; we needed to be on the ground to properly get in our work. The Rebels seemed to make a special point of pushing us in indecent haste. We could hear their officers urging on their men, and I grieve to say that they were a fearfully profane set. But our infantry came up and we got out of the scrape. Further back we halted for the night (dismounted), and the infantry was also withdrawn to a strong position.

Colonel Wilder's official report says: "On the 18th, at 10 a. m., we were attacked by a brigade of Rebel infantry, but, our position being a strong one, we repulsed them easily. Colonel Minty, being at Reed's Bridge, two miles below, with a brigade of cavalry, sent a pressing request for help. I sent Colonel Miller, with the 72d Indiana and seven companies of the 123d Illinois and a section of the 18th Indiana Battery, to his assistance. Soon after three brigades of Rebel infantry again attempted to carry my position. We repulsed them, however, with severe loss to them."

The Confederate General Liddell (division commander) says: "I was ordered to take Alexander's Bridge. . . . The force in our front consisted of Wilder's Mounted Infantry, from whom we captured half a dozen or more breech-loading rifles. Our loss was 105 killed and wounded, and I can only account for this disproportion from the efficiency of this new weapon."

I went with the horses to a creek, a short distance to the rear. Next morning, long before daylight, a part of the command came to the horses, saddled, and started off, led horses and all, at a gallop. My horse was quite lame, and I soon fell behind and the command passed out of sight. Not knowing what else to do, I went to where the brigade had dismounted the night before. There I halted to look around for the command, and saw off across a depression in the ground a lot of men standing around campfires in the thick woods, apparently at breakfast, and I started over to make inquiries. Arrived within 100 or 200 yards, I noticed a

strangeness about these fellows. Although it was not light enough to distinguish uniforms, a second glance convinced me of the truth, that I was riding into a Rebel camp. My horse had been hobbling along on three legs, but for the next ten minutes he was the liveliest tripod I ever stuck spurs into. At a turn in the road I came face to face with a line of blue-coated skirmishers, and recognized in the commanding officer Colonel Laselle, of the 9th Indiana Volunteers, with whom I happened to be acquainted, and he pointed out the direction I should take. The colonel laughed at my adventure. Before night he was a prisoner, and afterwards told me of the horrors of the prison pen at Charleston, South Carolina. A short distance off I found my regiment and brigade in line of battle.

All night long troops of both armies had been moving into position. Two corps of Bragg's army had crossed the bridges from which Minty and Wilder had been forced the evening before. Rosecrans had made a hurried disposition of his forces, and the battle of Chickamauga had now commenced. For two days the roar of battle was deafening. I shall attempt no description. The first day our brigade repulsed two charges made by heavy lines. Our Spencer rifles inflicted severe loss on them. We were posted in McCook's corps in the right wing, and late next morning moved back to conform to the new line chosen for that day. Here the brigade was posted on the right of General Sheridan's division, which brought us on the extreme right of our army. In the afternoon we saw Sheridan's men coming back through a field in fearful disorder. At almost the same instant we were ordered to move at double quick to the left front through the disordered troops who were running to the rear. Before reaching the woods on the opposite side of the fields, we formed line, single rank, just in time to catch a blizzard. We drove the enemy nearly a mile through a swampy wood, and, near the Widow Glenn's house, recaptured a battery which Sheridan had lost earlier in the day. We then returned

unpursued to near the starting-point, bringing back a good many prisoners. Our loss was 50 or 60 in killed and wounded. But to our left our lines had given way. The right wing of the army was broken and in retreat, and a large force of the enemy had gained a position between us and Thomas, who was standing his ground over on the left. Rosecrans, McCook, and Crittenden had left the field.

At this juncture of affairs, Wilder determined to face to the left, and cut his way through the enemy's lines and join Thomas. His orders for the movement were issued, and our line swung around so that our right flank was exposed in the direction of the forces we had just pushed back into the woods. But at the moment of starting, Wilder received an order to mount and escort trains to the rear. It is useless to speculate as to what might have been the result had the movement been carried out.

In referring to this critical moment, Colonel Wilder says: "I had decided to cut our way through Bragg's army at Chickamauga on Sunday to join Thomas on the Snodgrass Hill, and was only prevented from attempting it by peremptory orders from Charles A. Dana, assistant Secretary of War, who, having lost his way to Chattanooga, had come up just as I was forming the brigade in five lines, column of regiments, to make the charge, which I firmly believe would have resulted in the rout of Longstreet's corps and the defeat of Bragg's army. I would have struck them in flank and rear with five lines of Spencer rifles, in the hands of the steadiest body of men I ever saw, and am satisfied we would have gone through them like an avalanche. . . . I have lived at Chattanooga for eighteen years and have gone over Chickamauga field with a great many ex-rebels, who all admit that if I had been allowed to attack as I wished, it would have been fatal to Bragg's army."

To what extent Colonel Wilder's sanguine expectations would have been realized, it is not possible to determine.

* Letter to the writer.

At the time, his command was in perfect condition, armed with magazine rifles, fully supplied with ammunition, and imbued with a confidence in its own prowess that knew no bounds. But the move was not made and speculation is useless. I firmly believe it would have succeeded. When we got to our horses, the woods were full of disorganized and demoralized troops, and the greatest confusion reigned. Here we realized the critical condition of our army; before we did not. That night we guarded the passes from Lookout Mountain east towards Rossville.

Sheridan rallied his broken troops and led them towards Thomas, General Jeff C. Davis did the same; so did others, and with the coming of night one of the bloodiest and most stubbornly contested battles of the war was ended. From the midst of the smoke and carnage of this giant conflict rises the "Rock of Chickamauga," the beloved Thomas. The true monument of this contest surpasses the chiseled marble of the sculptor. Its shaft is the courage and genius of the great commander, and its pedestal is the heroism of the blue and the gray alike. And it towers higher into the skies of our national glory than the stars of high rank, well earned, that were so cruelly denied the greatest battle hero of this continent.

The battle ended, Bragg drew off and Rosecrans retired his army to Chattanooga and fortified. Then Bragg closed in, taking possession of the river above and below Chattanooga. Our army was now crippled and short of supplies, and its direct line of communication cut off. Thus situated, in the presence of an enemy, with a large river and rough, mountainous country between it and its base, 150 miles to the rear, the Army of the Cumberland was almost in a state of siege.

Next day after the battle ended, our brigade moved to North Chickamauga to guard the left flank, and remained there until September 30th. Colonel Wilder left us here on sick leave, and during the rest of the campaign the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Miller, of the 72d Indi-

ana Volunteers. Colonel Miller was in every way a worthy successor to Colonel Wilder,

Of our services in the campaign, General Rosecrans, in a report to the adjutant-general, says: "Having in my general report given an outline of the brilliant part taken by Wilder's brigade in the great demonstration on the enemy's front above Chattanooga, I respectfully call attention to the fact that he was able to attract almost two divisions of rebels to that part of the river, and that for thirty days some of his command were daily skirmishing with the enemy, while our troops crossed below. His bold and successful advance on Dalton, and reconnaissance thence by Leet's Tan Yard, unquestionably checked a very serious movement on Crittenden's corps at a time when it would have been very dangerous to us. His command also merits the thanks of the country for its noble stand at the crossing of the Chickamauga, where his and Minty's cavalry brigade resisted the enemy so obstinately on the afternoon of the 18th, as to give us that night to anticipate him on the Rossville road."

IV.

Bragg now determined to strike a heavy blow at Rosecrans' communications in middle Tennessee, and to that end he sent his chief of cavalry, General Wheeler, with a large mounted force to cross the river above, and to sweep over the mountains to our railroad. At the same time Roddy, S. D. Lee, Adams, and others were gathering Rebel forces in North Alabama to cross the Tennessee below Chattanooga in co-operation. The plan encompassed the most extensive operations, which, in certain events, were to be carried into Kentucky. Rosecrans' communications were to be destroyed, and he forced to attempt a retreat, when Bragg would pounce on his army, and destroy it. At the same time Rosecrans sent General Crook with 1,000 or 1,200 cavalry to guard the river above Chattanooga. With so small a force, all Crook could do was to picket and patrol. That high up the river fords

are numerous, and by the time his command was portioned out to watch, none were left to fight. September 29th Wheeler's forces crossed the river at several places, and a flag of truce came to General Crook, near Blyth's Ferry, demanding his surrender. At the time Crook had only his body-guard present. He detained the flag as long as possible, and started all his transportation and property towards Chattanooga, at the same time sending word to his different detachments to save themselves and concentrate on him. General Rosecrans was notified of the situation, and sent orders to Crook to pick up all mounted troops within his reach and pursue Wheeler. Next morning our brigade (Colonel Miller commanding) left North Chickamauga and that night joined Crook near Blyth's Ferry, thirty-seven miles up the river. After being joined by other forces later on, Crook's command, as stated by himself, was about 2,500 strong. It consisted of Wilder's, Long's, and Minty's brigades. Our commands were now greatly depleted, the result of three months' unusually hard service, which had worn out horses and men faster than they could be replaced.

At Dunlap, in Sequatchie Valley, General Martin's rebel division (Wheeler being with it in person) captured and destroyed a loaded train of over 300 wagons which was on its way with supplies for the army at Chattanooga. Considering the condition of affairs, this was a serious blow; fortunately, though, the most serious that Wheeler was allowed to strike on his whole expedition. Just after the wagons were destroyed, General Ed. McCook appeared on the scene with a brigade of cavalry from Bridgeport and recaptured 800 mules. Of the subsequent movements of McCook, and of Martin's Rebel division, until the latter joined the main Rebel force at Farmington, it is not necessary to speak. In person Wheeler joined his other two divisions, who had crossed the valley further up, followed by Crook. As we were descending the western slope of the mountains, about sundown, October 3d, we dismounted and hurried forward into the cove where

Long's cavalry had brought Wheeler's rear guard to bay. We marched out in line, and after searching around in the dark for friend or foe for an hour or so, halted, facing a small timbered creek. On the other side, 50 or 100 yards off, we heard the noise of troops. Neither side knew what to do, each was afraid the other might be friends, and still more anxious lest they be enemies. In this dilemma a loud voice called from the other side, "Who are you?" The answer went back, "Yankees; who are you?" "Rebels, by God!" This raised a laugh on both sides, and when it subsided the Rebel spokesman added, "Come over." To this polite invitation our commanding officer called out, "All right," and then in a loud tone of command, "Forward, double quick, march; commence firing." We went over, pumping at our Spencer rifles, but the other fellows didn't stay to shake hands; only five or six, and they were dead or suffering from newly inflicted gunshot wounds. Our horses were brought up and we camped there for the night. We had no transportation and were out of provisions. In the country traveled over there was next to nothing for man or horse. I didn't have a mouthful to eat all day, except a cup of coffee and an ounce or so of hard bread for breakfast, and now I was thankful to get one medium-sized potato, which some fellow generously gave me. Next morning we made an early start, many of us without a mouthful of breakfast, and rode through McMinnville, where the Rebels had captured a Tennessee regiment and a quantity of stores, hospitals, etc., and had spent the night. Thanks to their wastefulness of captured hardtack, many of us were enabled to scrape up from the ground enough to fill our stomachs and haversacks. Long's brigade had considerable fighting with the enemy's rear guard, and at one place by the roadside I saw a few Rebels who had been sabered. General Long had a horse shot under him. In the afternoon we took part in an affair and had five or six men killed and wounded. That night we camped in a better country, and horses and men filled up. Here we could ply our old habit of foraging off the country.

After dark of the next day we got to Murfreesboro and drew rations and forage.

The next night we spent about seven miles north of Shelbyville. Wheeler, with Davidson's and Wharton's Divisions, having sacked Shelbyville, camped the same night beyond the town along Duck River, on a country road which intersects the main pike leading to Farmington five or six miles beyond their camp. General Crook determined to force a fight, and early the next morning moved with ours and Long's brigades rapidly through Shelbyville, taking the road through Wheeler's camp. At the same time he sent orders to Minty to move rapidly on the main pike toward Farmington, to where the country road intersects the pike beyond the Rebels. We were moving at a gallop when the advance struck the rebels just as they were breaking camp. We dismounted and charged a large force, also dismounted. Our advance was only checked once, for a moment or so. The Rebels had reached a fence and piece of woods and turned on us, about 200 yards off. Our command was scattered, and the halt was to straighten the line. Here I witnessed a ludicrous incident. Sergeant Patten, being well in advance, happened to halt near a large and fat Rebel major, who lay on the ground, wounded. The fire of the enemy was getting hot, so the sergeant, seeing no other cover, squared the major around, dropped behind him, and commenced pumping his Spencer rifle. The major begged, threatened, and swore, but no use; Patten coolly told him to lie still and be a man, while he kept up a steady fire from behind the major at the major's friends. We soon started the enemy from the fence, and they gained their horses and moved on. Thirty dead and a number of wounded, and a great many prisoners fell into our hands. By the capture of the stores at McMinnville, Wheeler's men had secured a lot of our uniforms, and many of their men were now clothed in them. Word was passed around that General Crook had said that no Rebels wearing our uniforms should be taken prisoners, and several were shot who otherwise would not have

lost their lives. I have no idea that any such order was issued. By a mistake Minty did not move as General Crook intended, and Wheeler escaped toward Farmington. After three or four miles our regiment was relieved of the advance by the 123d Illinois.

Of this running fight, Colonel Hodge, Confederate brigade commander, in his official report, says: "October 7th, . . . I was proceeding at a gallop with my command, back, when ahead of me I encountered the whole of Scott's (Confederate) brigade, crowded in fearful and horrible confusion, wild and frantic with panic, choking the entire road and bearing down upon me at a racing speed. . . . They rode over my command like madmen. . . . I was ridden over and my horse knocked down. . . . For five hours and a half, over seven miles of country, the unequal contest continued. My gallant brigade was cut to pieces and slaughtered. I had informed the officers and men that the sacrifice of their lives was necessary, and they manfully made the sacrifice. . . . At 3 p. m., with my bleeding and almost annihilated brigade, I had formed my last line, the welcome order came from General Wheeler to fall back."

I am sure that at no time in this running fight did the Rebels have over two of Wilder's regiments and a few troops of Long's cavalry opposed to them. Colonel Hodge speaks of the "unequal contest," but the inequality was in arms and fighting qualities; so far as numbers were concerned, his command greatly outnumbered ours. On nearing Farmington heavy firing was heard, and we took the gallop. When we dismounted and moved forward, my regiment was formed on the left of the 123d Illinois, which was already engaged. Here I will quote from an account given me by General Crook himself:

"As we came up with our forces strung along the pike we found their entire force drawn up in line of battle in a dense cedar thicket, a short distance this side of Farmington, with the pike running through its center. I had but one al-

ternative, and that was to fight, for had we attempted to retreat they, with their fresher horses, would have destroyed us; so we at once formed our line of battle. The only thing that saved us [was] that they didn't know how few we were.

Miller's (Wilder's) brigade of mounted infantry was dismounted and sent in on the left, while the cavalry was on the right of the pike. Their battery was on the pike not over 200 yards from where I established my headquarters; their projectiles were mowing down the small cedars, killing a good many of the men and horses around me. My battery also took position on the pike and opened on their battery. Just then information came in from both flanks that the enemy was turning them. I thought certainly that we would all be killed or captured, but fortunately our battery exploded one of their caissons, and just then Miller's brigade made a charge, when the whole enemy gave way and didn't stop running until they crossed the Tennessee River at Mussel Shoals, seventy-five miles distant."

In making this charge, three companies, mine of the number, became separated from the rest of the command, and moved on into town to the left of the road (now become the street), through gardens and back yards, and halted at a cross-street. The Rebel battery had withdrawn to a point on the main street a few yards beyond the intersection of the cross-street where we were. About fifty men had gathered when the senior officer present was heard to say that he intended to capture the guns. At this the men rushed forward without waiting for any formal command, and in a few moments the two guns were ours. Now we saw that we were far in advance of the main line, but, fortunately, as far as we could see, the enemy was falling back at a run; so we moved on to a fence and got an effective flank fire on a regiment, at short range, to our left. When our lines got up, we followed on for over a mile, getting another piece of artillery. Then we returned and went into camp, and foraging parties went out to fetch horse-feed and provisions. We had ridden

about twenty-five miles and fought the enemy twice since morning, so we were glad to end the day's work. General Crook's loss was probably about 150 killed and wounded during the day. In this, the closing fight of the campaign, my regiment lost 48 killed and wounded, including 3 commissioned officers, against 26 the opening day at Hoover's Gap. Colonel Monroe, of the 123d Illinois, was killed. General Long was wounded and had another horse shot under him. He writes me that "the horse died, but I didn't." On the entire pursuit of Wheeler the brigade lost 92 killed and wounded, mostly at Farmington. The loss of the other brigades of the division was trivial. From the opening of the campaign, June 24th, to its close, October 16th, Wilder's brigade lost 268 officers and men in killed and wounded. In the same time, notwithstanding the nature of our service, we lost less than twenty by capture. Wheeler's loss was several hundred in killed and wounded, besides a great many prisoners. Owing to a misunderstanding on his part, Colonel Minty was not up with his brigade. So it is safe to say that General Crook's force at Farmington was less than 2,000. General Wheeler was here joined by Martin's division, which had been detached since destroying the wagons in Sequatchie Valley. He had his whole force of three divisions present, and the lowest estimate I have ever heard of his strength is about 7,000. General Crook was brevetted colonel in the regular Army "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Farmington."

The next two days we chased the enemy to and across the Tennessee River at Lamb's Ferry, seventy-five miles distant. Only one or two skirmishes occurred on the way. General Wheeler's official report was captured on its way to General Bragg. In it he states that he had been pursued by the whole of the Army of the Cumberland, and also that an entire regiment was missing from his command. Just after crossing the river Wheeler met General S. D. Lee, with a command of 5,500 Rebel cavalry, on his way expecting to join

Wheeler at Duck River. General Roddy had already crossed for the same purpose with 1,800. With this combined force they had intended to tear up middle Tennessee, and then move into Kentucky. But Wheeler had had enough; he quit. And he had really accomplished nothing of consequence beyond the destruction of the wagon-train in Sequatchie Valley. On the other hand, he lost nearly 1,000 men in prisoners, most of his transportation, three pieces of artillery and large numbers of small-arms, and had not less than 600 of his men killed and wounded.

Next day, after seeing the last of Wheeler, we lay in camp. We had been living off the country nearly the whole expedition, but this was really the first chance for a good old-time feast. Early in the morning some of the boys in my company came in with a countryman's wagon, and in it a barrel of peach brandy. I quote from my diary: "October 10, 1863, 10 a. m., barrel full—boys empty; 10 p. m., boys full—barrel empty." Next day we started after Roddy, who, as above stated, was on our side of the river. After zigzagging across the country for 157 miles, occupying six days, we halted at New Market, Ala., and our services in connection with the advance of the Army of the Cumberland from Murfreesboro to Chattanooga were ended.

From North Chickamauga, September 30, to New Market, October 16—17 days, we had marched 404 miles, by the roads, to which should be added, on account of side-trips, foraging, etc., at least enough to make a total of 500 miles, or an average of 29 miles a day, including one day's rest. This, considered with the fighting and short rations, may, I think, be looked upon as a fair seventeen-days job. From the opening of the campaign, June 24th, to its close, October 16th, 115 days, we were in the saddle exactly 50 days, and marched on the road 1,071 miles. Including riding involved in foraging and other mounted work not in the regular marching, we rode not less than 1,500 miles, an average of 13 miles for each of the 115 days.

Antietam and the Lost Dispatch.

**A Paper Prepared and Read before the Kansas Commandery of the
M. O. L. L. U. S., by Companion John M. Bloss,
Captain U. S. Volunteers.**

January 6, 1892.

The year 1862 ushered in a series of glorious victories to the Union Army; yet, later on, it brought reverses so disastrous that the fate of the nation seemed to hang by a single thread.

It was Logan who said "to conquer the enemy and secure peace" would require a line of battle extending from the Atlantic to central Kansas.

That line of battle had been partially formed early in 1862, and 450,000 men, present for duty, stood shoulder to shoulder, facing the enemy and ready for the assault.

The country had already grown impatient because the prestige lost at Bull Run had not been retrieved by a great victory; and "*All quiet on the Potomac*" had become a national by-word, in expressing contempt for what was considered the Fabian policy of our commanders.

But early in 1862 all was ready, and the 22d of February had been fixed by the President of the United States as the time at which this great army should spring into action.

The time arrived; then began one of the most remarkable campaigns of the war. The right of that great line, led by General Curtis, swept across Missouri and far into Arkansas, signally defeating the enemy at Pea Ridge and other points.

The right center, under Grant, and the center, under Buell, pushed across Kentucky and Tennessee into Mississippi and Alabama, gaining everywhere memorable victories. Forts Henry and Donaldson had fallen; Nashville, Island No. 10, and Memphis had surrendered; and at Pittsburg Landing the Union arms had gained a bloody victory.

The left and center under McClellan, Banks, and Frémont had not been idle. Frémont had swept across West Virginia; Banks through Winchester to Stanton, and McClellan had left the Potomac, in this "on to Richmond"—had fought the seven-days battle around the Capitol of the Southern Confederacy—and finally, with his columns shattered, haggard, and

worn, had sought safety at Harrison's Landing—under the protection of his gun-boats.

Then there was a lull along that great line of battle, ominous for its calmness. The Union Army had seemingly spent its force.

Then the tide turned; our armies, drawn far from their bases and decimated by disease, were suddenly swept back.

A grand raid had been planned against the North: Kirby Smith was to capture Cincinnati; Bragg, Louisville; and Lee and his lieutenants, Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

But Buell, in his race with Bragg across two States, reached Louisville first, and Kirby Smith, although victorious at Richmond, Ky., was crippled, and put off the capture of Cincinnati to a more convenient season, and to await the arrival of Bragg.

Lee boldly left Richmond while the Army of the Potomac was divided, practically defeated Pope at Cedar Mountain, gained a bloody victory at Bull Run and forced the Union Army into Washington on the 31st day of August, within a month of the time that he had left Richmond.

Thus at noon-day the victories of the morning had given place to defeat. And now we behold a singular coincidence: Kirby Smith issuing his proclamation to the people of Kentucky, and the same week General Lee issuing his proclamation to the people of Maryland, "My Maryland." These proclamations, however, proved fruitless; but few recruits were added to their armies.

Lee had now established his headquarters at Frederick, Md., about forty miles northwest of Washington. With him was an army of 50,000 veterans—the heroes of the peninsular campaign, Cedar Mountain and Bull Run. With him were his most trusted and sagacious lieutenants, Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and Stuart—a host in themselves.

The army under McClellan had returned from Harrison's Landing to Washington and a part of it had fought Lee at

Second Bull Run, side by side with the Army of Virginia under General Pope.

After that defeat, the army was re-organized into a new Army of the Potomac and was placed under the command of "Little Mac."

The poet and the orator would lead the novice to believe that the soldier on every occasion is ready to push upon the enemy with the wildest heroism, in defense of principle or to protect the Goddess of Liberty. However much principle or the goddess may have to do with his enlistment, the drill, the march through mud and snow, and the want of the common comforts of life have usually a depressing effect upon emotional patriotism, and he finds, after a few months of actual service, that the once pleasing desire to sacrifice himself upon the altar of his country was an illusion.

In the battle he faces death and performs acts of heroism because he is unwilling to disgrace his manhood, or the friends by his side or at home, by an act of cowardice. Both friends and foes believed themselves equally right. Anger in battle, between opposing forces, ceased to be a factor in acts of heroism when the sword and spear were replaced by long-range rifles. But the protection of home and its loved ones will never cease to stimulate men to perform acts of the greatest valor.

Hector, as he rushed from the walls of Troy to meet Achilles, exclaimed:

"No—if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust;
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In the field, at least, and fighting for her wall."

Although the Union Army had been beaten around Richmond and at Second Bull Run, it was not hopeless; and now that Lee had arrogantly crossed the Potomac and planted his army upon Northern soil, it made every man a patriot. Not only duty now impelled him to action, but, like Hector, the

protection of his own hearthstone nerved him for acts of heroism.

The soldiers had confidence in their leaders and in themselves, and every man realized that soon a desperate and bloody battle must be delivered.

The impending danger had increased enlistments a hundred fold and these new troops had been rushed into Washington, many of whom had never fired a gun.

In the reorganization these new regiments were sandwiched between the veteran regiments. Thus our brigade, the 2d Massachusetts, the 3d Wisconsin, and the 27th Indiana received two new regiments. The veteran brigades thus were increased largely in numbers, and while these new troops afterward did noble service, they now sometimes proved an element of weakness rather than strength.

The Army of Virginia under Pope reached Washington September 1st and 2d, and the preparations for the new campaign began at once—in fact, the army was re-organized while on the march.

Into this campaign McClellan led 104,000 men, and by his own report had 81,861 in the battle of Antietam, not including the 72,000 men left at Washington under General Banks, 19,000 of whom, under General Porter, reached McClellan just at the close of the battle.

On September 20th, three days after the battle, McClellan reported 89,000 as present, so that it is evident that the arrival of Porter and his 19,000 men had more than compensated for his loss in battle.

To fully understand the position of affairs, it must be remembered that Lee's position was such that a defeat of the Union Army imperiled the safety of Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. If either of these had been captured, then Bragg and Kirby Smith would have transferred the struggle from Kentucky into Indiana and Ohio.

So confident was Jefferson Davis of the success of his schemes, and especially was he so confident of the success of

Lee; that he prepared for a peace commission to Washington to propose and conclude peace after the expected victory.

The failure of Lee at Antietam depressed the spirits of Bragg and Kirby Smith; they hesitated—and as a result they were defeated. Hence my former statement that the fate of the nation, for a few days in September, 1862, hung, as it were, by a single thread.

McClellan must save the capital of the nation, and therefore must be able to throw his army at any moment between Lee and Washington or Baltimore. Hence one reason for his slow advance upon Lee's position.

On the other hand, Lee did not find Maryland all that it had promised. Barbara Frietchie was not the only one who flaunted the Stars and Stripes in his face.

He had crossed the Potomac with his army between Washington and Harper's Ferry: but McClellan's advance had shut off his retreat in that direction, and left the Shenandoah Valley the only route through which he could hope to receive supplies, provided he was forced to make a stand north of the Potomac.

The mouth of this valley was commanded by strong Union forces at Martinsburg and at Harper's Ferry, the latter a position that could have been made impregnable by a competent commander.

These forces were directly in the rear of Lee's army, and so long as they remained in that position, he must remain cut off from his base of supplies.

He had expected that Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg would be evacuated in consequence of his position at Frederick, but they were not, and now that McClellan's army had been pushed forward from Washington, Lee suddenly finds his army isolated. He is now compelled to remove these obstructions in his rear or retreat with his whole army.

A plan of relief is determined upon; the order for its execution was given at Frederick, Md., September 9, 1862; and its execution began on the 10th.

On the 10th McClellan's army was within less than twenty miles of Frederick—the right wing consisting of the 1st and 9th Corps, under Burnside; the center consisting of the 2d and 12th Corps, under Sumner; and the left consisting of a part of the 4th and all of the 6th Corps, under Franklin, together with the greater part of the cavalry, under Pleasonton.

It was that day, September 10th, that McClellan discovered that Lee's whole army was north of the Potomac, and that Harrisburg and York, Pa., were threatened—and on that day Lee quietly folded his tents and stole away, in order to capture the 12,000 men at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, twenty-five and forty-five miles in his rear.

McClellan was a great military organizer—a patriot and by no means a coward; yet, with all his military skill, he lacked the pluck and the obstinate tenacity of Grant; he lacked the courage and shrewd boldness of Sherman; and he lacked the heroic dash of Sheridan.

These men apparently considered the question of defeat after the battle, he long before it.

McClellan's excessive caution caused him to magnify dangers, and as a result he did that which many commanders have done and will probably do again—he *looked for* the ambuscades of the enemy, instead of *making* ambuscades for the enemy; he *looked for* masked batteries in all possible and impossible places, instead of *preparing* them; and in addition to all this, he made Oriental estimates of the enemy.

He reported to Halleck before reaching Frederick that Lee had 120,000 veterans in Maryland and urged him to send forward reinforcements.

Finally on the eve of the 12th his right and center were within three miles of Frederick, yet up to this time his infantry had not seen a rebel in Maryland and there had only been slight skirmishes between the cavalry.

On the 13th we expected an engagement as we pushed forward to Frederick. That morning Company F, 27th Indiana, was placed on the skirmish line in front of our brigade,

and your speaker had charge of the advance. We moved forward rapidly, discovered no enemy, and soon reached the suburbs of the city, where the converging lines of other divisions and corps caused us to halt.

We were now in a meadow near the city limits; it was a warm morning, and when the opportunity offered, we threw ourselves upon the grass to rest. While lying there, I noticed just beyond Corporal Barton W. Mitchell, with whom I was conversing, a large envelope, and through curiosity asked him to give it to me. It was not sealed, and on taking it up, two cigars and a paper fell out.

The cigars were readily divided, and while the needed match was being secured, I began to read the enclosed document. As I read each line became more interesting. I forgot the cigar. It was Lee's order to his army giving his plans for the next four days from that time, and, if true, was exceedingly important. I carried it back to Captain Kopp, of our company, and together we took it to Colonel Colgrove, commanding the regiment. He was at that time talking with General Kimball. They read it, as I imagined, with the same surprise which I had felt, and immediately started with it to General McClellan.

This order made known not only Lee's position, but his intent, and had McClellan pushed his advantage, it made him master of the situation. The following is

THE LOST DISPATCH.

“Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
“September 9, 1862.

“The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select take the route towards Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday morning take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

"General Longstreet's command will pursue the same route as far as Boonboro, where it will halt with the reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army.

"General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

"General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Check's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudon Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, keeping the ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on the right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

"General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordinance, supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

"General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson, and McLaws, and, with the main body of the cavalry, will cover the route of the army, and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

"The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detailed, will join the main body of the army at Boonsboro or Hagerstown.

"By command of General R. E. Lee.

"*R. H. Chilton, Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

This order showed that Lee proposed to divide his army on the 10th, and that, at that time, the 13th, it was really separated into five divisions, and that three divisions were far away.

McLaws, at Maryland Heights, was about fifteen miles in front of our left; Hill, at Boonsboro, about fifteen miles in front of our right. Longstreet was at Hagerstown and could support Hill. Jackson was on the road between Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry beyond the Potomac, at least forty miles from Hill. Walker was also in Virginia on the way to Lou-

don Heights, and could not support any of the four divisions.

McClellan's army was practically concentrated and could strike McLaws or Hill, or both. Such an opportunity rarely ever fell to the lot of a great general to seize immortal fame.

General Lee, in thus dividing his army into fragments, had two points in his jurisdiction: 1st, he knew McClellan's methods and his tardiness of execution; 2d, there were two low ranges of mountains between his army and that of McClellan; the western, the South Mountain Range, had precipitous sides and could only be crossed by an army through a few gaps. These gaps he expected Hill to hold, while Jackson captured Harper's Ferry, and while Longstreet filled his commissary in Pennsylvania.

McClellan evidently, at that time, comprehended the importance of the "lost dispatch," and began a movement at once upon both Hill and McLaws. By the evening of the 13th a part of his troops had reached Middletown, eight miles west of Frederick, and were approaching the South Mountain passes.

Turner's Gap (the one west of Middletown, and on the direct road to Boonsboro) is 700 feet high, while the mountains on either side are 400 feet higher. It was here that Hill's forces were met, and here that the chief part of the battle called South Mountain was fought on September 14th.

On the 13th and the morning of the 14th but few men occupied this pass, and it could have been taken by the force in the Middletown Valley; but delay brought reinforcements, first from Hill at Boonsboro and finally from Longstreet at Hagerstown. The delay had almost proved fatal.

Farther to the south (six miles) is Crampton's Gap. Here our left, under General Franklin, with 18,000 men and a part of the cavalry, were ordered to force the Gap early on the 14th, attack McLaws at Maryland Heights some five miles beyond, relieve the 12,000 men penned up at Harper's Ferry, and then, with his army of more than 30,000 men, he could have fallen

upon Jackson, then at Bolivar Heights beyond the Potomac, and crushed him.

On the night of the 13th this Gap was unguarded, but by the time Franklin had tardily reached it, on the 14th, it was defended by two brigades; these, after much delay, late in the evening were routed.

McLaws, then hard pressed, left one regiment on the Maryland Heights to guard his batteries, and threw the remainder of his force across the little valley and awaited Franklin.

But Franklin, although outnumbering McLaws two to one, did not attack vigorously, as ordered, but waited until 10 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, when he learned that Harper's Ferry had surrendered; he then waited with fear lest Jackson and Walker might cross the river and attack him. He waited until McLaws had withdrawn and was far on his way to Shepherdstown to join Lee. Franklin then withdrew, late on the 16th, and joined McClellan at Antietam, without having accomplished the object of his mission. But Franklin's blunders at Crampton's Gap can in no way condone for McClellan's mismanagement of the main body of the army. Turner's Gap and other gaps in the South Mountain Range had been gained on the night of the 14th, and the enemy had fled precipitately to the west side of Antietam Creek.

Here, on the morning of the 15th, were collected the forces defeated at South Mountain, under Longstreet and Hill, together with their reserves, evidently much less than 30,000 men. McLaws and Jackson and Walker were then fully engaged at Harper's Ferry, twenty miles away.

That place did not surrender until 8 a. m. of the 15th; by that hour McClellan's troops had reached Boonsboro, and by noon all those who had been engaged the preceding day and a large part of the reserves had arrived at Antietam Creek and were ready for the attack.

There we waited for the rest of the day, and all the day of the 16th, I suppose, awaiting the return of Jackson, Mc-

Laws, and Walker, that we might fight them in one body on the 17th, as we did.

The result, of course, is known. The large army under McClellan was fought by detachments. When the right wing, under Hooker, Sumner, and Mansfield, was completely exhausted, corps by corps, Burnside began the attack upon his left, and thus the same forces that fought Hooker, Sumner, and Mansfield on the right in the morning fought Burnside in the afternoon on the left.

The loss in certain corps on the right was fearful, and a Confederate officer says that their loss was awful: 30,000 men had been killed and wounded. Yet two corps, the 5th and 6th, were but slightly engaged, and contained, by the reports, almost as many men as Lee had left in his whole army.

The "lost dispatch," as it was called in the Confederate circles, has been the subject of much discussion both North and South. The questions are asked, "When did McClellan receive it?" and "How did General D. H. Hill lose it?"

The first question I cannot definitely answer. I did not observe the time when found, but it could not have been later than 10 o'clock on the 13th, and I really think it was an hour earlier. I saw General Kimball start with it to McClellan's headquarters; he had a good horse, understood the importance of the dispatch, and he has since told me that he carried it directly to General McClellan.

In about three-quarters of an hour after it was found we noticed orderlies and staff officers flying in all directions, and soon the whole army was rapidly moved forward, the enemy attacked and driven over the Catoctin Mountains and across the Middletown Valley, and those who knew of the "lost dispatch" attributed this movement to it.

McClellan's "Report of the Organization and Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," page 352, says: "On the 13th of September an order fell into my hands, issued by General Lee, which fully disclosed his plans, and I immediately gave

orders for a rapid and vigorous forward movement." This confirms my former statement that it determined his advance, and the fact that statements in the dispatch were true was fully confirmed before the sun went down.

The answer to the other question, "How did General Hill lose the dispatch?" will probably never be settled.

Pollard, in his "Lost Cause," page 314, says: "A copy of the order directing the movement of the army from Frederick had been sent to D. H. Hill, and this vain and petulant officer in a moment of passion had thrown the paper on the ground. It was picked up by a Federal soldier, and McClellan thus strangely became possessed of the exact details of his adversary's plan of operations."

A foreigner who was with Lee's army and who wrote an account of the campaign for the *London Quarterly Review*, in April, 1864, says: "But before D. H. Hill fell back upon South Mountain it is now notorious that a momentous incident happened. It will be necessary to give a few words to the character of this general. It should be premised that the wives of D. H. Hill and Stonewall Jackson were sisters, and it is generally believed (we know not with what truth) that Mrs. Hill had long urged her husband to do something whereby some portion of Jackson's lustrous fame might be acquired by and accrue to General D. H. Hill. The orders of General Lee respecting the battle, which was now imminent, were placed in General Hill's hands. These orders, according to General Lee's invariable practice, were full, precise, and unreserved. It was, according to General Lee's views, very desirable to gain a few days, in order to permit General Jackson to finish his task at Harper's Ferry, and to allow some of the many stragglers to get to the front. General Hill was therefore instructed to take up a strong position at South Mountain. These orders, as it happened, were displeasing to General Hill. He flung them, after reading them, indignantly from him, in the belief (as has been urged in his defense) that they would be picked up by one of the staff and carried

safely to headquarters. Be this as it may, they were left lying where they fell; the ground was shortly evacuated by the Confederates and occupied by the Federals. General Lee's orders were picked up by a Federal soldier, and, their value being recognized, were quickly carried to McClellan."

Palfrey, in his history of the battle of Antietam, says: "It appears from the statement of Colonel Taylor, adjutant-general of the Army of Northern Virginia, that at this time General D. H. Hill was in command of a division which had not been attached to nor incorporated with either of the two wings of that army, and that one copy of Special Order No. 191 was sent to him directly from headquarters, and that General Jackson also sent him a copy, as he regarded Hill in his command, and that the order sent from headquarters was carelessly left by someone in Hill's camp, while the other, which was in Jackson's own handwriting, was preserved by General Hill."

None of the theories advanced account, to my mind, for the two cigars within the envelope; however, at the time we asked no questions.

How the dispatch was lost is, to us, not very important. The fact that it was placed in General McClellan's hands early on the 13th made it possible for him to have relieved Harper's Ferry and besides to have annihilated Lee's army.

It did hasten our movement, and there is no doubt in my mind that it directly fixed the time and place of the final assault at Antietam.

Up to this time this was the greatest military contest ever witnessed on the continent. But it is not my purpose to attempt a description of the battle. There were probably as many acts of daring bravery there witnessed as have occurred on any great battle-field. The soldiers were brave enough, and all that was wanting was a leader who appreciated the occasion. Lee was defeated, but he was suffered for days to remain near at hand and to return to the Rappahannock at his leisure. Lee, Bragg, and Kirby Smith retreated

about this time, and the grand raid on the North was ended.

To the South, in a certain sense, it had been a success—they had, by capturing and pillage, lived upon the country; yet they had signally failed in their object—the capture of Cincinnati, Louisville, Washington, Baltimore, and Pittsburg. To the North it brought its blessings:

1. It helped to remove incompetent commanders;
2. It helped to fill the ranks of the Union Army;
3. It prepared the hesitating North for the Emancipation Proclamation, and thus paved the way for the final overthrow of the Rebellion.

The Acting Signal Corps.

By Companion Samuel T. Cushing, Major and C. S., U. S. A.

January 6, 1892.

In the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* for November, 1891, Lieutenant W. A. Glassford, of the Signal Corps of the Army, has published an historical sketch of the corps that gives a more complete record than I will be able to give in the rambling paper I can read at this meeting, and I recommend the companions to obtain and read it.

It is not my intention to write a history, but simply to make a little narrative of incidents that occurred during the two years that I served in the acting corps.

The Signal Service is due to the genius of Albert J. Myer. In his early life he was an enthusiast in the study of sign language and made that the subject of his thesis when he graduated. He entered the Army in 1854 as an assistant surgeon, and in 1856 prepared a memorandum for army signalling, and in 1858 succeeded in having a military board organized to consider it. He worked faithfully with his scheme, and finally succeeded in having a law passed by Congress as follows: "And that there be added to the staff of the Army one signal officer with the rank, pay, and allowances of a major of cavalry, who shall have charge, under the direction of the Secretary of War, of all signal duty and of all books, papers, and apparatus connected therewith."

I call attention to this law which signifies *all* duties and *all* apparatus, because upon the construction "*of all*" Major Myer had later many difficulties to encounter.

This law was approved June 21, 1860, and on June 27, 1860, Albert J. Myer was appointed as major and signal officer.

I graduated from the Military Academy in June, 1860, and business called me to General Scott's headquarters in New York about the last of August, 1860. I then met Major Myer, who was awaiting orders to go to New Mexico to introduce his system during actual operations in the Navajo War then pending in New Mexico. My orders were to join the 10th Infantry, then engaged in the same campaign.

We had a slight conversation and parted, hoping to meet later.

In November, 1860, I joined Company A, 10th Infantry, at Fort Fauntleroy, New Mexico, and again met Major Myer.

Early in February, 1861, the campaign was over and Major Myer was ordered to Santa Fé. He asked that I might be detailed to command his escort, and when he reached Santa Fé, the department headquarters, I was placed on detached service as his assistant for experimental practice. This duty occupied about six weeks, when Major Myer was ordered to Washington about the last of April. Early in May I joined the 2d Infantry by promotion and was stationed with my company in Washington. Here I again met Major Myer and was once more detailed as his assistant.

When the war broke out, Major Myer endeavored to introduce his system and was prompt to suggest its practical value, but found the officials too busy to give him much attention. Among the officers of the Army who had been instructed by him at Fort Hamilton and in New Mexico during his preliminary practice, several had joined the enemy (Lieutenant (afterwards General) C. M. Wilcox, Lieutenant E. P. Alexander, Lieutenant B. F. Sloan, Lieutenant W. W. McCreary), and the system was thus introduced into the Confederate Army. Early in the operations, lights and waving flags were seen on the Virginia Hills in the enemy's camps. *Then* a small class of eleven officers of our army was collected, about June 10, 1861, at Fortress Monroe, and hastily instructed, but were not called into the field. The battle of Bull Run occurred, and our army had no signal officers, while the enemy had an organized corps. Immediately after that battle details were made, principally from the Pennsylvania Reserves, and a camp of instruction was established at Red Hill, Georgetown. A few of the officers previously instructed at Fortress Monroe were ordered to this camp as instructors, and on September 12, 1861, it was organized and I was in command.

It was all chaos (one officer with two enlisted men from each regiment of the Pennsylvania Reserves reported for duty and had to be provided with everything), the quartermaster

stores, tents, wagons, horses, and all the camp and garrison equipage, ordnance stores, saddles, bridles, picket-lines, etc., subsistence stores, and signal property. I was post commander, quartermaster, ordnance officer, adjutant, commissary, signal officer, and superintendent of schools.

Two large hospital tents were erected and became the school tents. Morning and afternoons the officers under instruction waved small round sticks and learned the signal alphabet. Outside the enlisted men were drilled in the motions of the flags. The enlisted men were not instructed as to the meaning of the motions. The officers were provided after a short time with telescopes and marine-glasses and the men had what was termed a "signal kit."

This small nucleus was vigorously instructed. Horses, etc., were procured for each, and riding drills were instituted. They were soon proficient and late in the fall were capable of acting as instructors. Then an order was issued that each brigade in the Army of the Potomac should send three officers and six men for instruction. Not more than half this number reported.

About 80 officers and 160 men reported.

Early in October the expedition known as the Port Royal expedition, under command of General T. W. Sherman, applied for a detail of signal officers, and a detachment of seven officers was sent from the camp, commanded by Lieutenant E. J. Keenan, 11th Pennsylvania Reserves.

In December, 1861, Major-General Buell asked for a detail for the Department of the Ohio, and Lieutenant Jesse Merrill, 7th Pennsylvania Reserves, with five officers and ten men, was detailed.

General Burnside, before starting on his North Carolina campaign, applied for a detail, and three officers and six men, commanded by Lieutenant Joseph Fricker, 8th Pennsylvania Reserves, were sent.

Each officer sent as commanding officer asked for extra

details, and at once instituted a camp of instruction in the army to which he was assigned, and soon had reinforcements.

At midnight on March 9, 1861, an order was received from General McClellan for the camp at Georgetown to take the field. The camp was struck by daylight. The officers were divided into sections under different chiefs and reported to the various corps commanders for service with each corps.

On the 14th of March, 1862, a detachment of three officers and six men was detailed and ordered to report to General Halleck, commanding the Department of the Mississippi; Lieutenant J. B. Ludwick commanded this party.

On the same day Lieutenant E. H. Russell, 9th Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, with three officers and six men, was ordered to report to General B. F. Butler at New Orleans.

These small parties immediately commenced instruction of others, and a signal corps was soon started in the Western Army. The balance of the camp remained with the Army of the Potomac.

Major Myer went with that army as its chief signal officer, and his history and that of his detachment is well known.

There was scarcely any action or skirmish in which the corps did not take part. Seeking the most conspicuous places in order to command the view and keep up communications, they were frequently exposed to heavy fire of artillery and often whilst under fire of musketry continued the waving of the flags, giving information as to the location and movements of the enemy and transmitting directions for the movements of our troops.

During the Port Royal and Burnside expeditions, and also along the James River, they kept open communication between the land and naval forces, when the naval signals were impotent to do so.

It is narrated that in the West, Farragut had overcome the torpedoes, ram, and other defences of Mobile, after he was in great danger of collision with the "Lackawanna," and, as his Navy signals were incomplete, he sent for the Army signal

officer, Lieutenant Kinney, who had been detailed to his service, and said, "Can you say 'For God's sake' by signal?" When told that by the Army method one could signal anything, he sent his hasty and historic message to the "Lackawanna": "For God's sake, get out of our way!"

When the Signal Corps took the field, it was necessary that someone should remain in charge of the office in Washington, to receive reports, attend to the correspondence, look after supplies, and oversee the multitude of matters accumulating. I was directed to take charge.

Whilst the corps was consolidated in the Camp of Instruction, it was easy to supply the men; but as soon as they got into the field, difficulties arose.

The quartermasters declined to issue forage, etc., except upon requisitions *properly* approved. A small detachment stationed on some mountain would need supplies and present requisitions. The quartermaster of the brigade nearest at hand would say he "wouldn't issue out of stock on hand, as he had made no estimates." The brigadier-general would decline to approve, as the party was not borne upon the rolls of his command. Constant trouble arose and was reported to the Washington office. An interview was held with the Secretary of War, and on May 29, 1862, an order was published directing quartermasters and commissaries to issue to signal parties serving in their vicinity upon the requisition of the officer in charge of such parties. Thereafter no difficulty occurred and the signal parties were as well equipped and supplied as any other part of the Army.

During the spring of 1862 the party sent to General Halleck succeeded in obtaining details of officers and men for instruction, and soon had a good signal party educated. When the movements of the Army commenced, it happened that it struck a wooded country. The generals in command being ignorant of the necessity of keeping the party together to be of service "after getting out of the woods," ordered all the detached officers back to their regiments, as they "could

not signal in the woods." Another interview with the Secretary of War resulted in the publication on June 18, 1862, of an order that directed that officers detached from their regiments should report for orders to the signal officer of the Army, after which they would not be relieved from such duty except by orders from the adjutant-general of the Army.

This gave a permanency to the details, and officers took more interest in a duty they were not liable to be relieved from at the whim of each commander.

Ever since the formation of armies there has been jealousy by each commander. Everyone having command wants more and always resists any encroachment upon what he may consider as his prerogative. An amusing incident (except to a few young officers who were the sufferers) occurred whilst the camp was in operation at Georgetown. Washington City was overrun with officers, and stringent orders were published regarding passes. No one was permitted to appear on the streets without a pass, properly signed by the commanding officer of the regiment, approved by the commander of the division or of an independent brigade.

General Andrew Porter was provost-marshal general and took pains to enforce the order vigorously. Any officer found in the city without a pass was taken in by the provost guard and, if after office hours, was carried to the Franklin Square Guardhouse, there to remain until he was relieved by proper authority.

The Signal Camp was not attached to any division or independent brigade. It was just a camp of lieutenants, commanded by a lieutenant. The large number of lieutenants, between 80 and 90, caused quite a number of passes (restricted to about twelve per day) to be issued, and Adjutant-General Seth Williams provided me with a supply of headquarters Army of the Potomac passes, that, he told me, I could sign for the use of my officers, as he considered the camp as attached to the headquarters.

I used these passes and all went well until one night when

an energetic patrol commander overtook a party of signal officers "in bulk." They all exhibited my passes, and were informed that they were "no go," that Lieutenant Cushing was not an adjutant-general nor an aide-de-camp, and that a pass signed by him as by order of General McClellan was not worth the paper it was written on.

The officers were taken to the Franklin Square Prison and locked in for the night. The next morning they were released and came at once to me, indignantly complaining. At once I went to headquarters, stated the case, and a letter was at once sent to the provost-marshal general stating that "for the purpose of granting passes, the Signal Camp of Instruction, Lieutenant S. T. Cushing commanding, was considered as an independent brigade."

After that the signal officers put on airs and I increased the number of passes *ad libitum*.

The duties of the office were generally routine. I established a system for accountability for signal property and prepared the necessary blanks, still, I believe, in use.

To show the exact method with which accounts were examined, I will tell an incident that occurred. About the time of the surrender of Harper's Ferry a number of general officers, of which General Rufus Saxton was the head, were directed to proceed to that place as investigators, and I was sent for; to appear at the War Department.

The assistant Secretary of War, Mr. P. H. Watson, received me and directed me to send at once, for the use of the party, six marine-glasses. I returned soon afterwards with the glasses and also with a special requisition and receipts for them. This requisition I handed to the adjutant-general of the Army, General Lorenzo Thomas, who approved it by order of the Secretary of War. I then proceeded to Mr. Watson's office and deposited the marine-glasses. Mr. Watson said: "Just leave them here and I will deliver them." I asked him to whom I should make invoices and who would receipt, stating that I was held responsible for them, and a

receipt was necessary for my protection. He said he didn't know, but immediately afterwards said, "Hand me the papers; I will sign the receipts," and he did so. I went back to my office and sent him invoices.

My impression was that I was quite secure. I had an order of the Secretary of War to transfer six marine-glasses to the assistant Secretary of War, and I held the assistant's receipt.

In 1866 the auditor got hold of my papers and disallowed the transaction, saying: "No authority existed in law or regulations for the transfer of public property pertaining to the military service to a civilian." (!!!)

I was six months getting these marine-glasses hunted up.

After the Army of the Potomac returned from the Peninsula, the signal officers were stationed around the forts in Virginia, and then, with the army, proceeded to Maryland, where they were conspicuously engaged at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Soon after the battle of Antietam I was directed to relieve Major Myer as chief signal officer of the Army of the Potomac. I found a good working corps. In addition to signals by flags, Major Myer had attached a small field telegraph train to his organization. A light wagon held about five miles of insulated wire, running from a reel. This wire was hung upon trees and suspended from small poles or along fences, and connected two small magnetic batteries that worked a pointer upon a dial similar to a clock that jumped from letter to letter, thus spelling out a message.

The wire was constantly out of order. I rode along the line several times, and discovered that our brave soldiers, on seeing the wire, thought it was some rebel contrivance connected with masked batteries, and occupied themselves in cutting out little pieces to send home as souvenirs, or to mend their shoes, or use as strings, etc.

I at once took action by moving it about through the various brigades in the army to familiarize the men with it, and whenever it was cut, I notified the brigade commander

nearest at hand, who published an order explaining its use, and in a few weeks the wire was as jealously guarded by the men as was possible.

During the battle of Fredericksburg, as I was passing along the line leading from headquarters to Franklin's crossing, I noticed a line of men about ten feet apart on each side of the wire. I enquired what they were doing, and obtained the response that "they were watching that telegraph wire." There had been no call for guards for that purpose, and I assumed that these gentlemen had found it hot on the pontoons and had retired to a place of safety, when they noticed the wire and established themselves as guards, so as to have some excuse for staying in the rear.

I joined the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac at Pleasant Valley, Maryland, on October 27, 1862, when it was resting after the two severe battles it had just passed through.

General McClellan sent for me and asked me how many instruments and miles of telegraph wire I had, and directed that I should ask for more, for he said: "When I start from this camp I purpose to break loose from the regular telegraph lines and depend upon those under my own command." In a few days the headquarters had reached Rectortown, Va., and a special messenger reached him with written orders to turn over the command of the Army to General Burnside. A few days were taken by General Burnside to gain information, and the Army moved on to Fredericksburg, expecting soon to reach there and move at once "on to Richmond." It reached Falmouth, and found the enemy occupying Fredericksburg. There were delays in obtaining pontoons, etc., and immediate attack could not be made, so the movement was delayed until the battle of Fredericksburg, December 11 to 16, 1862.

Signal officers were stationed at various points to connect the batteries located at the different hills on our side of the Rappahannock with the headquarters, and with each other,

and also to be able to open communication at once with any troops that might cross the river. Detachments were also sent to each of the principal bridges with instructions to cross with the advance guards of each grand division and select at Fredericksburg suitable positions from which to communicate with the stations already established. Other detachments were also directed to move to the front as our army advanced and communicate to these interior stations in Fredericksburg.

About 5 p. m. on the 11th a portion of General Franklin's troops crossed the river. At this crossing Lieutenants J. C. Wiggins and George J. Clark, with their flagmen, preceded the other troops and ran to a hill. They found they could not *stay* there alone, so they returned to the line of skirmishers and opened communication by flag with the headquarters. They kept up their communications until 10 p. m.

Lieutenant J. B. Brooks and C. F. Stone crossed with the advance of General Couch's corps and occupied a station in the steeple of the Court House at Fredericksburg. The waving of flags attracted the attention of the enemy, who continually shelled the steeple during the whole battle. The officers on duty there were relieved from time to time, but the station was occupied until December 15th, when the enemy had accurate range prepared, and several shells struck the steeple, rendering it absolutely untenable for signals, when it was abandoned. On December 14th a station on the left of the city was withdrawn at the request of the surgeon in charge of a field hospital near at hand, and placed at a point not visible to the enemy, as the enemy was continuously shelling the station. During the battle of the 12th the earliest reports of progress from General Couch on the right and General Franklin on the left were through the efforts of the Signal Corps. In my report of this battle I made the following remark: "It is claimed for the Signal Corps of the Army of the Potomac that it was the first to introduce on this continent as a medium of communication upon the field of battle the magnetic telegraph."

At 4 a. m. on the 11th instant communication was successfully opened by the field telegraph line from headquarters (the Phillips House) to a point at the extreme left of the line. When General Franklin's advance reached this point on the left, the station moved with him and crossed the river, and the line was continually used by him until his division re-crossed the river.

On December 12th another line was established to the Lacey House on the bank of the river. Both these stations were exposed to artillery fire.

On December 16th the forces re-crossed the river and went into winter quarters. During this interval the stations were kept up. The Signal Corps kept moving its stations from time to time, built observatories, stations on the trees and elsewhere, and was continuously reporting new smokes and dusts, indicating new camps or movements on the part of the enemy.

After the Fredericksburg battle was over and whilst we lay in camp, active measures were taken to put in repair all the telegraph instruments—the wire was all repaired, new reels of wire were obtained, and in a short time everything was ready for new operations.

A low mutter gradually grew louder among the men. Some had not been paid for six months or more. Each enlisted man in the corps was on detached service and paid upon his descriptive list.

Those stationed at various corps headquarters were convenient and were paid every two months, when the paymaster came down to pay the regiments, but some of the Signal Corps were not so fortunate. They were posted at detached stations, some three, four, or five miles away from any troops, and as the visits of the paymaster were irregular, could not tell when to call for their pay, and were so *left over* until next pay-day, and again *missed*. The matter commenced to grow monstrous. I had urged the various paymasters to make some effort to pay these men, but could get no satis-

faction. I represented the case to General Burnside, and he sent me to Washington to consult with the Paymaster-general. It took but a short interview. It was arranged that I should take up all the descriptive lists and make a general pay-roll for the whole corps in the Potomac Army. This roll was prepared at the end of each two months, generally in two sheets, one for those stationed on the right of the army, and the other for those on the left. As soon as prepared, a reliable officer took one sheet and visited each signal station on the right and procured all the signatures; another officer took the other sheet to the left, and in two days all the signatures were procured. Separate lists were prepared authorizing me to collect the money for each man, and were signed by the men to whom pay was due. I then made another trip to Washington, collected the pay, and on my return distributed it to the men, taking another receipt from them for my personal protection. After this arrangement the Signal Corps was paid as promptly as any branch of the Army. Major W. B. Rochester, of the Volunteers, the late Paymaster-general, was the paymaster designated to make these payments.

There were not many movements of troops after the battle of Fredericksburg, and everything was quiet upon the Rappahannock. General Burnside was relieved from command and General Hooker succeeded him.

I was on sick-leave of absence, but was continued as chief acting signal officer.

I returned from leave of absence in March, 1863, but was stopped at Washington on temporary duty on a board establishing rules and regulations to govern the Signal Camp of Instruction that had been re-established at Georgetown. I soon finished this duty, and on April 4, 1863, returned to the Army of the Potomac, still in camp at Falmouth, Va. About the middle of April activity in the various supply departments seemed to indicate that we would soon be up and doing.

On the 27th of April I received instructions from the chief of staff to establish signal telegraph lines from headquarters to Bank's Ford and also to Franklin's Crossing; this was at once done, and on April 28th I extended the line from Bank's Ford to United States Ford. The detachments used the wire in use from Belle Plaine to headquarters, taking it up a distance of 11 miles and then relaying it to United States Ford, a total distance while taking up and relaying wire of 35 miles, in one day. On April 29th a complete line of flag stations from Buckner's Neck to the Phillips House was established.

On April 30th the signal telegraph line was placed under charge of the Morse operators, who had more powerful batteries. The Signal Corps kept the wires in order.

On May 1st Captain B. F. Fisher, who was in charge of the movements on the right established on the top of a tree, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Chancellorsville, a station of observation. The army retired and the station was abandoned.

On May 2d General Sedgwick crossed the river, and with him were sent a number of officers with directions to keep open communication with the Phillips House.

On May 3d signal stations were established in Fredericksburg in a church tower communicating with Falmouth and with General Sedgwick, who continued his advance. At 5 p. m. General Sedgwick had advanced beyond Fredericksburg and was moving towards his right to reinforce General Hooker at Chancellorsville.

The enemy swept in again and commenced shelling the signal tower. They were so rapid in the movement that the signal party was nearly captured, but it scattered and got away safely.

At 5:30 p. m. Lieutenant A. B. Jerome and his party swam the river with his magnetic batteries and wire and established a station in the line of skirmishers south of Bank's Ford.

This action was bold and daring, but, as no necessity ex-

isted for telegraph messages to skirmishers, he was ordered to return to his proper station.

On May 4th the enemy again occupied Fredericksburg and was also in force between General Sedgwick and General Hooker—practically cut off from all communications except by signals. A line of communication was kept up until General Sedgwick was forced to retire towards Bank's Ford. As he moved on he found another station at Bank's Ford, with which he opened communication over the heads of the enemy, and thus practically was within communication with General Hooker at Chancellorsville.

During the night General Sedgwick re-crossed the river at Bank's Ford. May 5th nearly our whole army was now at or near Bank's Ford or United States Ford. A small force under General Gibbon was in the vicinity of Falmouth. General Alfred Pleasonton with a force of cavalry was patrolling the river down as far as Port Royal. He kept actively moving his command to various points, so as to give a show of force, and asked me for signal officers to assist him, by waving flags on various hills and other places, to keep up the impression that we had a good force on hand to guard the river.

I furnished all I had available.

One of the most furious storms began at 2 p. m. and continued all night. At United States Ford the right wing of the army was preparing to retire to the north side of the river. It had vacated its intrenchments when suddenly the bridge was washed away. No other communication than by signals was available. The heavy rain had so swollen the river that it was impossible to ford it. Lieutenant John S. Holland, signal officer, was in charge of the signal station. The storm was so great that it was found that signals would not answer. Lieutenant Holland volunteered to swim the river with dispatches. A little lull came in the storm, and it was decided to try signals. At 9 p. m. an order was sent by signal torches to suspend the movement until the bridges could be repaired. At 1:20 a. m. an order was again sent to

continue the movement, and by daylight our army was on the north side of the Rappahannock, and the battle of Chancellorsville was over.

Shortly after the battle I was relieved from duty as acting chief signal officer of the Army of the Potomac, and ordered to Washington.

I had been appointed as major and signal officer in the new corps just organized and my duties were to be those of inspector. Little birds had whispered to me that Colonel Myer was not in favor with the Secretary of War, and that his persistency in claiming that the *law* gave him the charge of all signals, both electric and others, in opposition to Stager, Eckerts, and others, connected with what was termed the "Military Telegraph," was getting him disliked. I had been Myer's principal assistant up to date and knew that if he was disapproved, I would fall under the same blow. I had been examined by the board and had been recommended for the appointment of lieutenant-colonel. I received the appointment of junior major and declined it. This made a change in my status and I was not ordered on inspection duty. I lingered about Washington waiting orders and practically shelved. I asked to be relieved and ordered to duty as commissary to no avail.

General Lee commenced his movements towards Maryland and Pennsylvania. General Early, Mosby, and others made their raids toward Washington, and I spent three days and nights in the dome of the Capitol watching the Virginia shore.

I was finally ordered to West Point, N. Y., as the only graduate who had the knowledge, to introduce at the Military Academy a course of instruction in military signals. I reached there in July and commenced instruction. This course was completed by the last of September. I again applied for orders and could get none.

On November 10, 1863, Colonel Myer was relieved from the command of the corps and ordered to Cairo, Ill. He

was not confirmed in his appointment as colonel and it was decided that he was out of service.

Major Nicodemus was placed in command, and I applied again for orders and could get none. I asked permission to go to Washington and it was declined. I was practically shelved and remained at West Point doing nothing until February, 1864, when I was relieved from duty as acting signal officer and ordered to report to General Thomas, commanding the Department of the Cumberland, at Chattanooga, Tenn., for duty in the Subsistence Department.

The Signal Corps was organized. The various armies all had signal officers and they soon made themselves known and appreciated. None of the first detachments were received kindly. No one seemed to appreciate them. They were ridiculed and sneered at. Every article of equipage issued to them was done in grudging manner, as if so much robbed from the hard-working soldier who did the fighting. Before the war was over it had gained a firm place in the Army. Commanding generals commenced to appreciate it and made many complimentary reports as to its service. General Sherman has said that its services in transmitting his message to General Corse at Allatoona was worth more to the country than all the money that had been appropriated to support the corps from the day it was founded.

Admiral Farragut has testified his appreciation of its services.

Generals McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and hundreds of others have praised it. Its duties were unambitious. No stirring reports of individual heroism, of magnificent charges, were made by its officers. Its officers simply staid at their stations and did their duty.

In the Ranks at Shiloh.

**By Companion Leander Stillwell, First Lieutenant 61st Illinois
Volunteer Infantry.**

March 2, 1892.

There has been a great deal said and written about the battle of Shiloh, both by Rebel and Union officers and writers. On the part of the first there has been, and probably always will be, angry dispute and criticism about the conduct of General Beauregard in calling off his troops Sunday evening while fully an hour of broad, precious daylight still remained, which, as claimed by some, might have been utilized in destroying the remainder of Grant's army before Buell could have crossed the Tennessee. On the part of Union writers the matters most discussed have been as to whether or not our forces were surprised, the condition of Grant's army at the close of the first day, what the result would have been without the aid of the gunboats, or if Buell's army had not come, and kindred subjects. It is not my purpose, in telling my story of the battle of Shiloh, to say anything that shall add to this volume of discussion. My age at the time was but eighteen, and my position that of a common soldier in the ranks. It would therefore be foolish in me to assume the part of a critic. The generals, who, from reasonably safe points of observation, are sweeping the field with their glasses, and noting and directing the movements of the lines of battle, must, in the nature of things, be the ones to furnish the facts that go to make history. The extent of a battle-field seen by the common soldier is that only which comes within the range of the raised sights of his musket. And what little he does see is as "through a glass, darkly." The dense banks of powder smoke obstruct his gaze; he catches but fitful glimpses of his adversaries as the smoke veers or rises.

Then, too, my own experience makes me think that where the common soldier does his duty, all his faculties of mind and body are employed in attending to the details of his own personal part of the work of destruction, and there is but little time left him for taking mental notes to form

the bases of historical articles a quarter of a century afterward. The handling, tearing, and charging of his cartridge, ramming it home (we used muzzle-loaders during the Civil War), the capping of his gun, the aiming and firing, with furious haste and desperate energy—for every shot may be his last—these things require the soldier's close personal attention and make him oblivious to matters transpiring beyond his immediate neighborhood. Moreover, his sense of hearing is well-nigh overcome by the deafening uproar going on around him. The incessant and terrible crash of musketry, the roar of the cannon, the continual zip, zip of the bullets as they hiss by him, interspersed with the agonizing screams of the wounded, or the death-shrieks of comrades falling in dying convulsions right in the face of the living—these things are not conducive to that serene and judicial mental equipoise which the historian enjoys in his closet.

Let the generals and historians, therefore, write of the movements of corps, divisions, and brigades. I have naught to tell but the simple story of what one private soldier saw of one of the bloodiest battles of the war.

The regiment to which I belonged was the 61st Illinois Infantry. It left its camp of instruction (a country town in southern Illinois) about the last of February, 1862. We were sent to Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, and remained there drilling until March 25th. We left on that day for the front. It was a cloudy, drizzly, and most gloomy day, as we marched through the streets of St. Louis down to the levee, to embark on a transport that was to take us to our destination. The city was enveloped in that pall of coal smoke for which St. Louis is celebrated. It hung heavy and low and set us all a-coughing. I think the colonel must have marched us down some by-street. It was narrow and dirty, with high buildings on either side. The line officers took the sidewalks, while the regiment, marching by the flank, tramped in silence down the middle of the street, slumping through the nasty, slimy mud. There was one thing very noticeable on

this march through St. Louis, and that was the utter lack of interest taken in us by the inhabitants. From pictures I had seen in books at home, my idea was that when soldiers departed for war, beautiful ladies stood on balconies and waved snowy-white handkerchiefs at the troops, while the men stood on the sidewalk and corners and swung their hats and cheered.

There may have been regiments so favored, but ours was not one of them. Occasionally a fat, chunky-looking fellow, of a German cast of countenance, with a big pipe in his mouth, would stick his head out of a door or window, look at us a few seconds, and then disappear. No handkerchiefs nor hats were waved; we heard no cheers. My thoughts at the time were that the Union people there had all gone to the war, or else the colonel was marching us through a "Secesh" part of town.

We marched to the levee, and from there on board the big sidewheel steamer "Empress." That evening she unfastened her moorings, swung her head out into the river, turned down stream, and we were off for the "seat of war." We arrived at Pittsburg Landing on March 31st. Pittsburg Landing, as its name indicates, was simply a landing-place for steamboats. It is on the west bank of the Tennessee River, in a thickly wooded region about twenty miles northeast of Corinth. There was no town there then, nothing but "the log house on the hill" that the survivors of the battle of Shiloh will all remember. The banks of the Tennessee on the Pittsburg Landing side are steep and bluffy, rising about 100 feet above the level of the river. Shiloh Church, that gave the battle its name, was a Methodist meeting-house. It was a small, hewed log building with a clapboard roof, about two miles out from the landing on the main Corinth road. On our arrival at the landing we were assigned to the division of General B. M. Prentiss, and we at once marched out and went into camp. About half a mile from the landing the road forks, the main Corinth road goes to the right, past

Shiloh Church, the other goes to the left. These two roads come together again some miles out. General Prentiss' division was camped on this left-hand road and at right angles to it. Our regiment went into camp almost on the extreme left of Prentiss' line. There was a brigade of Sherman's division under General Stuart still further to the left, about a mile, I think, in camp near a ford of Lick Creek, where the Hamburg and Purdy road crosses the creek; and between the left of Prentiss' and General Stuart's camp there were no troops. I know that, for during the few days intervening between our arrival and the battle I roamed all through those woods on our left, between us and Stuart, hunting for wild onions and "turkey peas."

The camp of our regiment was about two miles from the landing. The tents were pitched in the woods, and there was a little field of about twenty acres in our front. The camp faced nearly west, or possibly southwest.

I shall never forget how glad I was to get off that old steamboat and be on solid ground once more, in camp out in those old woods. My company had made the trip from St. Louis to Pittsburg Landing on the hurricane-deck of the steamboat, and our fare on the route had been hard tack and raw fat meat, washed down with river water, as we had no chance to cook anything, and we had not then learned the trick of catching the surplus hot water ejected from the boilers and making coffee with it. But once on solid ground, with plenty of wood to make fires, that bill of fare was changed. I shall never again eat meat that will taste as good as the fried "sow belly" did then, accompanied by "flapjacks" and plenty of good, strong coffee. We had not yet got settled down to the regular drills, guard duty was light, and things generally seemed to run "kind of loose." And then the climate was delightful. We had just left the bleak, frozen North, where all was cold and cheerless, and we found ourselves in a clime where the air was as soft and warm as it was in Illinois in the latter part of May. The green grass

was springing from the ground, the "Johnny-jump-ups" were in bloom, the trees were bursting into leaf, and the woods were full of feathered songsters. There was a redbird that would come every morning about sunup and perch himself in the tall black-oak tree in our company street, and for perhaps half an hour he would practice on his impatient querulous note, that said, as plain as a bird could say, "Boys, boys! get up! get up! get up!" It became a standing remark among the boys that he was a Union redbird and had enlisted in our regiment as a musician to sound the reveille.

So the time passed pleasantly away until that eventful Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. According to the *Tribune* Almanac for that year, the sun rose that morning in Tennessee at 38 minutes past 5 o'clock. I had no watch, but I have always been of the opinion that the sun was fully an hour and a half high before the fighting began on our part of the line. We had "turned out" about sunup, answered to roll-call, and had cooked and eaten our breakfast. We had then gone to work, preparing for the regular Sunday morning inspection, which would take place at 9 o'clock. The boys were scattered around the company streets and in front of the company parade-grounds, engaged in cleaning and polishing their muskets, brushing up and cleaning their shoes, jackets, trousers, and clothing generally. It was a most beautiful morning. The sun was shining brightly through the trees, and there was not a cloud in the sky. It really seemed like Sunday in the country at home. During week days there was a continual stream of army wagons going to and from the landing, and the clucking of their wheels, the yells and oaths of the drivers, the cracking of whips, mingled with the braying of the mules, the neighing of the horses, the commands of the officers engaged in drilling the men, the incessant hum and buzz of the camps, the blare of bugles, and the roll of drums—all these made up a prodigious volume of sound that lasted from the coming-up to the going-down of the sun. But this morning was strangely still. The wagons

were silent, the mules were peacefully munching their hay, and the army teamsters were giving us a rest. I listened with delight to the plaintive, mournful notes of a turtle-dove in the woods close by, while on the dead limb of a tall tree right in the camp, a woodpecker was sounding his "long roll" just as I had heard it beaten by his Northern brothers a thousand times on the trees in the Otter Creek bottom at home.

Suddenly, away off on the right, in the direction of Shiloh Church, came a dull, heavy "Pum!" then another, and still another. Every man sprang to his feet as if struck by an electric shock, and we looked inquiringly into one another's faces. "What is that?" said everyone, but no one answered. Those heavy booms then came thicker and faster, and just a few seconds after we heard that first dull, ominous growl off to the southwest, came a low, sullen, continuous roar. There was no mistaking that sound. That was not a squad of pickets emptying their guns on being relieved from duty; it was the continuous roll of thousands of muskets, and told us that a battle was on.

When I have been describing just now occurred in a few second only, and with the roar of musketry the long roll began to beat in our camp. Then ensued a scene of desperate haste, the like of which I certainly had never seen before, nor ever have since. I remember that in the midst of this terrible uproar and confusion, while the boys were buckling on their cartridge-boxes, and before even the companies had been formed, a mounted staff officer came galloping wildly down the line from the right. He checked and whirled his horse sharply round right in our company's street, the iron-bound hoofs of his horse crashing among the tin plates lying in a little pile where my mess had eaten its breakfast that morning. The horse was flecked with foam and its eyes and nostrils were red as blood. The officer cast one hurried glance around him, and exclaimed: "My God! this regiment not in line yet! They have been fighting on the right over an hour."

And wheeling his horse, he disappeared in the direction of the colonel's tent.

I know now that history says that the battle began about 4:30 that morning; that it was brought on by a reconnoitering party sent out early that morning by General Prentiss; that General Sherman's division on the right was early advised of the approach of the Rebel army, and got ready to meet them in ample time. I have read these things in books and am not disputing them, but am simply telling the story of an enlisted man in a regiment on the left of Prentiss' line as to what he saw and knew of the condition of things at about 7 o'clock that morning.

Well, the companies were formed, we marched out on the regimental parade-ground, and the regiment was formed in line. The command was given: "Load at will; load!" We had anticipated this, however, as the most of us had instinctively loaded our guns before we had formed company. All this time the roar on the right was getting nearer and louder. Our old colonel rode up close to us, opposite the center of the regimental line, and called out: "Attention, battalion!" We fixed our eyes on him to hear what was coming. It turned out to be the old man's battle harangue.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a voice that every man in the regiment heard, "remember your State, and do your duty to-day like brave men."

That was all. A year later in the war the old man doubtless would have addressed us as "soldiers," and not as "gentlemen," and he would have omitted his allusion to the "State," which smacked a little of Confederate notions. However, he was a Douglas Democrat, and his mind was probably running on Buena Vista, in the Mexican War, where, it is said, a Western regiment acted badly, and threw a cloud over the reputation for courage of the men of that State which required the thunders of the Civil War to disperse. Immediately after the colonel had given us his brief exhortation, the regiment was marched across the little field I have

before mentioned, and we took our place in line of battle, the woods in front of us, and the open field to our rear. We "dressed on" the colors, ordered arms, and stood awaiting the attack. By this time the roar on the right had become terrific. The Rebel army was unfolding its front, and the battle was steadily advancing in our direction. We could begin to see the blue rings of smoke curling upward among the trees off to the right, and the pungent smell of burning gunpowder filled the air. As the roar came traveling down the line from the right it reminded me (only it was a million times louder) of the sweep of a thunder-shower in summertime over the hard ground of a stubble-field.

And there we stood, in the edge of the woods, so still, waiting for the storm to break on us. I know mighty well what I was thinking about then. My mind's eye was fixed on a little log cabin, far away to the north, in the backwoods of western Illinois. I could see my father, sitting on the porch, reading the little local newspaper, brought from the post-office the evening before. There was my mother getting my little brothers ready for Sunday-school; the old dog lying asleep in the sun; the hens cackling about the barn; all these things and a hundred other tender recollections rushed into my mind. I am not ashamed to say now, that I would willingly have given a general quit-claim deed for every jot and tittle of military glory falling to me, past, present, and to come, if I only could have been miraculously and instantaneously set down in the yard of that peaceful little home, a thousand miles away from the haunts of fighting men.

The time we thus stood, awaiting the attack, could not have exceeded five minutes. Suddenly, obliquely to our right, there was a long, wavy flash of bright light, then another, and another! It was the sunlight shining on gun barrels and bayonets—and—there they were at last! A long brown line, with muskets at a right shoulder shift, in excellent order, right through the woods they came.

We began firing at once. From one end of the regiment

to the other leaped a sheet of red flame, and the roar that went up from the edge of that old field doubtless advised General Prentiss of the fact that the Rebels had at last struck the extreme left of his line. We had fired but two or three rounds when, for some reason—I never knew what—we were ordered to fall back across the field, and did so. The whole line, so far as I could see to the right, went back. We halted on the other side of the field, in the edge of the woods, in front of our tents, and again began firing. The Rebels, of course, had moved up and occupied the line we had just abandoned. And here we did our first hard fighting during the day. Our officers said, after the battle was over, that we held this line an hour and ten minutes. How long it was I do not know. I "took no note of time."

We retreated from this position, as our officers afterward said, because the troops on our right had given way and we were flanked. Possibly those boys on our right would give the same excuse for their leaving, and probably truly, too. Still, I think we did not fall back a minute too soon. As I rose from the comfortable log, from behind which a bunch of us had been firing, I saw men in gray and brown clothes, with trailed muskets, running through the camp on our right, and I saw something else, too, that sent a chill all through me. It was a kind of flag I had never seen before. It was a gaudy sort of thing, with red bars. It flashed over me in a second that that thing was a Rebel flag. It was not more than sixty yards to the right. The smoke around it was low and dense and kept me from seeing the man who was carrying it, but I plainly saw the banner. It was going fast, with a jerky motion, which told me that the bearer was on a double-quick. About that time we left. We observed no kind of order in leaving: the main thing was to get out of there as quick as we could. I ran down our company street, and in passing the big Sibley tent of our mess I thought of my knapsack with all my traps and belongings, including that precious little packet of letters from home. I said to my-

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our right and front lines of men in blue moving in the same direction we were, and it was evident that we were falling back. All at once, on the right, the left, and from our recent front, came one tremendous roar, and the bullets fell like hail. The lines took the double-quick toward the rear. For awhile the attempt was made to fall back in order, and then everything went to pieces. My heart failed me utterly. I thought the day was lost. A confused mass of men and guns, caissons, army wagons, ambulances, and all the débris of a beaten army surged and crowded along the narrow dirt road to the landing, while that pitiless storm of leaden hail came crashing on us from the rear. It was undoubtedly at this crisis in our affairs that the division of General Prentiss was captured.

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Noble, simple-hearted old Charley! It was the imminent danger only to the Cause that made his heart sink in that seemingly fatal hour. When we heard, in the malignant and triumphant roar of the Rebel cannon in our rear, what might be the death-knell of the last great experiment of civilized men to establish among the nations of the world a united republic, freed from the curse of pampered kings and selfish, grasping aristocrats—it was in that moment, in his simple language, that the peril to the Cause was the supreme and only consideration.

It must have been when we were less than half a mile from the landing in our disorderly retreat before mentioned, as we turned a bend in the road, that we saw standing in line of battle at ordered arms, extending from both sides of the road until lost to sight in the woods, a long, well-ordered line of men in blue. What did that mean? and where had they come from? I was walking by the side of Enoch Wallace, the orderly sergeant of my company. He was a man of nerve and courage, and by word and deed had done more that day to hold us green and untried boys in ranks and firmly to our duty than any other man in the company. But even he, in the face of this seemingly appalling state of things, had evidently lost heart. I said to him: "Enoch, what are those men there for?" He made answer in a low

tone: "I guess they are put there to hold the Rebels in check till the army can get across the river." And doubtless, that was the thought of every intelligent soldier in our beaten column. And yet it goes to show how little the common soldier knew of the actual situation. We did not know then that this line was the last line of battle of the "Fighting Fourth Division" under General Hurlbut; that on its right was the division of McCleernand, the Fort Donelson boys: that on its right, at right angles to it, and, as it were, the refused wing of the army, was glorious old Sherman, hanging on with a bulldog grip to the road across Snake Creek from Crump's Landing by which Lew Wallace was coming with 5,000 men. In other words, we still had an unbroken line confronting the enemy, made up of men who were not yet ready, by any manner of means, to give up that they were whipped. Nor did we know then that our retreating mass consisted only of some regiments of Hurlbut's division, and some other isolated commands, who had not been duly notified of the recession of Hurlbut and of his falling back to form a new line, and thereby came very near sharing the fate of Prentiss' men and being marched to the rear as prisoners of war. Speaking for myself, it was twenty years after the battle before I found these things out, yet they are true, just as much so as the fact that the sun rose yesterday morning. Well, we filed through Hurlbut's line, halted, re-formed, and faced to the front once more. We were put in place a short distance in the rear of Hurlbut, as a support to some heavy guns. It must have been about 5 o'clock now. Suddenly, on the extreme left, and just a little above the landing, came a deafening explosion that fairly shook the ground beneath our feet, followed by others in quick and regular succession. The look of wonder and inquiry that the soldiers' faces wore for a moment disappeared for one of joy and exultation as it flashed across our minds that the gunboats had at last joined hands in the dance, and were pitching big twenty-pound Parrott shells up the ravine in front of Hurl-

but, to the terror and discomfiture of our adversaries. The last place my regiment assumed was close to the road coming up from the landing. As we were lying there I heard the strains of martial music and saw a body of men marching by the flank up the road. I slipped out of ranks and walked out to the side of the road to see what troops they were. Their band was playing "Dixie's Land," and playing it well. The men were marching at a quick step, carrying their guns, cartridge-boxes, haversacks, canteens, and blanket-rolls. I saw they had not been in the fight, for there was no powder-smoke on their faces. "What regiment is this?" I asked of a young sergeant marching on the flank. Back came the answer in a quick, cheery tone, "The 36th Indiana, the advance guard of Buell's army."

I did not, on hearing this, throw my cap into the air and yell. That would have given those Indiana fellows a chance to chaff and guy me, and possibly make sarcastic remarks, which I did not care to provoke. I gave one big, gasping swallow and stood still, but the blood thumped in the veins of my throat and my heart fairly pounded against my little infantry jacket in the joyous rapture of this glorious intelligence. Soldiers need not be told of the thrill of unspeakable exultation they all have felt at the sight of armed friends in danger's darkest hour. Speaking for myself alone, I can only say, in the most heart-felt sincerity, that in all my obscure military career, never to me was the sight of reinforcing legions so precious and so welcome as on that Sunday evening when the rays of the descending sun were flashed back from the bayonets of Buell's advance column as it deployed on the bluffs of Pittsburg Landing.

My story is about done. So far as I saw or heard, very little fighting was done that evening after Buell's advance crossed the river. The sun must have been fully an hour high when anything like regular and continuous firing had entirely ceased. What the result would have been if Pea~~re~~gard had massed his troops on our left and forced the fight-

ing late Sunday evening would be a matter of opinion, and a common soldier's opinion would not be considered worth much.

My regiment was held in reserve the next day, and was not engaged. I have, therefore, no personal experiences of that day to relate. After the battle of Shiloh, it fell to my lot to play my humble part in several other fierce conflicts of arms, but Shiloh was my maiden fight. It was there I first saw a gun fired in anger, heard the whistle of a bullet, or saw a man die a violent death, and my experiences, thoughts, impressions, and sensations on that bloody Sunday will abide with me as long as I live.

Reminiscences of Services as an Aide-de-Camp with General William Tecumseh Sherman.

A Paper Prepared and Read before the Kansas Commandery of
the M. O. L. L. U. S., by Companion John T. Taylor,
Captain U. S. Volunteers.

April 6, 1892.

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tone: "I guess they are put there to hold the Rebels in check till the army can get across the river." And doubtless, that was the thought of every intelligent soldier in our beaten column. And yet it goes to show how little the common soldier knew of the actual situation. We did not know then that this line was the last line of battle of the "Fighting Fourth Division" under General Hurlbut; that on its right was the division of McCleernand, the Fort Donelson boys: that on its right, at right angles to it, and, as it were, the refused wing of the army, was glorious old Sherman, hanging on with a bulldog grip to the road across Snake Creek from Crump's Landing by which Lew Wallace was coming with 5,000 men. In other words, we still had an unbroken line confronting the enemy, made up of men who were not yet ready, by any manner of means, to give up that they were whipped. Nor did we know then that our retreating mass consisted only of some regiments of Hurlbut's division, and some other isolated commands, who had not been duly notified of the recession of Hurlbut and of his falling back to form a new line, and thereby came very near sharing the fate of Prentiss' men and being marched to the rear as prisoners of war. Speaking for myself, it was twenty years after the battle before I found these things out, yet they are true, just as much so as the fact that the sun rose yesterday morning. Well, we filed through Hurlbut's line, halted, re-formed, and faced to the front once more. We were put in place a short distance in the rear of Hurlbut, as a support to some heavy guns. It must have been about 5 o'clock now. Suddenly, on the extreme left, and just a little above the landing, came a deafening explosion that fairly shook the ground beneath our feet, followed by others in quick and regular succession. The look of wonder and inquiry that the soldiers' faces wore for a moment disappeared for one of joy and exultation as it flashed across our minds that the gunboats had at last joined hands in the dance, and were pitching big twenty-pound Parrott shells up the ravine in front of Hurl-

but, to the terror and discomfiture of our adversaries. The last place my regiment assumed was close to the road coming up from the landing. As we were lying there I heard the strains of martial music and saw a body of men marching by the flank up the road. I slipped out of ranks and walked out to the side of the road to see what troops they were. Their band was playing "Dixie's Land," and playing it well. The men were marching at a quick step, carrying their guns, cartridge-boxes, haversacks, canteens, and blanket-rolls. I saw they had not been in the fight, for there was no powder-smoke on their faces. "What regiment is this?" I asked of a young sergeant marching on the flank. Back came the answer in a quick, cheery tone, "The 36th Indiana, the advance guard of Buell's army."

I did not, on hearing this, throw my cap into the air and yell. That would have given those Indiana fellows a chance to chaff and guy me, and possibly make sarcastic remarks, which I did not care to provoke. I gave one big, gasping swallow and stood still, but the blood thumped in the veins of my throat and my heart fairly pounded against my little infantry jacket in the joyous rapture of this glorious intelligence. Soldiers need not be told of the thrill of unspeakable exultation they all have felt at the sight of armed friends in danger's darkest hour. Speaking for myself alone, I can only say, in the most heart-felt sincerity, that in all my obscure military career, never to me was the sight of reinforcing legions so precious and so welcome as on that Sunday evening when the rays of the descending sun were flashed back from the bayonets of Buell's advance column as it deployed on the bluffs of Pittsburg Landing.

My story is about done. So far as I saw or heard, very little fighting was done that evening after Buell's advance crossed the river. The sun must have been fully an hour high when anything like regular and continuous firing had entirely ceased. What the result would have been if Beauregard had massed his troops on our left and forced the fight-

ing late Sunday evening would be a matter of opinion, and a common soldier's opinion would not be considered worth much.

My regiment was held in reserve the next day, and was not engaged. I have, therefore, no personal experiences of that day to relate. After the battle of Shiloh, it fell to my lot to play my humble part in several other fierce conflicts of arms, but Shiloh was my maiden fight. It was there I first saw a gun fired in anger, heard the whistle of a bullet, or saw a man die a violent death, and my experiences, thoughts, impressions, and sensations on that bloody Sunday will abide with me as long as I live.

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the M. O. L. L. U. S., by Companion John T. Taylor,
Captain U. S. Volunteers.

April 6, 1892.

History affords no more brilliant example of patriot and soldier than William Tecumseh Sherman. The civilized world is familiar with his grand and heroic achievements. I am proud of the privilege to rejoice that I was for a time a member of his military family; have felt and recognized the noble gentleness of his heart, and the fatherly kindness with which he watched over and directed me in the performance of my military duties. Profiting by his advice, and strengthened by his exemplary life, I was enabled to guard against evil temptations incident to camp life. Positive and firm as adamant, he yet seemed always to request rather than command a staff officer to carry a message or deliver an order to this or that commander. But when he spoke to a wavering line of men, or sought to rally a broken body of troops, his great soul seemed fairly revealed in his stern face and flashing eyes, and his words carried with them the reassuring tones of one "born to command." He seemed ever mindful for the safety of his staff officers, but oblivious to his own, nor could we often induce him to take for himself the precaution he so often enjoined upon us. He was a fearless, not to say reckless rider. He cared but little for dress. He loved his soldiers. But more than all he loved our country and our flag. I could not well omit the foregoing preface, as I am to relate to you some personal reminiscences of service as an aide de-camp. I shall confine myself to some of the amusing incidents, rather than a recital of the sad scenes so familiar to the soldiers of '61 to '65.

I entered the volunteer service in August; 1861. In October was elected first lieutenant Company G, Fifth Regiment Ohio Cavalry. Having entered the service with a firm resolve to do my part in putting down the rebellion, I at once armed myself with an Ames saber, regulation size, a Smith & Wesson carbine, a brace of pistols, a belt pistol, and a Bowie knife with a seven-inch blade. Immediately after the fall of Fort Donelson our regiment was ordered to report

to General W. T. Sherman at Paducah, Ky., and as a part of his command we began the movement which resulted in the concentration of our forces at Shiloh. Those of you who were in that part of the army at the time know something of the demands made upon the cavalry, and, without going into details, I will state that in the saddle was the normal condition of the 5th. Having received an order one very dark night to move my company out on a certain road to guard against a too sudden attack upon our boats, I appealed to the adjutant to send one of the other companies, as my men had been on duty all day and had just laid down to rest. The adjutant's refusal led to a war of words between us, in which I used some adjectives not found in the "Tactics" and interdicted by Army Regulations. The adjutant threatened me with arrest and divers other punishments if I didn't comply with the order at once. I obeyed and with my company spent the night in saddle, some two miles from the boats, to which we returned at daylight. That afternoon I received an order from the colonel of my regiment to report in person to General Sherman at 9 o'clock the next morning. In the morning I learned that the steamer "Continental," on which General Sherman had established his headquarters, was on the opposite side of the river. Reporting the fact to the colonel, I was told that I would have to find some way to cross the river. I finally hired some deck-hands to take me over in a yawl, paying them \$5 for the work. I had some difficulty in finding General Sherman, but succeeded at last. He was on the hurricane-deck, just in front of the pilot-house, smoking a cigar, and evidently absorbed in thinking of the important events then transpiring, and in which he was taking so prominent a part. I scarcely knew whether it would do for me to approach him, or whether it was not best to wait until he spoke to me. A few moments decided the matter, and I advanced upon him with some trepidation. Saluting him, I said, "General Sherman, I am the lieutenant of Company G, 5th Ohio Cavalry, ordered to report to you."

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A few days later General Sherman was ordered by General C. F. Smith to take his own division and the gunboats "Tyler" and "Lexington," and proceed further up that river,

and strike the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. We went up stream as far as Tyler's Landing, just within the borders of Mississippi. On our way up the gunboats were fired upon by a Confederate regiment at Pittsburg Landing, but a few shots from the "Lexington" soon dispersed them. Our designs on the railroad were foiled by the condition of the roads and high waters. Embarking again, we came down to Pittsburg Landing and debarked, taking up a position about two and a half miles out from the landing. Our headquarters tents were pitched a little to the rear and left of the old log meeting-house, "Shiloh—a sacred spot, the name immortal." Having witnessed the grand spectacle of more than seventy steamers carrying our 30,000 troops now concentrating on this plateau, I thought we had men enough under arms to clean out the Confederacy and half of Europe. And my opinion was strengthened for a brief period by an incident that occurred a few days before the battle. General Sherman had ordered a review of some of the regiments and batteries of his division. In order to show up our full fighting strength, I buckled on all my equipments and rode to my place in the line of aides, to witness the review. In a little while the general turned to me and said, "Ride over to Colonel Buckland's headquarters, give him my compliments, and tell him to send the 70th and 72d Ohio regiments to this field; and," added the general, "as you pass our headquarters you had better leave your carbine and knife in your tent." On reaching my tent I threw off the gun and knife reluctantly, but accepted the order to do so as further proof that we not only had more than enough men, but that we were too heavily armed—a delusion that was instantly dispelled on a Sunday morning. On several occasions I asked the general why he did not march us out to fight the Rebels, and just as often the general would reply, "Never mind, young man, you will have all the fighting you want before this war is over, it will come fast enough for you after awhile."

On Sunday morning, April 6, 1862—just thirty years

ago to-day, the heavy picket firing began. We mounted our horses and rode along our lines till we came to the 53d Ohio Infantry, and while the general was conversing with the colonel of this regiment a volley from the rapidly advancing Rebels killed the general's orderly and one or two of the 53d men. The battle was soon on in all its grand and awful fury. I am unable to give you a word-painting of the awful scene. The precipitate flight of some of our troops at the first fire of the enemy; the bold, brave stand of others; the impetuous charge and counter-charge; the roar of cannon, the shriek of shells, the rattle of musketry, the shrieks of wounded and dying men, filled my very soul with awe, if it were not absolute fear. I confess I felt on more than one occasion during that early morning that I did not want to see a battle fought as much as I had supposed; and I was very indignant at the very unceremonious manner in which the Rebels had begun the fight. But General Sherman's conduct soon instilled into my soul a feeling that it was grand to be there with him. During a critical moment of Sunday's battle the general's horse was shot from under him. I dismounted and gave him my horse. As he was mounting he said, "Well, my boy, didn't I promise you all the fighting you could do?" I told him I would relieve him from further obligations under that agreement. I captured another horse very soon, and riding over to where I had left the general, he was dismounted. My horse had been killed. We caught a battery horse; and the general mounted him, and in less than twenty minutes that horse was struck by a solid shot and instantly killed. The general was soon mounted on a horse that belonged to some officer who had evidently been killed or wounded. My name does not appear in the general's official report of this battle, wherein he mentions several staff officers. I never knew this for years after the war, and should not then have felt at all slighted had not my attention been called to it by an unkind criticism. I mentioned the matter in a letter to the general, stating that a line from

him would be a good thing for me to leave behind with my friends, that they might use it to refute all such attacks after I am mustered out. I received from him the following letter:

"No. 75 West 71st Street, New York, Feb. 9, 1889.

"John T. Taylor, Esq., 113 N. Second St., Leavenworth City:

"Dear Taylor,—Your letter of February 6th is received. I have devolved on a clerk the labor of answering my private correspondence, but, like many others, you ask a letter from me personally, and you are entitled to it. In the latter part of March and early part of April, General Grant's army occupied the plateau behind Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee, and my division held the key point near Shiloh Meeting-house overlooking the bridge across Owl Creek, by which the main Corinth road approached Pittsburg Landing. On that plateau was fought the critical battle of the West, 'Shiloh.' At the very crisis of the battle of Shiloh my horse was shot dead under me, and you promptly dismounted and gave me your own horse, trusting to chance for a remount. You were then very young, not yet twenty, active, intelligent, and most patriotic. I then esteemed you highly, and now that twenty-seven years have passed, my feelings towards you have never changed. I wish you and yours all the prosperity and happiness possible on this earth.

"Affectionately,

"W. T. Sherman, General."

While stationed at Memphis, Tenn., in 1862, a company of cavalry appeared on the river bank, opposite the city, bearing a flag of truce. General Sherman directed me to take an orderly, cross the river in a skiff, and ascertain what was wanted. On meeting the commanding officer of the Confederates I learned that his mission was to present to General Sherman some papers from the commanding officer at Little Rock, asking that the wife of a major in the C. S. A., then stationed at Little Rock, might be permitted to leave Memphis, join this company, and proceed to Little Rock. I delivered the papers to the general. After he had read them, he told me to cross the river again, and say to the officer that

unless he withdrew his command immediately, he would open the batteries of Fort Pickering upon them. I delivered the order, and the "Johnnies" were not particular in the order of their going, but they went. I wondered why they did not take myself and orderly along. Returning to headquarters, the general gave me a letter addressed to the lady, the major's wife, and a letter from her husband, in which she was informed that he had sent the company to escort her to Little Rock. I delivered the letters to the lady. She became greatly excited and began making preparations for leaving at once. I told her, however, that I had been instructed by General Sherman to say to her that as she had chosen to remain within our lines all this time, and had kept up a secret correspondence with the enemy, as the letter proved, he would not permit her to pass beyond our lines at this time. She became furious, and gave me more than my share of abuse. The next day, to my surprise, the general told me to call on the lady and say to her that she would be taken across the river and allowed to go if she desired to do so. She replied by saying, "And you tell the general that I have changed my mind, and I will not go." I so reported to the general. He directed me to call on the provost-marshall for a sergeant, four men, and a hack; go to the lady's house, see that she and her baggage was placed in the hack, and the load deposited on the opposite bank of the river. I will close this narrative by saying that the general's orders were carried out and that myself and command escaped with our lives, but our uniforms and the faces of one or two of the men bore evidence of the desperate struggle. On returning to headquarters, I called on the general and formally requested, in case he ever had any more of that kind of work to be done, that he send Captain McCoy or Captain John Condit Smith, as that kind of work required "heavy-weights" to be entirely successful.

While at Memphis we were joined by the 13th Regiment of Regulars, General Sherman's own regiment. The evening

of their arrival a great many of the officers called at our headquarters to pay their respects to the general. In discussing Memphis and its surroundings, several officers expressed a great desire to see a cotton-field. It was arranged that they should meet at our headquarters in the morning, and I was to see that they were provided with horses and escort to a large plantation about three and a half miles out and about two miles beyond our pickets. At the appointed time, our guests mounted on horses belonging to the general and staff, the jolly party moved out. Reaching our outpost, I held a brief conversation with the officer in command of the station, telling him of our designs on the cotton-field, and requesting him to be on the alert and render us assistance in case of an emergency; we rode on and in due time reached the field. Throwing down a section of the fence, we rode to the middle of the field, where some darkeys were at work. The officers of the 13th dismounted and began to examine the cotton plants, and all had asked and received permission from the darkeys to pull up and carry away a plant full of bloom. While this was going on I was questioning the oldest of the darkeys to ascertain if any "Johnnies" had been seen loitering around lately. He said a whole regiment of "dem fellers [he meant a company] had been down yer nearly all night, but just at sunup dey done gone back over de hill." Looking in the direction indicated by the darkey, I saw a cloud of dust rising above the road on the hill a mile away. Calling the darkey's attention to it, he said, "Yes, sah, somethin's a-comin', sartin," and in a moment the head of a column of Confederate cavalry came into view. I gave the alarm to my companions, while the old darkey shouted, "All you niggers run fer yer lives, cos if dem fellers kotch you here talkin' to dem sojers, dey'll kill de last one o' you," and away they ran for the woods. In a moment all my companions were in their saddles, and all but one had with him a large cotton plant. We started for the gap in the fence and down the road like mad. The moment the "Johnnies" saw

ing late Sunday evening would be a matter of opinion, and a common soldier's opinion would not be considered worth much.

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—9° mi. — 11:30 P.M. — A
most difficult day. The
water was bad and the
ground was 1 foot below a
line of bushes and
a bear, the last of the
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History affords no more brilliant example of patriot and soldier than William Tecumseh Sherman. The civilized world is familiar with his grand and heroic achievements. I am proud of the privilege to rejoice that I was for a time a member of his military family; have felt and recognized the noble gentleness of his heart, and the fatherly kindness with which he watched over and directed me in the performance of my military duties. Profiting by his advice, and strengthened by his exemplary life, I was enabled to guard against evil temptations incident to camp life. Positive and firm as adamant, he yet seemed always to request rather than command a staff officer to carry a message or deliver an order to this or that commander. But when he spoke to a wavering line of men, or sought to rally a broken body of troops, his great soul seemed fairly revealed in his stern face and flashing eyes, and his words carried with them the reassuring tones of one "born to command." He seemed ever mindful for the safety of his staff officers, but oblivious to his own, nor could we often induce him to take for himself the precaution he so often enjoined upon us. He was a fearless, not to say reckless rider. He cared but little for dress. He loved his soldiers. But more than all he loved our country and our flag. I could not well omit the foregoing preface, as I am to relate to you some personal reminiscences of service as an aide de-camp. I shall confine myself to some of the amusing incidents, rather than a recital of the sad scenes so familiar to the soldiers of '61 to '65.

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"*John T. Taylor, Esq., 113 N. Second St., Leavenworth City:*

"*Dear Taylor,—* Your letter of February 6th is received.

I have devolved on a clerk the labor of answering my private correspondence, but, like many others, you ask a letter from me personally, and you are entitled to it. In the latter part of March and early part of April, General Grant's army occupied the plateau behind Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee, and my division held the key point near Shiloh Meeting-house overlooking the bridge across Owl Creek, by which the main Corinth road approached Pittsburg Landing. On that plateau was fought the critical battle of the West, 'Shiloh.' At the very crisis of the battle of Shiloh my horse was shot dead under me, and you promptly dismounted and gave me your own horse, trusting to chance for a remount. You were then very young, not yet twenty, active, intelligent, and most patriotic. I then esteemed you highly, and now that twenty-seven years have passed, my feelings towards you have never changed. I wish you and yours all the prosperity and happiness possible on this earth.

"Affectionately,

"*W. T. Sherman, General.*"

While stationed at Memphis, Tenn., in 1862, a company of cavalry appeared on the river bank, opposite the city, bearing a flag of truce. General Sherman directed me to take an orderly, cross the river in a skiff, and ascertain what was wanted. On meeting the commanding officer of the Confederates I learned that his mission was to present to General Sherman some papers from the commanding officer at Little Rock, asking that the wife of a major in the C. S. A., then stationed at Little Rock, might be permitted to leave Memphis, join this company, and proceed to Little Rock. I delivered the papers to the general. After he had read them, he told me to cross the river again, and say to the officer that

unless he withdrew his command immediately, he would open the batteries of Fort Pickering upon them. I delivered the order, and the "Johnnies" were not particular in the order of their going, but they went. I wondered why they did not take myself and orderly along. Returning to headquarters, the general gave me a letter addressed to the lady, the major's wife, and a letter from her husband, in which she was informed that he had sent the company to escort her to Little Rock. I delivered the letters to the lady. She became greatly excited and began making preparations for leaving at once. I told her, however, that I had been instructed by General Sherman to say to her that as she had chosen to remain within our lines all this time, and had kept up a secret correspondence with the enemy, as the letter proved, he would not permit her to pass beyond our lines at this time. She became furious, and gave me more than my share of abuse. The next day, to my surprise, the general told me to call on the lady and say to her that she would be taken across the river and allowed to go if she desired to do so. She replied by saying, "And you tell the general that I have changed my mind, and I will not go." I so reported to the general. He directed me to call on the provost-marshal for a sergeant, four men, and a hack; go to the lady's house, see that she and her baggage was placed in the hack, and the load deposited on the opposite bank of the river. I will close this narrative by saying that the general's orders were carried out and that myself and command escaped with our lives, but our uniforms and the faces of one or two of the men bore evidence of the desperate struggle. On returning to headquarters, I called on the general and formally requested, in case he ever had any more of that kind of work to be done, that he send Captain McCoy or Captain John Condit Smith, as that kind of work required "heavy-weights" to be entirely successful.

While at Memphis we were joined by the 13th Regiment of Regulars, General Sherman's own regiment. The evening

of their arrival a great many of the officers called at our headquarters to pay their respects to the general. In discussing Memphis and its surroundings, several officers expressed a great desire to see a cotton-field. It was arranged that they should meet at our headquarters in the morning, and I was to see that they were provided with horses and escort to a large plantation about three and a half miles out and about two miles beyond our pickets. At the appointed time, our guests mounted on horses belonging to the general and staff, the jolly party moved out. Reaching our outpost, I held a brief conversation with the officer in command of the station, telling him of our designs on the cotton-field, and requesting him to be on the alert and render us assistance in case of an emergency; we rode on and in due time reached the field. Throwing down a section of the fence, we rode to the middle of the field, where some darkeys were at work. The officers of the 13th dismounted and began to examine the cotton plants, and all had asked and received permission from the darkeys to pull up and carry away a plant full of bloom. While this was going on I was questioning the oldest of the darkeys to ascertain if any "Johnnies" had been seen loitering around lately. He said a whole regiment of "dem fellers [he meant a company] had been down yer neary all night, but just at sunup dey done gone back over de hill." Looking in the direction indicated by the darkey, I saw a cloud of dust rising above the road on the hill a mile away. Calling the darkey's attention to it, he said, "Yes, sah, somethin's a-comin', sartin," and in a moment the head of a column of Confederate cavalry came into view. I gave the alarm to my companions, while the old darkey shouted, "All you niggers run fer yer lives, cos if dem fellers kotch you here talkin' to dem sojers, dey'll kill de last one ob you," and away they ran for the woods. In a moment all my companions were in their saddles, and all but one had with him a large cotton plant. We started for the gap in the fence and down the road like mad. The moment the "Johnnies" saw

us, they put spurs to their horses, and the race for scalps on their part, and for "home and native land" on ours, began. A few shots were fired by the "Johnnies," but they went wide of their mark. For one mile and a half the race was a spirited one, the horses of pursued and pursuers doing the best. I paid but little attention to the order in which the enemy were making their charge, but I did notice that my party were all doing service with the spurs, and that they were rapidly divesting themselves of the cotton plants, and occasionally a hat or cap would fall to the ground. When within a quarter of a mile from our pickets, I looked back and saw that our pursuers were out of sight, and had probably given up the chase, and what for a time seemed a very serious matter now became a very amusing race. I cried out, "Less than a quarter of a mile to our pickets; if we can reach them, we are safe, but they are right on our heels." In an incredibly short time we reached the station under such speed that it was difficult to come to a halt, and, indeed, I think two of the 13th only succeeded in doing so at our headquarters stables, nearly a mile further on.

The scarcity of small change seemed to trouble the citizens of Memphis very much, and they appointed a committee to wait on General Sherman and ask his permission to issue city scrip, to relieve the pressure. The committee came and made their wants known to him. He listened attentively, then told them he would think the matter over and give his answer through the columns of the city papers. The next morning the *Appeal* and *Avalanche* published a letter from the general addressed to the citizens of Memphis, reciting the request made to him by their committee, and giving them in return a stinging rebuke for their treason, and for having declared cotton to be king. He closed his letter in these words: "I cannot authorize you to issue city scrip, but to relieve the pressure complained of I suggest that, inasmuch as you have declared cotton to be king, you tie up cotton in 5-, 10-, 15-, 25- and 50-cent

packages, and pass that around for change. If cotton is good enough to be king, it ought to be good enough for change."

In the latter part of November, 1862, General Sherman left Memphis with 16,000 men to join General Grant at Oxford, Mississippi. On reaching Coldwater River, about half way between Memphis and Oxford, we found the bridge destroyed, and, as the waters were very high and the current very swift, it was necessary to build a bridge before we could cross. Lieutenant-Colonel Malmburg, of the 55th Illinois, was given charge of the construction. There was quite a village on our side of the stream (its name I do not remember), composed principally of log houses, and most of them deserted. Colonel Malmburg went to work with his men, using the logs of the houses for cribbing and the stone chimneys for anchorage, and in an incredibly short time he had two piers, composed of logs and stone, anchored in the stream midway between banks. Using more logs and the available lumber from the houses, he had by daylight a splendid military bridge, and our troops rapidly crossing. Just as the general was preparing to leave the house in which we had spent the night, two or three old gentlemen, citizens of the place, asked the general to sign a statement setting forth the value of the property taken by him for the construction of the bridge, in order, as they said, that they could recover from the United States after a ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the aforesaid United States. The general asked them who destroyed the bridge that spanned the stream just before we reached it. They admitted that the Confederate soldiers had. "Well," said the general, "my men have built a very good bridge, have they not?" "Oh, yes," said the gentlemen, "that is a powerful good bridge to be built so quickly, and in the night-time at that." "Well, then, I will tell you what to do," said the general: "Just as soon as the last man of my command has crossed that bridge, you can have it; and if you will place a man in charge of it

and require him to collect \$1 toll from everybody that crosses it, you will get pay for your property a great deal sooner than you will if you wait until I sign that paper." And, bidding the gentlemen good-morning, he mounted his horse and we were away.

On the 5th of December our army arrived at College Hill, Miss. Leaving the army there, the general and staff passed on to Oxford, where we met General Grant. The next day we returned to College Hill, and the next morning began the return march to Memphis, to prepare for the Vicksburg campaign. As we crossed our bridge at Coldwater, I remarked to the general that it was fortunate for him that the old gentlemen had not followed his advice about collecting toll; and a very unfortunate thing for them, because they lose \$16,000 which you would have been obliged to pay." "That is a fact," said the general; "but then, I did not expect to return so soon."

When we left Memphis for Vicksburg, General Sherman issued very stringent orders against civilians accompanying the expedition in any capacity. On the 26th of December the disembarkation of our troops began at a point some fifteen miles up the Yazoo River. On the morning of the 27th began the movement which resulted in failure after six days' hard fighting at "Chickasaw Bayou." I believed then, I believe now, that had General G. W. Morgan obeyed orders and taken his men into action on the 27th, the enemy's line of works would have been carried, and the capture of Vicksburg accomplished soon after. Be that as it may, the important event to which I call your attention is the following: On the 29th of December I was informed by Captain Dan Conway, of the steamer "Forest Queen," that the reporter for a New York paper was on board the steamer "Prairie Rose," in the capacity of assistant steward. I reported the matter to the general. He told me to investigate, and if true, arrest the man. I soon found the man and recognized him. He had been unusually severe in his attacks upon General Sher-

man ever since "Shiloh." Ordering Mr. Reporter to follow me, I marched him over to the "Forest Queen," our headquarters boat, had him placed in the hold of the boat, and charged the officer of the guard to keep him there until I ordered otherwise. I returned to our field headquarters, but before I could report my action to the general, he sent me with an order to General A. J. Smith, and being kept constantly on the go until we gave up the struggle and returned to our boats on the 2d of January, I had forgotten all about Mr. Reporter. After we had successfully embarked all our troops and started down the stream, I reported to the general that I had the reporter down in the hold of the boat. When the general found that I had made the arrest on the 29th, he thought it was about time the fellow was given some fresh air, and ordered that he be brought up. When the reporter appeared, the general explained to him that though he was liable to be treated as a spy, and was entitled to little consideration at our hands, yet he did not know until now that I had confined him so closely, and that he would not be sent back there, but would be kept under guard until he could be sent back to Memphis.

On the 4th of January, 1863, General John A. McCleernand superseded General Sherman, and our title of the "Army of the "Tennessee" ceased to exist, and the "Army of the Mississippi" was created, divided into two army corps: one, the 13th, to be commanded by General G. W. Morgan; the other, the 15th, to be commanded by General W. T. Sherman. "With a modesty which became a man of his high spirit and unyielding patriotism, General Sherman accepted the situation." Before the arrival of General McCleernand, General Sherman and Commodore Porter had agreed upon a plan for the reduction of Fort Hindman, or, as it was called, "Arkansas Post," about forty-five miles above the mouth of the Arkansas. General McCleernand, when informed of the plan, concluded to go and take with him his whole force. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, January 9th, our boats reached Notrib's farm, about

four miles below Fort Hindman. During the night the artillery and wagons were taken ashore, the troops disembarking in the morning, and set in motion for an investment of the fort. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we found that we had mistaken the "lay of the land," and that a swamp and bayou would prevent our approach to the fort from that direction. We marched back to the river and then moved up the river bank to within half a mile of the fort, then bore off to the right until an investment of the fort and line of works was accomplished. The roads were in terrible condition and movements difficult, but 9 o'clock p. m. our lines were formed as General Sherman desired them. The night was very dark, the enemy very vigilant. Orders were imperative that no lights or fires would be allowed for any purpose. Lieutenant-Colonel Malmburg, of the 55th Illinois, an inveterate smoker, while sitting on his horse talking to Lieutenant-Colonel Yost, of the 54th Ohio, thoughtlessly filled his pipe and struck a match to light it. Instantly the "Johnnies" turned a cannon on the light and a solid shot carried away Colonel Yost's left arm. General Sherman established his headquarters for the night at the foot of a big cypress tree, and about 10 o'clock he and the staff, except myself, spread their blankets on the wet ground and laid down for a night's rest. None of us had had a morsel of food since we left the boat early in the morning. I was hungry and decided not only to satisfy my hunger, but to contribute to the comfort of the general and staff. Mounting my horse, I groped my way through the darkness back to the boat. Routing out the driver of our mess-wagon, I ordered him to hitch up and follow me. About 1 o'clock in the morning, when within a short distance of our headquarters tree, I stopped the wagon and rode on to invite the general and staff to dine with me. As I approached, the general called out to know who I was and what that wagon was doing there. I expected my answer would elicit his thanks and commendation. I told him I had brought our mess-wagon, and, if he would join me, we would have something

to eat. He said, "Well, sir, you ought not to have done so; no one else has had anything to eat since we have, and we can stand it if the troops can. Captain, send that wagon back to the boat." I rode back to the wagon and told the driver to return to the boat if he could. I followed a short distance and then ordered the driver to stop. Dismounting, I climbed into the wagon, opened one of our mess-ch st, struck a match, found a piece of candle, which I lighted, and pouring some of the melted tallow on the corner of the chest, planted my candle in it; then seizing a loaf of bread, I cut off a very moderate-sized slice, considering the collapsed state of my "inards," and was in the act of spreading some butter when a cannon-shot from the fort came crashing through the trees, striking the ground near the mules, and they started to run. The first lunge of the wagon brought down the lid of the chest and snuffed out my light, and I was tossed about among the chests in a very indiscriminate manner. I finally reached the rear of the wagon and fell through between the cover and the bed to the ground, but I held on to the bread. I returned to the headquarters tree just as the general and staff were settling down again after discussing the shot that had just been fired and had gone past directly over their heads. I crawled into bed beside my dear companion and tent mate, Captain McCoy, and dividing my bread with him, we enjoyed eating it while I related to him in a whisper the trials and tribulations that slice of bread had cost me.

The battle was fought and won the next day, January 11, 1863. At one time during the battle we discovered that we had attracted the attention of the Confederacy artillery, and the general told us to separate a little and dismount. I was near a good-sized tree, and while the general was telling us to dismount, a solid shot struck the tree about four feet from the ground, and believing they would not strike that tree again, instead of dismounting I rode behind it; resting my forearm against it, I leaned my head on my arm. The general told me I had better get down. I told him I believed I

was safer where I was, as the balls were skimming the ground very closely. Presently a solid shot struck the tree almost directly in a line with my head and glanced off, but I think before it had left the tree I was on the ground and spread out "as flat as a flounder."

On the 13th, "the works at Fort Hindman having been dismantled and blown up," we re-embarked and proceeded down the Arkansas to the Mississippi. Arriving at the mouth of the Arkansas, our boat tied up. It was a dark, dismal, rainy day. Late in the afternoon I went on deck and found the general standing near the bell with a paper in his hand, and in reply to my question he said he was checking off the boats of our corps as they passed out of the Arkansas into the Mississippi. I took the paper and urged him to go below. He did so after telling me to report to him the moment the last boat had passed out. I had stood there about two hours when all the boats save one had been checked off. Getting impatient at the non-arrival of this boat, I decided to report to the general. I was not very familiar with Indian names, and if I had ever heard the name pronounced, and I presume I had, I was all at sea when I came to announce it to the general. Going to the cabin, where sat the general and all the rest of the staff, I handed him the paper, stating as I did so that all boats were out save one. "What one?" asked the general. I replied, "The 'Si-ox City.'" "*The what?*" asked the general. I said, "The 'Si-ox City,' sir." "Oh, no, captain," said the general, "we have no such boat as that in our fleet; that must be one of Morgan's boats." Stepping up to him and taking the paper out of his hands, I hunted up the "Sioux City," and pointing to the name, I said, "Well, sir, if that isn't the 'Si-ox City,' I'd like to know what you call it." You can imagine how they all laughed, and so did I when the pronunciation was explained to me. For a long time thereafter, when around our table or camp-fire, I was addressed by the general and staff as "Captain Si-ox."

A Volunteer at the First Bull Run.

By Companion H. Seymour Hall, Brevet Brigadier-General
United States Volunteers.

May 4, 1892.

On Wednesday, April 17, 1861, after attendance at morning prayers in the chapel of Genesee College, Lima, N. Y., Truman L. Bowman and myself, both student boys who expected to graduate at the June commencement, challenged each other to enlist as soldiers in a regiment which Prof. Quinby, of Rochester University, had begun to organize at Rochester, N. Y., twenty miles away. We discontinued attendance on our recitations and imparted the project to our fellow-students, a number of whom were eager to follow our example, thus threatening to demoralize classes and considerably diminish the somewhat slender attendance in the college, so that on Monday, April 22d, the college president, Rev. J. Morrison Reid, D.D., late missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, called a public mass-meeting of students and citizens in college chapel to capture and control these prospective soldiers. The chapel was crowded with people, and amid the most intense excitement, Doctor Reid was chosen to preside, and my friend and classmate, Charles H. Hickmott, secretary. After a most fervent and patriotic prayer, President Reid made a speech, advocating the organization of a company to remain at home, complete our college course, drill for exercise, so as to be ready when needed; which time of need had not, in his opinion, yet come, though President Lincoln had called for 75,000 men.

The next speech followed a similar line of argument, the speaker being one whom I most admired and respected, our professor in French and German, William Wells, Ph.D., now filling the chair of modern language at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. Others followed in the same strain, but all failed to touch the hearts of the people. Hall and Bowman were then called for, and both briefly and emphatically announced their purpose to become soldiers at once, at which the wildest enthusiasm was manifested. This was embarrassing to Doctor Reid, who looked over the audience for some-

one to call to his relief; observing Mr. John Mosher, the only banker in the village, the doctor asked him to give his views. Mr. Mosher rose deliberately, the people eagerly listened as he said with marked emphasis, "I have \$100 to help fit out a company for immediate service." There was small solace in this for our president, so again he sought for reinforcements, this time calling on Colonel Alexander McCune, of the War of 1812. The colonel promptly stood up, towered majestically above his fellows, planted his cane on the floor as if obeying the command, "Order arms," and said with military brevity and vim, "I have another \$100 to put with Mr. Mosher's." Utterly routed by this combination of finance and military strategy, Dr. Reid sought to rally his forces behind that honest farmer, Squire Calvin E. Vary, who had given several thousand of his hard-earned dollars to endow the college, was then one of its trustees, and had driven in from his farm to witness the proceedings. Says the doctor, "What does Squire Vary think?" Up rose the stalwart squire, showing his tall and massive form, and enunciated as his proposition, "All I have to say is, that I have another \$100 to help those boys along, and will put with that just as much more as is necessary to organize the company. I move that this meeting be now adjourned." Those three gentlemen then came to me and said, "Come down town with us; to-night we will hold a meeting in Concert Hall, and organize a company for immediate service."

A meeting was held, rousing speeches by men who staid safely at home, encouraged the boys to join the company which it was resolved to organize, and while the meeting was full of enthusiasm and patriotic ardor, it was lacking in information. No one knew how to proceed or what were the pay and allowances of a soldier; none of us had ever seen a muster-roll nor a volume of tactics. The next morning I wrote out a brief pledge of enlistment, took it to a teacher of penmanship, had it beautifully copied at the top of a half-sheet of foolscap paper, pasted other half-sheets to it.

and we signed our names to this, the first muster-roll of the "Lima Volunteers." My roll filled up rapidly, and those under twenty-one years of age were required to bring the written consent of their parents before signing the roll. I find on my memorandum-book used at that time thirty-one names of boys for whom I had written out these certificates of consent for their parents to sign, and remember many others to whom I also furnished them, one-half the company at least being minors. President Reid had sent me a summons to resume attendance on my classes, to which I paid no attention, so he repeated it, coupled with the notice that I would be expelled if I did not comply, to which my reply was more emphatic than courteous; but I was not expelled. My friend General Horace Boughton, lately buried at Arlington, came out from Rochester recruiting for General Quinby's regiment, into which he was mustered as captain. T. L. Bowman enlisted with him, and I saw Bowman no more till 1866, when he came to St. Louis, Mo., with Stilson Hutchings, as one of the *Times* editors, when Hutchings and Hodnett established the St. Louis *Daily Times*. When our ranks were full, the local citizens' committee proposed that we elect officers, and they said that Colonel James Perkins was an experienced military man, who, in addition to his exhaustive knowledge of military science, would with his sixty years be like a father to us, and as some of us were orphans and strangers in the town, except for our few months' residence there as students, we gladly ratified their choice.

They then proposed as lieutenant, Philo D. Phillips, who had commanded a company of "Wide-Awakes," armed with torches, in the presidential campaign of 1860—so of course he knew all about war. As none of us knew anything about it, we also confirmed this selection, and were proud of our acquisition. Now our college, through its president and others, showed its deep interest in our welfare; not deep enough, however, to confer the degrees upon those of us who would have graduated in June had we not enlisted, as all other colleges

in the North did on their students under similar circumstances, but deep enough to recommend as third officer, commissioned by the State as ensign, Thomas D. Bancroft, a student who it was claimed had served in Jim Lane's thirty-day company that General Lane organized at Washington in March; hence Bancroft could allege experience as well as knowledge. But the boys knew Bancroft and drew the line there. They came to me and said: "You were the first one to enlist and interest others to do so, you have done all the business; the men whom we have elected captain and lieutenant have not taken part with us, nor done anything to entitle them to the places to which we have elected them; you ought to have had first place, all we can do now is to give you the next position, and we propose to make you ensign." Knowing my entire lack of experience, I was entirely willing to remain in the ranks as I had begun, and so stated to my comrades, but they unanimously elected me. The ladies made a beautiful United States flag and presented it to the company in the Methodist church, which, large as it is, was much too small to hold the audience that gathered to witness the scene and hear the service of religious and patriotic prayer, songs, and speeches. As the ensign was supposed to have something to do with the colors, and for other reasons, it devolved upon me to receive the beautiful emblem from the hands of the ladies and to respond to the presentation speech. We soon learned that our company color could not be carried, but I kept it with the boys in every campaign and adorned our company headquarters with it in every camp, as long as I served with the company.

The ladies also made havelocks out of fine white flannel and gave each of us one to wear to protect our heads from the hot sun, and they supplied each soldier boy with an elegant pocket needle-book of their own handiwork, so liberally furnished with pins, buttons, needles, and thread that if we could have caught the Rebels asleep, we could have sewed them up so tight that they could not have fired a gun. The

committee gave each man a blanket, which was trimmed and bound by the same fair hands.

When our company was filled up to the maximum, Esquire Vary took our foolscap roll to Albany to have our company accepted by the State. Governor Morgan had called some of the members of the military committee of the Senate to advise with him, among them Dean Richmond and Erastus Corning, and when our services were tendered, all were of the opinion that no more men were needed, and that those already accepted by the State of New York could alone put down the Rebellion.

The squire was about to telegraph to us to disband, when he met Captain Joseph J. Chambers, who had recruited a company in Westchester County, and was now at the capital tendering its services to the State. Captain Chambers, whom I afterwards knew well, went before the Governor and the committee, to urge the acceptance of his own and the few other companies whose tender of service had not been accepted. He had been private secretary to Governor Myron H. Clark and was well known to Governor Morgan and his advisers. Having failed to change their decision by argument, and he could make a strong one, and was a ready speaker when aroused, though he stammered very badly at other times, he picked up a heavy chair and backed against the door of the executive chamber, saying, "B-b-b-by G-G-od! you d-d-don't get out of this room t-t-t-till you accept these co-co-companies." Whether for this or for some other reason, our company was accepted, and about the 30th day of April, 1861, Major C. R. Babbitt, a State officer, mustered the company into the service of the State of New York, and on the 7th day of May we were ordered to rendezvous at Elmira. I had procured a copy of Hardee's Infantry Tactics and studied and practiced drilling, so that when thousands of people came to see us off, we could march quite like soldiers. We rode in wagons and coaches seven miles to Avon Springs, where a crowd so large and enthusiastic awaited us that we could

hardly make our way to the cars. At Corning orders were received to stop off and quarter in the State Arsenal there, as there was no room for us in barracks at Elmira. By order of Captain Perkins, I proceeded to Elmira, to arrange to unite our company with some regiment, where I found several already containing five to eight companies each, their full complement of field and staff officers chosen, which gave companies joining later no voice in the selection of the regimental officers. This was not satisfactory to me, and I soon found representatives of other companies who took the same view of it that I did; consequently we formed an organization of our own, called ours the "Union Regiment," agreeing that no one should be selected for any field or staff position till ten companies were admitted. We made up that number about May 18th, near which time occurred my first meeting with General H. W. Slocum. He was in Elmira at the request of some gentlemen of another organization, expecting to be their colonel, but the election was delayed by officers who had other views. Learning something about him, and that he was a graduate of West Point, had seen service, and afterwards successfully engaged in business, I sought an introduction to him, and, without his knowledge, heartily pressed the suggestion that the officers of our regiment meet to elect a colonel. We did so, elected Slocum colonel without a dissenting voice, and sent a committee to notify him; he came in with them on their return and at once accepted.

The ten companies composing the regiment were organized in different counties of the State, as specified, and commanded at that time by Captains Joseph Chambers, Westchester County; Joseph J. Bartlett, Broome; Peter Jay, Broome; A. D. Adams, Wayne; C. C. Gardner, Dutchess; James Perkins, Lima, Livingston; C. E. Martin, Mt. Morris, Livingston; G. G. Wanzer, Monroe; H. L. Achilles, Orleans; and S. M. Harman, Allegheny. The regimental organization was then completed by our election of Captain Chambers as lieutenant-colonel and Captain Bartlett as major. Our com-

pany was ordered to Elmira and mustered into the service of the United States with the regiment for two years from the 21st of May, 1861, and Colonel Slocum at once began regular instruction and drill. This was the 27th Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry, and we were Company G. We learned our camp duty and the drill quite easy, but were somewhat particular about our rations in those days, and on one occasion when the beef was a little too fresh and lively, the boys of Company E securely boxed their dinner allowance, formed a procession, to the tune of "The Rogues' March," to an improvised cemetery in the orchard, and after a moving funeral oration by Judge Albion W. Tourgée, then a private in the company, buried their beef with all the honors of war. General Slocum, who was absent from camp, heard of it on his return. Tourgée says: "Some very strong language was indulged in, and afterwards a very nice fellow—one of those genteel fellows with a gun—came to me. He was very polite to me, and stated that the colonel wanted to see me at his quarters. I didn't want to be rude, so I went. The colonel was smoking, not very quietly, and was talking to himself quite emphatically. He asked me if I had anything to do with 'that operation.' I did not know exactly to what he referred, but finally admitted that I might have been there. Then he asked me if I did not know that my conduct was derogatory to good discipline and in defiance of authority, and that upon me rested the fate of the country. I had never looked upon it in that light, and remarked that I never knew that beef had any particular rank, and that I thought it ought to be confined. He gave me a kind lecture, for which I was very thankful, and afterwards I found him a kind commander." Our drill, spiced with similar incidents, went on till about the 8th of July, when we started for the front. At Williamsport, Pa., we found a fine supper prepared, and the enthusiasm of the people and the eagerness of the ladies to serve us with every delicacy of the table are yet well remembered. We arrived in Washington on the 10th and were

quartered on Franklin Square, where were just barracks enough for our regiment. Guard-mounting, drill, target practice, and dress parade kept us busy by day, while the study of tactics and Army Regulations was the chief occupation of some of us when off duty.

Our regimental quartermaster had been a village hotel-keeper at Lima, whose business experience in other directions was limited. When I called on him for company books and blanks, he said he had tried to get them, but they were not to be had. In looking around the city I had been to the War Department, and again I called on General George D. Ruggles, then a captain in the Adjutant-General's office, and told him what Lieutenant Hamilton said. He replied that car-loads of such supplies were on hand, suggesting that if I would send a man from each company, he would send the regiment a full supply. I reported the matter to Colonel Slocum, and we were soon supplied with books and blanks.

We left Franklin Square at 2 p. m., Monday, July 15th, crossed Long Bridge into Virginia, bivouacking at midnight, after what then seemed to us a tremendous march, six and one-half miles east of Fairfax Court House, momentarily expecting to meet the enemy. Under Colonel Andrew Porter, as brigade commander, we pushed on at 7 a. m., July 16th, toward Fairfax Court House, finding our road obstructed by fallen trees, which we had to remove, so that we did not reach the enemy's works at the Court House till noon, when we found their works deserted, took possession, and remained for the night. On the morning of July 17th we advanced about half a mile beyond the village toward Centerville, where we came upon abundant evidences of the hasty flight of the enemy, blankets, tents, and arms being found plentifully strewn around in the vicinity of our camp. At this place one of our boys, a very young and slender freshman, a good soldier, found and brought to me an ancient and curious saber; the sharply curved blade is finely tempered, the ebony grip is clasped in the middle by a band of silver enlarged on one side into an

oval plate bearing an eagle supporting a shield, in his talons arrows and olive branch, all beneath a constellation of thirteen stars, the silver guard terminating in a finely engraved eagle's head of the same precious metal. I carefully preserve it, and have endeavored in vain to learn its history.

From this place we moved at 3 p. m. to within three miles of Centerville, where I made use of a tent which fell into my hands at Fairfax, upon which was marked, "Major Cabell, C. S. A." Two hours after midnight the long roll called us out in the rain, but no enemy appeared. We remained in this place until we advanced to the attack. Our division commander, Colonel David Hunter, having his carriage and headquarters under a tree just across the road, where we saw squads of prisoners occasionally brought in. Saturday, July 20th, we received three days' rations, with orders to cook and take them in our haversacks, and be ready to move at 2 a. m., Sunday, July 21st. Saturday night was a warm, beautiful moonlight night, and as the boys lay grouped around, they speculated whether the enemy would not retreat as he had done from Fairfax Court House, and some expressed doubts of our ever getting sight of him. I said to them that, having some acquaintance with Southern people, my opinion was that our desire to meet them would be fully satisfied.

Our discussion was closed by the first notes of the opening performance of the famous Marine Band of Washington, which accompanied our brigade, and just on the eve of battle their exquisite music was listened to in silence, and when the band finally closed with the familiar and touching strains of "Home, Sweet Home," the eloquent silence remained unbroken till Sunday morning, July 21st, at half past 1, when we quietly aroused the men from their dreams of home and friends which many of them would never realize. Our division was the flanking column, which was to turn the enemy's left by way of Sudley Springs and Ford, our brigade being second in line, the order of march being Griffin's Battery;

Battalion of Marines, Major John J. Reynolds; Twenty-Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry, Colonel H. W. Slocum; Fourteenth New York State Militia, Colonel A. M. Wood; Eighth New York State Militia, Colonel George Lyons; Battalion Regular Infantry, Major George Sykes; one company Second Dragoons, two companies First Cavalry, four companies Second Cavalry, Major I. N. Palmer.

The road was obstructed by the troops *en route* to their position at the stone bridge, so that we did not cover the three miles to Centerville till 5, and it was nearly 7 when our brigade filed to the right at an old shop four miles beyond Centerville, and one-half mile beyond Cub Run Bridge on the Warrenton Turnpike, at which point the flanking movement really began. We followed an old abandoned road through the woods, which meandered somewhat near the general course of Bull Run, about two miles from it, till we came to Thornton's, where our course changed to the southwest directly to Sudley's Ford, which we reached about 10, having marched since 2 a. m., twelve and one-half miles only, though it seemed a great achievement at the time. Colonel A. E. Burnside's brigade had crossed and were resting; we halted for rest and to fill our canteens before crossing Bull Run, and half an hour later, as the enemy was discovered, we crossed the ford while Burnside's brigade was deploying. Our captain fell out exhausted as to the double quick we passed in rear of Burnside's line, now hotly engaged, to take our place on his right. The shells of the Rebel artillery fell around us, damaging and demoralizing us slightly, the first casualty that I saw being the killing of two men of Major Sykes' battalion by one shell. As we moved out across the open fields an incident occurred that I have a vivid recollection of, which was also witnessed by others, and which is so well recounted by Dr. W. H. Coe, now of Auburn, New York, that I will quote it from his letter to me:

"Auburn, N. Y., April 23, 1888.

"General H. S. Hall:

"My dear Sir,—You will no doubt remember me as one of the original members of Company G, Twenty-seventh Regiment New York Volunteers, enlisted on Seminary Hill at Lima, April 23, 1861, nine days after the fall of Sumter. I was only a lad then, and was required to get the written consent of my parents allowing me to enlist. I attended a reunion of the Twenty-seventh at Mt. Morris last fall, at which only seven or eight of Company G were present. General Slocum was present, now slow in his motions, stocky in person, and getting white with age. I find on inquiry for this one or that one, that I am oftener answered 'Dead' than otherwise. I have been told that you went well up in the service after the Twenty-seventh boys came home, and that you left an arm down South. But I want to refer back to 1861, and our march from Centerville to Bull Run, and as we went on double quick across the fields in rear of the line of battle to take our place near the right of the line in such a position that we could see the hard fighting going on as we passed along, and knew that we were going into the same; then where was Captain Perkins? Poor man, he had tired out, and was not fit at his age to endure such marching; the company being led by First Lieutenant Phillips; then I well remember seeing Lieutenant Phillips step back from the head of the company and say, 'Lieutenant Hall, will *you* lead the company?' 'Yes, sir,' said Lieutenant Hall, and immediately exchanged places with Lieutenant Phillips; and so Lieutenant Hall led the company through the first great battle of the war. I want your boys to understand this, and remember it as a bit of military history. You may have forgotten this item in the rush of changes of those days, but I distinctly remember it."

The direction of our attack was nearly south along the Sudley and New Market Road, and as we advanced the enemy on the east of that road, under Bee, Bartow, and Evans, gallantly held their ground till our regiment was ordered to charge down the road upon their supports and turn their position by their left and rear.

Without halting, we rushed down the hill, driving in-

infantry and artillery from their position near a stone house in the angle formed by the road we were on and the Warrenton Turnpike, and as they fell back to the heights across the turnpike we filed around the stone house facing to the rear of and advancing upon General Bee's position, up the hill towards a grove of oak trees in which his left was posted. At this moment the enemy, finding their left turned by us, retired by their right, and we saw them moving out of the grove parallel to our front, deliberately making signs as if they were friends. Their colors were furled, and their gray uniforms did not sufficiently designate them, as many of our own troops wore the same color. We were yet lacking in discipline, so while some of us shouted, "Fire!" others yelled, "Don't shoot; it is a Massachusetts regiment, or the Eighth New York." Tall Bob Frazee at my elbow on the right of my company, with a voice like a fog-horn, shouted to them, "Show your colors," when they shook out the Rebel flag and opened a terrific fire of musketry on us. That settled it, and gallantly and coolly directed by Colonel Slocum, Lieutenant-Colonel Chambers, and Major Bartlett, we gave them the best we had. Their batteries and reserves on our right rear across the Warrenton Pike joined in the fight, and when one company seemed somewhat nervous, Lieutenant-Colonel Chambers encouraged them by saying, "Ne-ne-ne-never mind a f-f-few shells, boys; G-G-G-God Almighty is m-m-merciful." One lieutenant, with the large whites of his eyes showing like saucers, manfully stood his post and fired his revolver in the air. Riding up and down the rear of the regiment, the lieutenant-colonel continued his Scriptural injunctions, and noticing my company doing the most telling execution, said, "G-g-g-give it to 'em, b-b-boys; God l-l-loves a cheerful g-g-giver." The troops that engaged us soon passed over Young's Branch and across the Warrenton Turnpike out of sight near the Robinson house with their main line and batteries, and as our regiment was without support, Colonel Slocum withdrew it up the hill into the grove from which the troops we had encountered came,

receiving a bullet through the leg while directing the movement. Major Bartlett then assumed command of the regiment, he says by order of Colonel Slocum, and gallantly commanded us during the remainder of the action. An ambulance was brought to the grove, the colonel was put in, and, accompanied by the lieutenant of the elevated revolver, started for Washington. We were next formed in line on the ridge from which we had charged down upon the enemy around the stone house, this time advancing to the assault of the enemy on the Henry House Hill, south of the Warrenton Pike. There had been very little concert of action in the earlier part of the battle, and there was still less now, seeming to be no simultaneous advance of lines, divisions, or brigades, regiments going in here and there singly and being repulsed one by one. We advanced to the turnpike for the second time, now to the west of Sudley Road, crossed it and Young's Branch, and moved up to the assault just as Ellsworth's Zouaves and other regiments gave way, when we were retired in good order under a heavy fire, in rear of the ridge from which we had set out. A large body of disorganized men had gathered there, and General McDowell, accompanied by Major Wadsworth of his staff, rode up to Major Bartlett, and the general said that our regiment was so steady and reliable that he desired us to move upon the crest of the ridge as the foundation of a new line, which should show a firm front until we were relieved, and I have always thought he added, "by General Patterson, who will soon be here."

We obeyed the order, other troops forming on our right and left, and off to the west we could see columns of soldiers moving towards us, which I supposed to be the expected relief. Soon without any apparent cause the troops on our extreme right began to pass in our rear as if of a common impulse, neither did I hear any orders for the movement, and when it reached our regiment we went with the rest. There were no signs of fright or panic, but soon ambulances, wagons, and artillery became intermingled with the infantry, and very lit-

tle semblance of organization remained. I had urged the company to keep together, and succeeded in keeping about twenty with me. We followed a road that led to a ford near the stone bridge, and forded Bull Run in plain sight of that bridge, just as the enemy's artillery opened on the throng of men and teams crossing it, breaking down a loaded wagon almost on the center of the bridge obstructing its passage. Many of the drivers and some of the troops were seized with panic, and some teams and men wildly took to the woods. The cry of "Black Horse Cavalry!" was raised, which added to the confusion. The artillery fire did very little damage, nor did any cavalry appear to me, though I looked carefully in all directions.

As our little party was making its way steadily along near the road, an ambulance dashed past us, at the rear of which we saw our captain hanging on for dear life with one hand, his long legs flying in the air as he ran in his desperate efforts to keep up, while with the other hand he held on his shoulder several officers' sabers. We soon came up with him lying exhausted by the side of the road, when Bob Frazee and I took his sabers, and, supporting him on each side, helped him along till two mounted officers overtook us, when I appealed to them, saying, "Gentlemen, for God's sake can't you give our captain a lift; he is old and completely exhausted?" One of them said, "I will," dismounted, and we lifted Captain Perkins into his saddle. I inquired his name, which I have forgotten, but think he was assistant surgeon of the 79th Regiment, New York State Militia. Some distance further on we again came up with the captain, when Captain Seymour Pierce, then our first sergeant, and Lieutenant J. R. Briggs, then sergeant, helped him along till they got him into a wagon which took him to Washington. Our quartermaster had gone out with his horse and buggy, and Captain Perkins was riding with him when the stampede began; before this some officers of the regiment had asked to have their swords carried in the buggy, so Captain Perkins had taken charge of them. When

the shelling began and the cry of "Black Horse Cavalry!" was raised, the quartermaster took through the timber with his buggy, soon broke an axle, setting our captain afoot, his appearance clinging to the ambulance being the first we had seen of him since he dropped out near the Sudley Ford in the morning. We halted at Centerville soon after dark, and lying down on the ground, I soon fell asleep. When I awoke, the sun, shining full in my face, was over an hour high. Not a sound was to be heard, so stirring myself, rising and looking around where an army was bivouacked when I had lain down the night before, not a human being, friend or foe, was in sight, except Captain E. H. Brady, then one of my sergeants. Gathering up the swords that the captain had left with me, Brady and I did not stop to pay our bill, make our toilet, or order breakfast, but steadily advanced backwards in good order towards Fairfax Court House.

We were soon overtaken by two men of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, mounted double on a confiscated horse. Seeing my extra equipment of swords, one of the men kindly offered to carry one of them for me, and I gladly handed him the first one that came to hand without noticing which or whose it was. Unfortunately, I never could remember his name, and the sword never was restored to its owner, who proved to be Lieutenant Coan, to whom it had been presented by Albion, N. Y., friends, hence its loss by his voluntary abandonment of it to the care of another was quite mortifying to him. The others I brought into Washington and restored to their owners, who seemed to take it as a matter of course that some brother officer should load up with the side-arms that they had divested themselves of on the field of battle. I never constituted myself an armor-bearer to any of them thereafter.

At Fairfax Court House many teams and wagons were abandoned; public, regimental, and officers' property strewed the ground on all sides, in the midst of which we saw a mounted officer, whom as we came nearer I recognized to be General James S. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, N. Y., then a major

of militia, serving as volunteer, aide-de-camp to General McDowell. I approached him and said, "Sir, we belong to the Lima Volunteers, from your county; can we be of any service to you?" He replied that we could help him make a train of the abandoned wagons, by getting the soldiers that were occasionally coming in to hitch up and take charge of teams, which we did, and made up quite a train, which we took into Alexandria, sending the wagons to their proper regiments. When we left Fairfax Court House, it was fully 9 a. m. of July 22d, and there was as yet no sight or sound of pursuit by the enemy. General Wadsworth was still there without one single orderly, guard, or escort, engaged in his efforts to save property and to forward such soldiers as had been left behind. It was characteristic of the man, who with his great wealth, which he had used freely to send supplies into Washington at an earlier day, never availed himself of it to avoid service, but bore a gallant soldier's part, did a soldier's duty, and died a soldier's death at the head of his division in the Wilderness. We went into Alexandria without further adventure, where several men of the 27th Regiment had made their way, whom I gathered together, drew rations for, and put them in temporary quarters, reporting to the regiment by telegraph, started for our camp on Franklin Square, Washington, at 4 p. m., and reached there with thirty-five men of the regiment at 7 p. m., July 23d.

The loss of our regiment at the battle of Bull Run, in killed, wounded, and missing was 130, 60 of whom were missing. Thirty-five returned to us from Libby Prison in January, 1862, among them seven belonging to my company. The fate of the other twenty-five missing men I never knew.

Experience in the Peninsular and Antietam Campaigns.

**By Companion H. Seymour Hall, Brevet Brigadier-General
United States Volunteers.**

January 3, 1894.

General McClellan assumed command of the army on the 27th of July, 1861, while we were still in camp on Franklin Square; Colonel Andrew Porter, our brigade commander in the battle of Bull Run, was appointed provost-marshall, and soon restored order in Washington. Our camp was so near Willard's Hotel and the Ebbitt House that numerous visitors came. Mr. Hildreth, the author of the famous "swill milk" reports, in Frank Leslie's paper, Lieutenant E. V. Summer, nephew of General Summer, and Hon. James B. McKean, being some of those whom I particularly remember as among my guests. The latter was then the representative in Congress of the Saratoga Springs district, and after two or three visits to me, he said: "I am going to Saratoga to raise a regiment, and want you to get a leave of absence, go home, and raise a company for it in your native township of Providence. You have more experience than any of your old friends; that will promote you from your present rank of second lieutenant to captain, and in the organization of the regiment, of which I shall be the colonel, we may be able to do even better than that for you." Our colonel, who was still in the hospital in the city, had just been made brigadier-general. I asked his advice, and General H. W. Slocum said, "Stay where you are; you will do quite well," so I staid; but I sometimes think it was a mistake, for General McKean's regiment was the famous Bemis Heights Battalion, the 77th New York Volunteers.

August 4th we were assigned to General Heintzelman's brigade, and on the 14th we moved to camp near the seminary, Alexandria, Va., to join our brigade, which was composed of our 27th New York Volunteers, the 16th and 26th New York Volunteers, the 5th Maine Volunteers, and Tidball's Battery (A), Second United States Artillery. It was one of the twelve brigades composing the Division of the Potomac, which, with the new regiments that by that time had arrived, was, October 15, 1861, organized as the Army of the Potomac, ours thus becoming General H. W. Slocum's brigade, of General W. B. Franklin's division. With drill, work

on Fort Lyon and other fortifications, on picket toward Fairfax Court House, or Mount Vernon, near the home of that Mason, of Mason and Slidell fame, the autumn and winter were employed in diligent and arduous labor and study, preparing for the coming campaign.

November 7th Captain Perkins resigned; Lieutenant Phillips was made captain, soon went into hospital in Alexandria, leaving me, the second lieutenant, the only commissioned officer on duty with the company, to discharge the duties that three officers usually share. Extra duties came to me—serving on regimental court-martial, and as a member of a board of survey to examine the different issues of clothing made in the regiment since its organization and to report the money value of each class of articles delivered to the soldiers, gave me additional work, so that my time was fully taken up, and none left for me to acquaint myself with the many places of historic interest in the vicinity. One of the few that I did visit was the old slave-pen where was confined, loaded with heavy chains, Solomon Northrop, a freeman from my native county of Saratoga, N. Y., who was sold from that very pen into slavery, by kidnapers, and held in slavery for fourteen years. The house where Colonel Elsworth was shot for pulling down the Rebel flag from its roof, the old brick church where Washington worshiped, and General Lee's home at Arlington were among other places of interest that we visited till the weather became cold and stormy, so bad that the exposure on the picket line caused much sickness and many deaths.

Once while out at the front, a terrible storm of rain, sleet, and wind was raging, word came of the death of N. K. Wood, a man of my company in hospital. To send his remains to his home, I walked through the storm, in slushy snow nine miles to Alexandria, discharged that sad duty, and returned to my post, sick with a cold and fever, which planted the seeds of disability from which I am not yet free. At the time of the first grand review of the Army of the Potomac about the

first of December, at Bailey's Cross-roads, I was able to be on duty and present with the regiment, with the 60,000 men in line for the inspection by General George B. McClellan and President Abraham Lincoln, who was accompanied by Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, Hon. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, and the other members of his Cabinet. The striking contrast between the horsemanship of the President and the general made a lasting impression on me. The former bobbing up and down in his saddle, making efforts to replace his tall silk hat on his head after acknowledging the salute of the successive colors as he rode past, very ludicrous, so that after the first few efforts he did not try, riding at such a furious gait as they were; the latter sitting in his saddle, while his horse was flying over the ground, as easily as if in an easy-chair, raising and replacing his military cap as gracefully as if on the reviewing-stand. As the President's early experience had undoubtedly made him a good rider, it is probable that the not unusual joke had been perpetrated on him of giving him a very rough-riding horse. This grand review was the culminating event of the year, and the great massing of troops at that four corners made the enemy watchful, and caused him to suspect that a general movement was designed.

Brigade drill was instituted by General Slocum, as the battalions became more proficient, and was carried on regardless of wind or weather. One day the wind was very high, making it impossible for the commands of the brigade commander to be heard, and as a consequence there was considerable confusion in the execution. At last the general lost his accustomed serenity, and summoned the colonels to the front and center. As they rode up in line, halted, and saluted the general returned the salute; then he asked briefly and with emphasis, "Why in —— don't you repeat my commands?" For a moment there was an embarrassing silence, then spoke the man from Maine, that worthy successor to Colonel Mark H. Dunnell, M.C., Colonel N. J. Jackson, and

these were his memorable words: "Well, general, I can repeat your commands, but all I can say will be, 'Yawp, yawp.'" The explanation was satisfactory, the colonels were dismissed to their posts, and the drill proceeded.

Midnight, the opening hour of 1862, was ushered in by the thunder of cannon and strains of martial music, and the morning dawned bright and beautiful. Our new year and a few weeks following were brightened by the presence in camp of the wives of the few married men among our officers, for most of us were only boys then. Our camp was christened "Camp Ciara," in honor of Mrs. Slocum, who was visiting the general. My having two wall tents for quarters by virtue of my being the only commissioned officer on duty with my company enabled me to extend the courtesy of hospitality and to add to the housekeeping facilities of my school friend and brother officer, Lieutenant Charles S. Baker, by inviting his tent-mate, Lieutenant E. P. Gould, to share my quarters, leaving quarters for Mrs. Baker in her husband's tent, which she occupied until near the time when her husband resigned from the Army, in February, 1862. The event justified his sagacity, for he became for a time a successful politician, and was finally sent to Congress for three terms.

The 8th of January news came that thirty of the men of the regiment who were captured at Bull Run were on their way, returning from Libby Prison, and as some of them belonged to my company, I went to Baltimore to meet them, gave them a good dinner in Washington, and left them well provided for in the Soldiers' Retreat. T. J. Briggs gave me a ring made by him while in Libby, which is kept as a souvenir of the release from that prison of those seven members of my company. On my return to camp, great preparations were made to welcome our released comrades—the company streets were decorated with evergreen, and on their arrival the star-spangled banner was flying from the regimental and company headquarters, and the regiment, led by the band, marched out

to meet them, their reception making a notable break in the monotony of the camp life in winter quarters.

Often our picket tour lasted five days, almost the entire company going out, one familiar post being at O'Brien's on the Little River Turnpike, Cloud's Mill two miles east, Benton's Tavern one mile west of us. Visits from Captain Hunt, 1st Kentucky Volunteers, captured while on picket in West Virginia, lately released from prison in Richmond; from Lieutenants W. B. Carpenter, E. Bannister, J. M. Clute, of the Army, and E. B. Morehouse, of Avon, New York, old friends, relieved the tedium of the damp, cloudy, stormy days and weeks that seemed almost interminable, and only for the incessant drill, when the skies cleared, the army world have become demoralized. About the close of January, the colonel was visited by his brother, Rev. W. H. Bartlett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and we enjoyed the rare treat of hearing a few times that learned and eloquent divine, who at that time ranked with Dr. E. H. Chapin and Rev. H. W. Beecher. Thus passed our first winter in camp, with the Army of the Potomac.

We now know that as the first of March approached there were disagreements about the plans of campaign, but all that many of us knew then was that on the 10th of March we moved out from our winter camp to Fairfax Court House, making that distance more easily in one day than we did little more than half as much the July previous; though this time the rain fell incessantly, the weather was cold, our feet were loaded with Virginia mud, and our knapsacks load our backs, that weary fourteen-mile march. The court-house was badly damaged, the records destroyed or carried away, and the venerable Congregational church dismantled, the seats torn up, the pulpit thrown down, and the quiet little village had been completely wrecked since I passed through it, almost the last of General McDowell's army to do so, July 22, 1861.

March 15th, at dark, orders came to return to Alexandria, so back as far as O'Brien's we marched, through rain and mud,

bivouacking on the wet ground, weary, cold, and uncomfortable, moving on into our old camp next day with the same unfavorable weather. Our use of the tente-d'abri began with this campaign, and the Army Corps organization was inaugurated, ours becoming the Second Brigade (General Slocum's), First Division (General W. B. Franklin's), First Army Corps (General Irvin McDowell's), March 13, 1862. My acquirement from the campaign was a severe attack of chills and fever.

April 4 marching orders came; we boarded cars near Fort Ellsworth, ran out 29 miles, to Manassas Junction, marched three miles beyond, in rain and mud, which were with us always in our camp, till the 7th, attended us in our six-hour march on to Catlett's Station, remained round about us the dark, rainy, sleety, snowy night, soaking us with water, plastering us with mud, and chilling us to the marrow with cold. The enemy's deserted quarters and abandoned fortifications with their Quaker guns in position near our last July battlefield mocked at our discomforts and discomfiture. On the 12th we returned once more to our Alexandria camp.

April 17th we embarked on steamer "S. R. Spaulding," which carried our entire regiment and four companies of the 96th Pennsylvania Volunteers, it taking the place of the 26th New York Volunteers in our brigade. Taking four schooners in tow, the "Spaulding" steamed down the Potomac past Mount Vernon, giving us a fine view of the house, the tomb, and the river front, on past the White House, Brush Point, Freestone Point, Acquia Creek, and Cockpit Point, heading up the Pocosin River, came to anchor at Ship Point at 8 a. m., the 19th, the first of the fleet to arrive, having lost two of our tows the night before in a storm, by parting their hawsers.

Within hearing of the sound of the cannon and sight of the reflection of the camp-fires of our besieging army at Yorktown, we lay off the low sandy shore, impatient of the inactivity. To relieve the tedium, General Slocum ordered the steamer to Fortress Monroe, a run of twenty-nine miles, which

we made in two hours, steamed around near the "Monitor," "the Yankee cheese-box on a raft," and lay to for a good view of her as she was waiting with steam up for the reappearance of her late antagonist, the "Merrimac." We were taken within view of the wrecks of the victims of the first attack of the "Merrimac," the United States frigates "Cumberland" and "Congress," then landed to visit the fortress, which covered 250 acres, mounted 335 guns, and would accommodate a garrison of 10,000 men. On our return we passed the French and English fleets, lying at anchor in Hampton Roads, and the next day, April 24th, were allowed to land on the shore of Cheesman's Creek and go into camp. Oysters were found in shallow water, the men waded in, and for want of better implements used feet and hands to rake up the spoils, enjoying this rare addition to their rations. As we had left the captain of my company still in Alexandria Hospital, I had the pleasure of sharing my tent with Dr. S. B. Morse, our assistant surgeon, a very agreeable companion. I heard nothing from Captain Phillips, therefore was very much surprised when at dress parade the colonel had the adjutant read an order as follows:

"Headquarters 27th Regiment New York
State Volunteers, April 29, 1862.

"Special Orders No. 43.

"Second Lieutenant H. Seymour Hall is hereby promoted to captain, with rank and pay as such from April 24, 1862, of Company G, 27th Regiment New York Volunteers, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

"By order of Jos. J. Bartlett, Colonel comdg.

"*Melville W. Goodrich, Adjutant.*"

The reason for this unusual proceeding was explained to me to be that our captain in hospital had resigned, and the colonel determined to repair a previous injustice in time for my name to be borne as captain on the company muster- and pay-roll for March and April, 1862, which was made out April 30th. Crockett's Point was our camping-ground, from which

we re-embarked May 4th, steamed up the York River to Yorktown the 5th, General Magruder's army having evacuated the place just as General McClellan was ready to assault his works. About forty houses constituted the town, many of them old and dilapidated, among the best being the ancient brick house occupied by General Cornwallis before his surrender to Washington, the 9th of October, 1781, virtually ended the Revolutionary War. This house stood near the entrance to Magruder's principal fort on the river front, from the powder magazine of which is now in my possession a heavy copper and plate-glass safety lantern. The enemy spiked and abandoned their heavy guns, besides much material, barbarously planting torpedoes in the various streets and approaches. Steaming up the river thirty miles to intercept the enemy, driving away his skirmishers, landing at a brick house near West Point at 5 p. m., my company was detached from the regiment by General Slocum, to follow up the skirmishers—posting one man at the general's headquarters at the river, another within hearing of the first, and so on, till the skirmish-line halted, then when the enemy appeared I was to notify the general of the situation over my vocal line of telegraph. At half past 9 a. m., May 7th, after our being on duty all night, the foe appeared, threw themselves on our waiting lines, which had been advanced through the thick underbrush to meet him. He assaulted with desperate fury, and pressed us hard till I hastened to the general and gave him the position of the enemy.

Our transports had been convoyed by a fleet of gun-boats, which were lying in the river, and at my report the general said to an aide-de-camp, "Lieutenant, go on board the flag-ship, give my compliments to the captain, and ask him to throw shell into those woods." The then boy, who is yet my friend and has greatly distinguished himself in military and civil life, desired to be scrupulously exact in his message, so he looked anxiously at the general and very earnestly asked, "*One shell, general?*" The general was terribly shocked. He looked intensely disgusted, as though he had taken great pris-

with that boy's military training and all his high hopes of him had suddenly and ruthlessly been dashed to earth, but he recovered himself and said with considerable emphasis, "—
—it! tell him to *throw shell into those woods*, to *shell the woods*, to *keep shelling the woods*."

No doubt the message was faithfully delivered, the heavy guns opened, the shrieking shells burst among the ranks of the enemy, helping our men to hurl back his battalions, dismayed and defeated. At 3 in the afternoon the enemy had disappeared, my company was relieved, and we joined the regiment, which had not been engaged. At this battle of We Point our division lost 186 officers and men. We remained in camp near the brick house at the landing, where I visited the hospitals. The first amputation that I saw after enlistment was performed here by the famous surgeon, Professor Frank Hamilton. My company was mustered into the service of the State of New York, and we received our first military order from the adjutant-general of the State, dated exactly one year before we participated in the West Point battle. That order I have. The captain and lieutenant had left the service, some men have died, many were in hospital, others discharged.

We moved by easy stages two miles on the 9th, grazing our beef cattle, on Attorney-General Lacy's plantation, up to their knees in clover; three miles on the 11th, where, while I was at Colonel Bartlett's tent, General McClellan came through the camps with his staff, dismounted and entered; the officers of his staff dismounted and rested the two hours he remained. There for the first time I saw the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, who had just lately been appointed captains and aides-de-camp, and their uncle, the Prince de Joinville. The general was in excellent spirits, and seemed to pass a very pleasant couple of hours.

Cumberland Landing on the Pamunkey River was reached on the 13th, twelve miles advance, over a level sandy country, through patches of pine, cedar, beech, and oak timber. We encamped at Toler's, where it was a great pleasure to meet

my school friends, Captains W. W. Bates and Gleason, 25th New York Volunteers, of General F. J. Porter's division. On to the White House, the Custis estate, five miles, on the 15th, where Washington wooed and won the beautiful and accomplished Martha, whose ownership of 200 slaves in nowise diminished her charms. The gentle rain again came down upon us on this move, to that extent that our wagons were thirty-six hours pulling over that five miles. While they were coming up, the provisional Sixth Corps was organized, with General W. B. Franklin commanding, General Slocum our division and Colonel Bartlett our brigade commander. ours being the Second Brigade, First Division, and in the Second Division were my friends, Colonel J. B. McKeon, Colonel Taylor, and Captain McNair, 33d New York Volunteers, from Rochester, Lieutenant C. H. Hickmott, 49th New York Volunteers, of Buffalo. The Spaulding came up with sanitary supplies on board—I met Generals Barry and Seth Williams, and when the ship dropped down the stream a mile or so, Captain Howes urged me to remain on board his ship, and sent a boat to the landing with me afterwards. We advanced five miles, still in New Kent County, but near the line of Henrico, on the 19th, camping near Tunstall's Station, in the rain; and on the 20th, eight miles northwest, to Cold Harbor, our regiment and others making a reconnaissance next day as far as Mechanicsville, five miles northeast of Richmond, pushing the enemy before us, succeeded in ascertaining that no fortification nor great force of the enemy was in our front in that direction, returned to camp until the 25th, then moved two miles west, continued our advance the 27th to Mechanicsville, drove the enemy away, and took possession of the village, where we remained till June 6th.

Sometimes my company was on duty near Broaddus, and the river, within a short distance of the enemy, again to the right, where the Virginia Central Railroad crosses the Chickahominy. A camp of the enemy and the spires of Richmond were in plain view from the top of a tree which I climbed;

groups from their camp behind the trees came out to watch us, so we mounted a log on the axle and hind wheels of a wagon, which we trained on them, to see them run hastily to cover. Frequent demonstrations were made by us toward the crossing of the river, and several artillery duels caused us some losses, but the deluge of rain which continued to pour down upon us disabled more men than the enemy's guns. For variety, our division was relieved, and returned to camp near Gaines' Mill, taking a rest by building bridges across the Chickahominy, and corduroy roads through the mud to get to them, and if Dr. Gaines found a good road of that style near his house, I am entitled to some of the credit for it. General Prim, of Spain, visited the army here, and the usual review took place, this time of General F. J. Porter's Fifth Corps, and the 220 pieces of reserve artillery.

June 13th General Slocum detailed me on general court-martial, of which Colonel Calvin E. Pratt, 31st New York Volunteers, was president, and while in session at division headquarters, disposing of many cases, Colonel Kay held his conference with General Howell Cobb on our division picket-line, and General J. E. B. Stewart made his cavalry raid around McClellan's army. A newsboy came into our lines from Richmond, bringing for sale 100 copies of the Richmond *Dispatch* containing an account of the raid, was brought to General Slocum, who examined him in the presence of the members of our court, confiscated his papers, and sent him back through the lines.

We crossed to the south side of the Chickahominy over Woodbury's Bridge, the new camp about eight miles from Gaines', the Fair Oaks battle-ground one mile east. Here, within gunshot of the enemy's lines, our major, Curtis C. Gardiner, entertained, June 21st, an anniversary of the New York Light Guards, General Slocum; his adjutant-general, Captain H. C. Rodgers; Colonel J. J. Bartlett, our brigade commander; Colonel E. C. Charles, 42d New York; Colonel C. E. Pratt, 31st New York; Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Adams and

the ten company commanders of the 27th New York; Colonel N. J. Jackson and Lieutenant-Colonel Heath, 5th Maine; a very pleasant time, followed by my building corduroy roads on the morrow, to the music of musketry, and making up the pay- and muster-rolls of my company for March and April the next night. Rain followed rain, alternating with broiling sun, filling the atmosphere with malaria, the severe labor and the poisonous, enervating climate rapidly thinning our ranks and sapping the energies of those of us who had never before known what sickness was.

Frequent night alarms called us out when in camp, often in the rain, to stand for hours with our equipments on, drenched to the skin, with no relief till daylight, for fear of a surprise by the enemy.

June 25th we advanced our picket-line half a mile, losing 300 men in the movement, which was designed as a screen to cover the beginning of our change of base to the James River, and we were held in readiness, night and day, in our camp, which was reached by the shells of the enemy, who were very active on our front. The 26th the battles of Mechanicsville and Ellison's Mill were fought. The battle of Gaines' Mill took place June 27th, and on that morning we left camp at 7 a. m., in light marching order, moved a mile up the river and to the front, to meet the enemy on the south side, our brigade occupying the center of the division. At 2 p. m. we moved rapidly to Woodbury's Bridge in our rear, crossed to the assistance of General F. J. Porter, advanced toward Dr. Gaines' house, our brigade being detached on the way by General Porter, and ordered to the right, near the McGee house, to the support and relief of General George Sykes' division of regulars. Our regiment, changing front forward, charged the enemy with the bayonet, driving them from the shelter of the house, quarters, and outbuildings so suddenly that we captured two of their officers, who were vainly urging them to stand their ground. They made the most desperate efforts to recover their lost position, bringing up fresh

troops from Jackson's, Whiting's, and Ewell's divisions, of Stonewall Jackson's command, till they outnumbered us more than two to one, assaulted us with great fury, disorganizing portions of our line, but were unable to drive us from our position. The holding cost us dear. First Corporal J. H. Burleson, at my left elbow, was killed, shot through the body. Henry M. Gould, W. H. Buxton, Alexander Miles, Eugene Rappel, and Sergeant Charles W. Robinson dead, all dead on the field of battle; Captain H. Seymour Hall, who was awarded the medal of honor, First Sergeant George H. Robertson, Charles W. Burr, Thomas E. Sewall, Rollin P. Dart, H. E. Stannard, D. Maltman, Michael Cavanaugh, and seven others whose names I cannot now recall, wounded—my loss being 21 out of 53 men in that battle, but none of my company, not even of the wounded, were taken prisoners, and we held the position from which we first drove the enemy till darkness put an end to the conflict. Just after we had repulsed the first determined effort of the enemy to retake the hill on which the house and buildings stood from which we had driven them, a captain of the 5th Maine Regiment came running up to me, where my company was closed up, diminished nearly one-half in number, but yet pouring in a most effective fire on the enemy. He was followed by about two companies, and as he spoke grasped me by the hand, saying, "I have lost my regiment and want to fight with you fellows." He was a stranger to me before, but from that time, as Captain, Major, Colonel, and General Clark S. Edwards, of Maine, he was well known to me, and we shall meet him again. My own wound in the left thigh did not prove sufficiently severe to take me from the field, and soon after Captain Edwards had taken up a position to enable him to supply his fighting wants, someone plucked me by the elbow. When Burleson was shot, the ball that passed through his body struck First Sergeant Robertson in the leg, who said in answer to my question, that he could go to the hospital without assistance, as I suggested that he use his musket as a crutch. He started,

but finding himself able to do so, it was he who pluckily limped back to his company on the battle-field in the thickest of the fight.

This battle of Gaines' Mill was the hardest fighting the Lima boys had yet seen, and the fearful loss in our own company and the consciousness that we were so greatly outnumbered by such troops as Jackson's and D. H. Hill's division, did not shake them in the least; their coolness, steadiness, and the effectiveness of their fire I never saw excelled. Some time after dark we were ordered to withdraw; quickly, deliberately, and in good order we crossed the Chickahominy to our old camp after midnight, leaving our dead comrades on the field which their valorous deeds and life-blood had consecrated. Several of the wounded did not reach camp till daylight next morning. Of that goodly company that met with Major Gardiner six days before, Lieutenant-Colonel Heath was killed, Major Gardiner, Colonel Jackson, and Colonel Pratt (who has been a judge of the Supreme Court in the Second District of New York for years) were wounded. The regimental loss was 151. All our troops on the north side crossed to the south side of the stream during the night; the bridges were destroyed, three days' rations issued, wagons loaded and started for the James River, camps abandoned, and we moved out to the front, where we were exposed to a destructive fire by artillery, ushering in the battle of Golding's Farm, in which we took part till darkness intervened; then I was sent out in charge of 200 men, to guard the site of Woodbury's Bridge, the bridge above, and picket the bank of the river between, till 2 the next morning; then I withdrew my men, coming up with the division in position, and took our place in line, for the battle of Savage Station. Hastening to the hospital, I found some sick and wounded of my company still there, urged them to make their way to the James, provided for them as well as I could, and have the satisfaction of knowing that every one of them got through.

Every attack of the enemy was repulsed, and our division

was sent over the White Oak Swamp to guard against the efforts of the enemy to turn our position and reach our rear by way of Bottom's Bridge. We encountered his advance, repelled a fierce attack, following up our success so rapidly that his seriously wounded fell into our hands, a major dying of his wounds during the night. After the almost incessant fighting of the three previous days, the marching or picket duty every night, I again went on duty in command of the picket-line in front of the position from which we had driven the enemy.

By this time the rations issued to us on the 25th were consumed. Within my line of outposts was a planter's house and quarters, which the owner's family had left in charge of an old colored cook and her assistants, from whom I attempted to purchase some supplies for my company, but she persisted there was nothing left till my offer of my remaining stock of coin, left me after dividing with the sick and wounded of my company at Savage Station Hospital, brought out two ancient hams, which were divided among the men. Before daylight we withdrew to a new position with the division to the east of the Charles City road, where we maintained a lively artillery and sharpshooters' fight with the enemy all day, in which Porter's and Upton's batteries made great slaughter in the enemy's ranks, and held him at bay, enabling us to go to General Kearney's relief, and return to our command when it was effected. A force of the enemy's infantry passed beyond us and endeavored to cut us off from the main body of the army, but in the night, under cover of the darkness, we quickly and noiselessly marched by a single road that they had left uncovered, to our position in the line of battle at Malvern Hill, on the morning of July 1st at sunrise. With what reckless fury the enemy hurled his devoted and heroic battalions against our impregnable lines of artillery and infantry, only to be hurled back broken, shattered, defeated, and routed at last, is familiar history.

Our place in the line of battle was on the right of our

line, in the timber, where we were not exposed to the fiercest assaults of the enemy, neither were those ferocious attacks in sight of our position; therefore, since I cannot speak of them as an eye-witness, I will not attempt to describe them.

At midnight, July 1st, after the battle, we moved to a farm on the bank of the James River, stopping to rest in a sea of sticky mud, made so by the pouring rain, the grinding wheels, the trampling of hoof of beast and feet of armed men. In my company were two boys from the freshman class, so small that General Slocum, when the regiment was armed, gave each a silk guidon instead of a musket, and used them as markers upon which to align the regiment when drilling. One of them, John Alden Copeland (now a Methodist minister), had on a pair of boots that were too large for him, and while marching in this plastic clay, near the line of file-closers, stuck fast in the mud, just as General Slocum and staff were riding by; noticing the guidon, and recognizing one of his favorite boys, seeing his predicament, the general rode up alongside, took "Little Copeland" by the coat collar, pulled him completely out of his boots, and swung the boy on the horse behind himself. Here in this pouring rain, on this bed of mud, we halted about 8 a. m., July 2d, for the first day of rest we had had for one week, and being informed that no change in position would be made during the day, I started out to find the sick and wounded men of my company. I found several, but had forgotten what occurred in particular cases till my friend Dr. Coe refreshed my memory, so I quote from a letter of his to me:

"The last day of the retreat was very rainy; the grounds all around the Harrison house, where the sick and wounded congregated, was poached up by tramping hoof and foot, mud and water with the Virginia clay. Myself with two others, comrades of my company, whose names I cannot recall, reached that place just before night, and having found a vacant place on the ground under one of the large trees near the brick house, had just lain down in the mud, as hundreds

of others had done all around us, when you came along looking up the boys of Company G. On finding us and seeing the wretched state we were in, wet to the skin, on the wet earth with no protection other than one small blanket for the three of us, a cold, wet night coming on, you, being an officer, passed the guards, into the brick house in search of shelter. The lower rooms and the garret were filled with the surgeons and the wounded; but in the *garret* on the east side of one of the great chimneys which went up through the roof, you found a little unoccupied space on the loose boards which lay across the joists, just room enough for three to lie down and no more; into this place you passed us. We spread down the one small blanket, and three sick men lay down to rest, in a *heaven*, as compared with the outside exposure. After 'housing' us and 'putting us to bed,' you said, 'Boys, have you got anything to eat?' 'No, nothing,' we said. In fact, as for myself, I had eaten nothing for the last three days except shelled wheat gathered in passing a wheat-field; being too sick to eat my rations, I gave them to hungry comrades, hence we were destitute. So you opened your haversack, saying you would divide with us, and on examination of your own 'larder,' you had nothing but a *cucumber pickle* the size of one's finger, which you gave to us.

"I have not seen you since I went to hospital in Philadelphia when the army retired from the Peninsula a month later, but I have thought of this occurrence hundreds of times and said in my heart, 'God bless you.' It was not the food we so much needed, as *protection* from the inclement weather, where we could lie down and dry out and rest, even though it was on a narrow, rough board, in a close garret, with about 100 others in like condition as ourselves. The following morning several men were taken up dead, who had lain down outside as we had done, who died from fatigue and exposure. I have seen better times since then, but I don't know when I have appreciated my 'accommodations' more fully than on that occasion, in that warm, dry place in the garret

of the home of *old* General Harrison and limited to one board about a foot in width."

In the rain and mud we changed camp to a drier location about two miles back from the river, in rear of Berkely Landing, and began to fortify our position.

When our baggage-wagon came to the regiment, my valise was not to be found, and the driver did not explain. A day or two after the loss was discovered by me, a bright, handsome boy came bringing it to my tent. He explained that he had found it on the ground near where his regiment was encamped, broken open, the contents partly scattered around; he had gathered them up, replaced them in the valise, and brought it to my tent on finding it marked with my name, rank, and regiment. He refused to accept any compensation, and I took special pleasure in reporting his honorable conduct to his regimental and company commanders. His name was Fred Goodrich, of Bridgeport, Conn., and he was a soldier of Company A, 12th United States Infantry. On examination it was evident that no one had stolen the valise, the only property missing being two new suits of underwear, one boot of a pair bought from Janney, who claimed to be boot-maker to President Lincoln, and what I prized most of all, an oil painting, executed and sent me by the lady who is now my wife. I was informed, just lately, thirty years after, that the driver of that wagon became frightened at some demonstrations of the enemy, threw out a quantity of baggage to lighten his load, and that I was not the only loser. Fortunately, my captain's commission was mailed to my mother the day before the battle of Gaines' Mill, and thus is preserved.

No other commander of the Army of the Potomac—I speak advisedly, having served under every one of them—ever so aroused the enthusiasm or was so much the idol of that army as General McClellan, and as he rode through our camp on the fourth of July the men spontaneously rushed out to look upon him and admire as they always had done,

but the cheering for him was not as hearty as it had been the past eleven months.

Under the stifling heat of the July sun, made more unbearable by the atmosphere being saturated with moisture, we either went on picket, labored diligently on the entrenchments night and day, drilled by way of pastime, exhausting what strength the campaign and malaria had left us, our sick-list rapidly increased, so that when President Lincoln visited the army the 8th and 9th, I had been for some time the only officer on duty with my company. My health and strength gave way under the stress of service and the effects of the deadly malaria of the swamps of the Chickahominy, so that on the 10th malarial fever set in. For four weeks our regimental surgeon, Dr. Norman S. Barnes, treated me while I remained in my tent with a nurse, then advised me that my life depended on my going North. He called in Dr. Robertson, medical examiner for the Sixth Corps, who confirmed his opinion, and on the 5th of August I started for my home in Saratoga County, N. Y., on a twenty-days leave of absence from General McClellan, as they had recommended.

At that date the Army of the Potomac, with all its trains, guns, and material, was in a secure position on the James River, with safe and uninterrupted communication with Washington by water, and with rest, reinforcements, and the cooler weather of autumn, would soon be ready to make a new campaign against Richmond across the James, as General McClellan proposed, but was not permitted to undertake, but which was finally adopted after two years of intervening, unavailing, and bloody endeavor to conquer by some other route.

It has been denied that there is any evidence that General McClellan ever proposed to move on Richmond by the way of Petersburg, therefore I call attention to the statement of General Halleck, in his memorandum for the Secretary of War, dated July 27, 1862, on page 337, Part 3, Volume XI., War of the Rebellion, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies.

The trip by day steamer up the Hudson was reviving, and a few days at my home on the hills overlooking Saratoga Springs and Schenectady were very beneficial, and if I had stayed my leave out, no doubt it would have been better for me.

Rumors of some movement of the army hastened my return before my leave had half expired, so that on the 17th I was at General John A. Dix's headquarters, Fortress Monroe, inquiring the location of my regiment, and as it was unknown, the general directed me to remain at that point till further orders, which was received on the 21st, when I rejoined my regiment at Newport News. The steamer "John Brooks" took us to Alexandria, and we found ourselves doing picket duty on the old familiar ground, in the old familiar rain, till the 29th; then our division started to the relief of General John Pope at Manassas and Bull Run the second. Through Annandale, Fairfax Court House, Centerville, across Cub Run and Bull Run, familiar names and scenes, hurrying to the sound of the cannon, on we pressed, meeting a swelling stream of wounded and fugitives, when near sunset of the 30th there burst upon us a flood of foot, horse, wagons, and artillery, which General Slocum vainly attempted to stay by deploying his division across their way. Blows, bayonets, and threats of bullets were of no avail; the disorganized and demoralized mob rushed recklessly around our flanks and continued their headlong flight. I was in the midst of both, and the falling back of McDowell's army one year before was an orderly retreat compared with this of Pope's. As not all of McDowell's army was disorganized, neither was all of Pope's; I am simply comparing what I saw of both.

Following the mob of frightened fugitives came the remainder of General Pope's army, retiring in an orderly manner, and after they had all passed, we took up a defensive position on a ridge near Bull Run, guarding the fords till noon of the 31st, without being molested by the enemy; then we withdrew to Centerville. In the rain and darkness "Stone-

wall" Jackson, on the night of September 1st, attempted to cut us off from Washington, and the battle of Chantilly was fought, in which his purpose was defeated, but we lost, by the killing of General Philip Kearney, one of the bravest and most promising of our generals. At 10 p. m. our division was on the move, with musket loaded and bayonet fixed, slowly and cautiously feeling our way in the darkness, rain, and mud, on our feet the entire night, making only about seven miles the whole night long, to near Fairfax Court House, from there to Alexandria, which we reached the following night, the army once more on the banks of the Potomac. The hardships and exposure of the campaign were too much for my not fully recovered health, and the relapse which followed, aggravated by dysentery and bloody flux, brought me again under the surgeon's care; and when the command moved to observe the enemy, I took rooms at 200 Seventh Street, Washington, at the house of Mr. Frazee, father of two men of my company, and was treated there by Dr. Clymer, surgeon and medical director, and again rejoined my regiment before fit for duty. In the battle of South Mountain, September 14th, my company advanced as skirmishers on the center of the enemy's position at Crampton Pass, Color Sergeant W. H. McMahon, who belonged to my company, was seriously wounded in the face and head. The Howell Cobb Legion, with Semmes and Mahone, held the height, but were driven away in confusion; 700 arms, 3 stands of colors, and 300 prisoners being captured by the troops of our division.

The loss of the division was 114 killed, 397 wounded; aggregate loss, 511. On the morning of the 17th the division left Crampton Pass to join the main army, then engaged with the enemy at Antietam, reached the field of battle about noon and relieved a part of General Sumner's corps, in front of the Dunker church, exposed to a heavy artillery fire till sundown, but as the infantry was not engaged, the casualties were few. The enemy recrossed the Potomac the night of the 18th, and on the 19th our Sixth Corps went within about

two miles of Williamsport to capture General J. E. B. Stewart, who appeared at that place with a large force, but he declined to respond to our efforts, and after a sharp engagement, escaped across the river.

On the 24th we encamped near Bakersville, Maryland, about six miles east. President Lincoln rode through the camp October 3d, with Generals McClellan and Franklin, but there were no cheers or other demonstrations of enthusiasm.

An order from General Slocum detailing me as judge advocate of a general court-martial, of which General John Newton was president, was issued on the 12th, and it rather staggered me to have my first experience in that capacity with such a scholarly and distinguished soldier for president of the court. Regarding General Slocum as my best friend and adviser, I at once went and interviewed him thus: "General, I have your order, but as my knowledge of military law and the practice of court-martial is quite limited, please excuse me and relieve me from this detail." The general looked at me sharply and quizzically, and said: "— — you! I never gave you anything to do yet but that you did it. You have De Hart, get Benét, read them; if then there is anything you don't understand, General Newton will help you. He is one of the best posted officers in the Army." We did a large amount of work before the 17th, when Slocum was made a major-general and assigned to the command of the Twelfth Corps and Colonel Bartlett was promoted to brigadier-general. General W. T. H. Brooks was now assigned to the command of our First Division, Sixth Corps.

It had been one month since the battle of Antietam, the weather had been very fine, yet there was no indication of following the enemy; many of the inefficient officers had been weeded out by voluntary resignation, others yet remained who were capable men in other directions, who had no military or executive ability, yet failed to realize that they were a detriment to the service. To meet this condition the following order was issued:

"Headquarters Army of the Potomac,
"Camp near Knoxville, Md., October 25, 1862.

"Special Orders No. 296.

"Under the authority of the 10th Section of the Act of July 22, 1861, a board to consist of Colonel A. T. A. Torbert, 1st New Jersey Volunteers, Colonel H. B. Brown, 3d New Jersey Volunteers, Colonel Emory Upton, 121st New York Volunteers, and Captain H. S. Hall, 27th New York Volunteers, will meet at such time and place as the commander of the 6th Corps may designate, to examine into the capacity, qualifications, propriety of conduct, and efficiency of such volunteer officers as may be ordered before it.

"By command of Major-General McClellan.

(Signed) "S. Williams, Asst. Adjutant-General."

This *board* remained as constituted the subsequent eighteen months that I served with the Sixth Corps.

The 31st we started on our travels, through Bakersville, near Rhorersville, through the beautiful Crampton Valley, to the pass of the battle of September 14th. Thence our way lay southerly to Burkettsville, Knoxville, Perrysville, and Berlin, where we recrossed the Potomac into Virginia; then to Snicker's Gap, Bloomfield, and Millville; next to The Plains, where rumors of General McClellan's removal from command by the President on the 5th reached us, causing great regret and some dissatisfaction.

We were diverted from our course to close Thoroughfare Gap against a reported column of the enemy, but it turned out to be General Siegel's troops, and we resumed our march to New Baltimore, where on November 10th General McClellan rode through the camps of the corps for the last time, and was so moved by the expressions of personal regard and sympathy from officers and men that his eyes were moist and his voice tremulous as he personally took his final leave of that grand Army of the Potomac, which he had so thoroughly organized and perfectly disciplined, and so inspired with confidence in him and in itself that it never hesitated to undertake an assault ordered by its future commanders, however

desperate or hopeless it seemed, never was demoralized by defeat or discouraged by disaster, never lost any organization, even so much as an entire regiment by surrender, and finally closed its records of trial and glory when it compelled the surrender of the Confederate Army under General Robert E. Lee, by a quick succession of the most rapid movements, desperate assaults, and brilliant victories in the annals of the war.

Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

**By Companion H. Seymour Hall, Brevet Brigadier-General
United States Volunteers.**

April 4, 1894.

General A. E. Burnside's order assuming command of the army November 9th, was followed by a few days of inaction, so it was the 16th when we moved from New Baltimore easterly through Greenwich to Catlett's, crossing Cedar Run below the brick mill, resuming our march the next day in the direction of Fredericksburg, General W. F. Smith, "Baldy," in command of the corps. Rain set in, the weather was cold, and as we camped on the old Alexandria and Richmond Telegraph Road, toward Stafford Court House, the night of the 18th, it seemed as if the campaign must summarily end, by reason of the storm and mud that had so often caused us disappointment. At this time a correspondence was in progress concerning myself, of which I had no knowledge, till General Slocum told me of it long afterwards; then I secured the letters from the office of the adjutant-general of the State of New York.

The originals in my possession read thus:

"Headquarters 12th Army Corps,

"Harper's Ferry, Va., November 17, 1862.

"General,—The 145th New York Volunteers is without a colonel. W. H. Allen, having no commission, was directed to leave the post. The regiment needs a good officer at its head. If the governor has no experienced officer in view for this position, I would respectfully recommend the appointment of Captain H. Seymour Hall, of the 27th New York Volunteers. I am well acquainted with him, and know him to be a capable and efficient officer, and think his appointment would be a great benefit to the service. Captain Hall has no knowledge of my intention to recommend him for this position, and in doing it I am only actuated by a desire to improve the condition of the troops under my command.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"H. W. Slocum, Maj.-Gen. Vols., comdg.

"Gen. Thos. Hillhouse, Adjt-General, Albany, N. Y."

Accompanying the foregoing was a letter from General N. J. Jackson, previously colonel of the 5th Regiment Maine Volunteers, which reads:

"Headquarters 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 12th Corps,
"November 17, 1862.

"General,—I have the honor to request that Captain H. Seymour Hall, of G Company, 27th New York Volunteers, be appointed colonel of the 145th Regiment New York Volunteers, which regiment is now in the brigade under my command and has no colonel. The 145th Regiment is composed of good material, yet in its present state of discipline it needs an energetic and able commander. I have known Captain Hall for the past fifteen months and consider him in every way qualified to fill the above-mentioned position. Should this recommendation meet with the approval of his excellency Governor Morgan, I should be pleased to have the appointment made as soon as practicable.

"I am very truly, your obedient servant,

"N. J. Jackson, Brig.-Gen. Vols., comdg. Brigade.

"Brig.-Gen. Thos. Hillhouse, Adjt.-General State of N. Y."

The endorsement on this, as is his own letter, is wholly in General Slocum's handwriting. It read:

"Headquarters 12th Army Corps,
"Harper's Ferry, Va., November 20, 1862.

"I have been personally acquainted with Captain Hall since the commencement of the war, and know him to be a capable, efficient, and faithful officer, and most cordially unite with General Jackson in this recommendation. A colonel should be appointed for this regiment as soon as possible.

"H. W. Slocum, Maj.-Gen. Vols., comdg. Corps."

Why the governor did not make this appointment I do not know. No colonel was appointed, and General Slocum transferred the companies to other regiments, thus breaking up the regimental organization.

Meantime, as we occupied the northern bank of the Rappahannock and the enemy were in force on the opposite bank, the relations between the men on the picket-line were quite friendly; rumors of exchange of coffee for tobacco, and one night of some Alabamans whom we had encountered at first Bull Run under General Bee crossing and drinking coffee, were heard. Some of the boys afterward confirmed this rumor, and I had reason to believe that some of the Lima students

assisted in entertaining those bright young men from Alabama at the midnight coffee-drinking, and afterwards escorted them to their boat with friendly courtesy.

The weather and the condition of the roads precluded the possibility of moving against the enemy, and the supplying of rations from our new base, Belle Plain, on Acquia Creek, was a very difficult matter. We had no orders to prepare for winter quarters, but log walls for our tents were built, and on the first of December I received an order from General Franklin, now commanding the Left Grand Division of the three into which the army was organized, to proceed to Washington and procure the property belonging to the command, which had been stored there since our return from the Peninsula. On my return we moved the 4th to Belle Plain, a storm of rain, snow, and intense cold coming upon us on the way, and, arriving after dark, we were exposed to its fury without adequate shelter the whole night. We at once assumed the guard and fatigue duty at the landing, but the weather being very cold, the exposure and suffering very great, the order to return to our position opposite Fredericksburg on the 10th was welcome, though it did promise us a closer acquaintance with the enemy, who had been allowed ample time to fortify the position, naturally very strong, against which we were to advance. The prelude was already begun when we arrived on the scene. Fredericksburg and the batteries on the heights in rear were being furiously bombarded by our heavy artillery, fire and flame were raging in the city, and when the thunder of our batteries was answered by the enemy, the screaming, shrieking projectiles from his heavy Whitworth guns found their way into our bivouac and disturbed our rest. Early on the morning of the 11th our brigade, commanded by Colonel H. L. Cake, 96th Pennsylvania Volunteers, took position near where pontoon bridges were to be thrown across the Rappahannock River, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles below the city, in readiness to cross, which we did at nightfall,

deployed skirmishers, advanced on the left half a mile without seeing the enemy, when we were recalled, left pickets on the right bank, recrossed, and bivouacked for the night. All day and throughout the following night the earth shook with the thunder of the heavy artillery, the flash and roar of the guns on Stafford Heights were answered by flash and roar from Marye's Heights and the adjacent hills, while the fiery trail of the deadly shells in the air and the devouring flames consuming the doomed city on the plain lent a terrible sublimity to the scene. Early next morning, Friday, our Left Grand Division was in motion, pressing forward over two pontoon bridges, taking position in line, facing the intrenchments in which the command of General T. J. Jackson, with *him*, "Stonewall," for their commander, awaited our onset. A heavy cloud of fog and battle smoke overhung the plain and shut out of sight the ruined city. Scarcely were we in place when Colonel Adams ordered me to take two companies and ascertain who held Fredericksburg. Noiselessly, under cover of the friendly fog, my mission was accomplished. I ascertained that General Sumner had crossed, driven the foe from the streets, and grimly held what he had so audaciously seized. I returned, reported the facts to Colonel Adams, and was ordered by him to communicate them to General Brooks. The general thereupon ordered me to take 200 men and establish a line of pickets communicating with General Sumner's Grand Division, which I did, advancing them to the front within 200 yards of the enemy's outposts, undiscovered till the fog rolled away.

On the morning of the 13th Jackson attempted his favorite tactical movement by a fierce and sudden attack on our left flank, and continued to press us in that part of the field for several hours with the most determined valor, till about 4 o'clock p. m., when we suddenly took the offensive, drove him back over a mile, and held the ground through the night and the next day, both sides keeping well under cover from the constant fusillade of musketry and artillery. On

the right the field of action where Sumner, attempting the impossible task of driving Longstreet from the most strongly fortified and impregnable heights, was in plain sight from our position on the plain. Six times did his gallant men steadily advance to the assault of those now forever historic heights, six times were the brave battalions successively almost destroyed by the tempest of fire and leaden hail, and as fresh ones took their place, their dead found lying in line of battle, their few surviving comrades bleeding, broken but not dismayed. Such discipline and devotion to duty had rarely been seen before as were that Saturday, December 13, 1862, displayed on the heights behind the little city on the plain. Sunday and Monday were passed in vigilant watchfulness, amid a constant roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, but, as both our men and the enemy kept well under cover, neither attempting to advance from their position, the casualties were not very considerable. At midnight our occupancy of that plain having continued the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th, we retired across the Rappahannock, unmolested by the enemy. About noon, as will be found to be the case after almost every battle, rain fell, and continued unremittingly till all were thoroughly wet and miserable. On the 19th we went into camp near White Oak Church, where, on the 22d, I was detailed on court-martial, of which Colonel H. L. Cake was president, in session the rest of the year.

No orders were issued to go into winter quarters, but the men had learned by experience to avail themselves of every appearance of a period of respite from campaigning to make their quarters as comfortable as the surroundings would allow, and the regimental and company officers gave them encouragement and assistance in building timber walls and clay fireplaces beneath their roofing of shelter tents, and while the army was to refit, the men had comfortably housed and sheltered themselves without the least assurance from army headquarters that this would be our final camping-place for the remainder of the winter. A few days before what is

known as "The Mud March" was ordered by General Burnside, this order was delivered to me:

"Headquarters 2d Brigade,
January 15, 1863.

"General Orders No. 2.

"In obedience to General Orders No. 3, Headquarters Left Grand Division, Captain H. S. Hall, 27th New York Volunteers, is hereby appointed inspector of this brigade, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly. He will report at once for duty at these headquarters.

"By order of Brigadier-General Bartlett.

"R. P. Wilson, A. A. A. General."

"The Mud March" was to begin on Sunday, the 18th, but General Franklin made a suggestion that unless everything was fully in readiness, it would be better to leave the troops yet that day in camp, so that it was the 19th when we struck our tents and marched up the Rappahannock with the purpose of turning the enemy's left by the upper fords of the river and surprising him by an attack on his flank and rear. Before nightfall the rain began to fall, and soon the roadway became a stream of thin, almost bottomless mud; but our orders were imperative and we waded on, with all the enthusiasm gone out of us. Night came, and weary and dispirited we sat us down in the rain and darkness to wait for daylight, but not to sleep. In the morning we secured a tent to shelter the general and other officers at brigade headquarters, and we remained where the darkness of the previous night overtook us, near Banks' Ford, which was the place designated for the crossing of the main body of the army. We were close to General Burnside's tents, near a ravine which the road leading to the ford crossed, and almost every gun, pontoon-wagon, or other wagon that essayed the passage stuck in the mud, till the efforts of the teams were aided by the men, till finally the ravine became impassable and the effort was abandoned. From the characteristic language of the drivers, the infantry within hearing unanimously christened the place "Profanity Gulch." The expectation of surprising the enemy,

with which General Burnside had set out, was evidently impossible of realization; so, with his designs exposed to the enemy's cavalry, who gleefully observed our situation from their safe location on the opposite bank of the river, and his movement thwarted by the rain and mud, he gave orders on the 23d for the army to return to camp. General Brooks' division, being retained to guard the pontoon trains, did not retire till the 24th, when we were drawn up on both sides of the road over which the wagons loaded with boats and bridge material must pass. General Benham had drag ropes attached to wagons that were stuck fast in the mud, from which the teams had been taken when the forward movement was abandoned, and, without putting the teams on, requested General Brooks to have his troops take the ropes and pull the wagons out. I heard the reply, "Where are your animals? By —! sir, put on your animals; put on your animals first, by —! sir." General Benham put on his animals, the men took the ropes, and we were soon toiling through the mud on our way to the old camp, which we reached about night the 24th. Immediately all set to work to perfect new quarters, my new duties keeping me busy with inspection of the troops and seeing that reports and returns required of company and regimental officers were made out and forwarded, and that the required books were properly kept, a regulation which had been very little observed, and although not forming a part of the brigade, some horses and other public property of Williston's famous battery received some attention by virtue of this order:

"Headquarters 1st Division, 6th Corps,
"February 19, 1863.

"General Orders No. 49.

"Captain H. Seymour Hall, inspector of the 2d Brigade, is detailed to examine into and report upon the condition of certain public horses belonging to Battery D, 2d United States Artillery.

"By order of Brigadier-General Brooks.

"A. H. Parsons, A. A. A. General."

In providing myself with a saddle-horse, required by my new duties on the staff of the brigade commander, a Morgan mare was shown me by Colonel Lewis A. Grant, of the 5th Regiment Vermont Volunteers; from him I purchased her, rode her in every campaign of the Army of the Potomac till the end of the war, and on the Rio Grande, in Texas, under General Sheridan. The name and rank of the gentleman who sold me this, my favorite animal, will identify him as the General Grant who was assistant Secretary of War from 1888 to December, 1893. Another piece of good fortune happened to me in the detail on the staff of General Bartlett of Captain W. W. Winthrop as additional aide-de-camp, and his taking quarters in the tent with me, so that during the winter I had the pleasure of being thus intimately associated with him. The gallant and accomplished Theodore Winthrop, the author of "John Brent," etc., who was on the staff of General Butler and was killed at Big Bethel, was his brother. Just at the close of winter Captain Winthrop was ordered to report for duty in the office of Judge Advocate General Joseph Holt, War Department, Washington, and is now judge advocate United States Army, colonel, and instructor in international law at the Military Academy at West Point.

This paper is not intended to embrace general history, but it is well to state here that on the 23d of January General Burnside drew up an order dismissing from the service Generals Hooker, Brooks, and Newton, and relieving from duty Generals Franklin, Smith, Sturgis, Ferrero, and Cochranie; went to Washington, submitted it to President Lincoln, by whom it was not approved, hence it was never issued, but on the 25th the President directed that General Burnside be relieved from command of the Army of the Potomac, at his own request, and General Joseph Hooker assigned to the command. The work of equipment, drill, and discipline went on till the army seemed to be almost perfect in all its appointments. While Burnside was still in command, "Little Cope-land" (now Rev. J. A.), whom I have before mentioned, was

correspondent for a Rochester, N. Y., newspaper. He sent an account of Fredericksburg, and some meddler furnished to General Burnside a copy of the paper in which it appeared, and the information of whom the writer was and where he could be found. He was put in confinement under the provost-marshall's guard at army headquarters and charges preferred against him of "indirectly giving information to the enemy." A court was ordered for his trial, of which General Daniel E. Sickels was president, and having determined what course I would take to secure his release, I went early on the day of the trial, and when the case came up made the suggestion that the court had no jurisdiction, and that the defendant should be tried in his own division, a view which the court adopted, and remanded him to General Brooks for trial. Meantime I had acquainted General Brooks with the case and furnished him with a copy of the article, so when Cope land was turned over to him, he showed the boy the paper and asked in his most brusque manner and gruff tone: "Did you write that?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "You are a — fool for owning it. Go to your company and report for duty." That was the last of the matter.

The end of March was approaching and General Bartlett's appointment had not been confirmed by the Senate. On the 29th he notified me to order my horse and accompany him to army headquarters, where myself with other members of his staff were shown into General Hooker's tent with him. The commander of the army was in fine spirits, and after wine and cigars were tendered us, he engaged in conversation with our chief; we listened. Of course more was said that led up to the general's remarks: "I have the finest army the sun ever shone on. I can march this army to New Orleans. My plans are perfect, and when I start to carry them out, may God have mercy on General Lee, for I will have none." The words made an impression on me I have never forgotten, and often have been in my mind. After a while General Bartlett made known his errand. "General, I have come to bid you

good-bye, and to bespeak your favor for these young gentlemen who compose my military family. The Senate has not confirmed my appointment, and my commission has expired by limitation." The tall, fine-looking soldier, one of the finest looking in the Army, had a skin as clear and a hand as small as many a lady, and his clear blue eyes looked fully and frankly into the face of his subordinate as he said: "When you return to your quarters, take off your uniform; keep quiet till you hear from me. To-morrow I will go to Washington and see the President." The next day was Monday, and on Tuesday General Butterfield dispatched to General Bartlett, "Put on your uniform." He was reappointed.

The grand division organization was discontinued and General John Sedgwick relieved General W. F. Smith in command of the Sixth Corps, on the 4th of February, and General-in-chief Halleck seemed to be in shadow, as General Hooker reported direct to the President, and notwithstanding his alleged readiness to annihilate General Lee, he was in no haste to set out. On the 18th of April, while still in our winter camps, I was ordered by General Brooks to serve as judge advocate of a general court-martial of which General J. J. Bartlett was president, and soon after the close of our term the campaign opened with us by a move down to the river under cover of the darkness near the place where we had crossed the December previous, and at 4 o'clock a. m., April 29th, with permission of General Bartlett, I dismounted and went over in the boats with the first detachment, which drove the 21st Mississippi from their rifle-pits on the bank of the river, with a loss of two killed and eleven wounded; then advanced a mile and took position to protect the engineers while building their bridges, and dug rifle-pits during the night; and the following night I spent with Colonel Emory Upton on the picket-line, listening and watching for the enemy's movements. At the outset there were three corps with General Sedgwick; two were withdrawn before any general movement was made, leaving him with only his own, the Sixth,

to cope with the command of General Jackson in his front and on his left toward Port Royal.

Leaving General Early's division, Barksdale's brigade of McLaw's division, and General Pendleton with part of the reserve artillery to confront us below the city, and General Wilcox's division with the Washington Artillery to hold the heights above, General Jackson moved with the rest of his command on the morning of the 1st of May to join General Lee at Chancellorsville, a movement which culminated in his famous flank movement around General Hooker's right. Our line was maintained from Deep Run on the right to the ruins of the Bernard house on the left; the center advanced to include part of the Richmond Road within the extremities of our line, and this situation was maintained without material change till the afternoon of May 2d, when, after a sharp engagement, we gained considerable ground on our right. Up to this time General Sedgwick's orders from General Hooker had been quite varied. The 29th only Brooks' division was to cross; the 30th two bridges were to be taken up and sent to Banks' Ford; May 1st he was ordered to make a demonstration in force at 1 p. m. and to let it be as severe as possible without being an attack, to assume a threatening attitude and maintain it till further orders. That order was not received till 5 p. m., hence could not be obeyed as to the time; but, owing to the last clause, movements were at once begun to execute the order, and just as they were completed orders were received countermanding the demonstration. May 2d he was ordered to take up all the bridges at Franklin's Crossing and below before daylight. That order was not received till 5:25 a. m., after daylight. At 6:30 p. m. he was ordered to pursue the enemy by the Bowling Green Road, and the corps was at once put in motion, and after a hard fight pushed the enemy from the road back into the woods. That night, at 11 o'clock, he received an order dated 10:10 p. m., directing him to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, immediately upon receipt of the order, and move in the direction of Chan-

cellorsville until he connected with the major-general commanding; to attack and destroy any force on the road, and be in the vicinity of the general at daylight. A moment's consideration will show the utter impossibility of obeying that order literally. Sedgwick's entire force was on the south side of the Rappahannock, "to pursue by the Bowling Green Road." There were no bridges laid at Fredericksburg, and to recross, move up opposite that place, and lay bridges for the purpose of getting back to the side he was on when the order reached him would have taken till long after daylight, even if there had been no enemy to resist his crossing. He at once put the Second and Third Divisions in motion toward the city, before which the enemy retired slowly, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground from almost our bridge-head, and at the same time made a sudden attack on our pickets in front of the Bernard house, showing that it would by no means be an easy task "to destroy any force on the road"; but, pushing the enemy back through the town before daylight, the enemy's stronghold on the heights in the rear was at once assailed by Wheaton and Shaler, who were repulsed by the fire of the rifle-pits and the batteries on the heights in their rear, while their line in front of and to the left of our (Brooks') division was strongly held. It was now daylight, and while a stronger assaulting column was being formed the artillery swept the slope and kept the enemy's infantry and batteries under cover while we engaged him on the left, assaulted and carried his strongly fortified position on the railroad at 9 a. m., just before the assaulting column was ready to advance and carry those fortified heights from which were destroyed over 13,000 men of General Burnside's army only four months before. At 10 a. m. this bright Sunday morning of May 3d, 1863, the dispositions being completed, the divisions of Generals Newton and Howe swept forward up the slope, carrying line after line of rifle-pits with the bayonet, capturing many prisoners, the horses and all but two guns of the Washington Artillery, with a dash and gallantry that excited the greatest

admiration from us as we witnessed the glorious spectacle. By noon the entire heights were won, General Early's forces were divided, Barksdale falling back with Early on the telegraph road, and Hays with Wilcox's division on the Plank Road toward Chancellorsville. At the same time General Brooks, commanding our division, was rapidly moving his command to the Plank Road to take the advance, while McLaws was hastening along the same road from Chancellorsville to meet us and unite his command with Early's, Wilcox's, and Barksdale's. Wilcox took a strong position on a ridge which ran at right angles to the Plank Road at Salem Church, and also threw a force into the brick church and a neighboring school-house. He was here joined by the other commands mentioned, and by leaving a strong force with the only two guns saved from the works on Marye's Heights, falling back from ridge to ridge, shelling our advance, one shell killing an orderly of General Brooks and wounding Captain Theodore Read, his adjutant-general, as he was riding near me, delayed our advance so that his naturally strong position was well protected by rifle-pits thrown up before we were in position to attack. From our position on Deep Run to Salem Church the distance was about seven miles, and from the point where we reached the Plank Road the church was about five miles distant, over all of which distance our advance was hotly contested, so that we could not have pushed rapidly forward and taken possession of the strong ridge and its sheltering timber at Salem Church before the enemy did, as has been suggested, nor did we know of the existence of such a position.

At 5:30 p. m. our skirmishers pushed through the narrow belt of thick underbrush, in which grew some scattering trees, that was in front of and concealed from us the abruptly rising bank upon which the enemy's intrenchments and strong line of troops, and the church and school-house, now converted into citadels filled with armed men, were located; the force with which we had been contending, strengthened as reported by

26,000 men and four batteries under General McLaws, awaited with confidence our assault.

Recalling our skirmishers, our brigade (Bartlett's) now advanced through the almost impenetrable thicket, across deep ravines that impeded our progress and broke our alignment, exposed to a destructive fire of musketry and artillery, from which the tangled bushes did not protect us, but did prevent our returning; on we pressed, and as we came out on the opposite side of the thicket, the steep bank, the church, the school-house, the enemy's line of rifle-pits fringed with fire were before us. Up the slope we rushed, charged and carried the intrenchments, stormed the church and school-house, and for a brief period held them. But Newton's division had not come up; no supports were at hand when Wilcox, reinforced by Semmes' brigade, led by General Semmes in person, and seconded by attacks on our flanks, made possible by our advanced position, gallantly advanced against us; we were compelled to abandon the ground we had carried, which was the key to the situation, and fall slowly back through the thicket and across an open field beyond, perhaps 500 yards in all, the enemy's attempt to follow us, being repulsed by the obstinate resistance of our infantry and the fire of Williston's, Rigsby's, and Parson's batteries.

General Bartlett states that his command numbered less than 1,500, and in this assault, according to a memorandum made by me at the time, our brigade lost 649 officers and men. The official reports make it 37 less. The famous 121st New York Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Emory Upton, to which I was transferred as captain three weeks later at Colonel Upton's request (on the expiration of the term of the 27th New York Volunteers, to which I belonged), lost 276 in this battle. It is one of the immortal 44 regiments that lost more men in battle than any others in the service.

As we were entering the timber on our advance I was riding in haste to the left of the brigade with orders from General Bartlett; General Brooks, galloping in the opposite

direction, met me at a ravine in which a number of men not belonging to our brigade were sheltering themselves from the storm of shot and shell to which we were exposed. Reining in his horse for an instant, the general pointed to them and said to me: "Captain, see those —— cowards, see the —— cowards; get them out of there, and put them in front." I saluted, said his order should be obeyed, and he galloped away. Quickly delivering the first order with which I was charged, I returned, ordered them up and forward, when they began to protest that they were pioneers, and that their business was to work and not to fight. I insisted in much more forcible language that as pioneers their place was in front, where General Brooks had ordered them, and that their proper working tools for the job in hand were their muskets, carried my point and put them where the general directed, then reported to General Bartlett. We made another effort to carry the enemy's position just before dark, but it was too strongly fortified, and held with the help of General McLaws' command and part of Anderson's, these reinforcements reported to be 26,000 strong, to enable us to gain another such foothold as our brigade had obtained in the first assault, and we were ordered to desist and rest on our arms till morning. Monday morning of May 4th dawned, and with it came the report that a column of 15,000 men from the direction of Richmond had the heights of Fredericksburg, cutting off the Sixth Corps from communication with the town, and trying to interpose between us and Banks' Ford. Taking advantage of General Hooker's inactivity from the time the main army under his command had been shut up behind the strong fortifications near United States Ford at noon of Sunday, May 3d, General Lee left only the troops of the flanking column of "Stonewall" Jackson's late command, under General J. E. B. Stewart, to hold the six corps under Hooker within their fortifications, while he with the remainder of the Confederate Army, came in person to join Early, Wilcox, and McLaws, as he says, to drive Sedgwick across the Rappahannock, but as

we heard it at the time, to capture or drive us into the river. His first attempt was to cut us off from the ford, and this was not only handsomely repulsed by General Howe's division, but that division captured 200 prisoners and a battle-flag. The task of capturing or driving the Sixth Corps into the river was not so easy as it seemed from the distance of Chancellorsville, although Hooker sent Sedgwick word that precluded any hope of help. However, General Lee was resolved; so bringing up every man and gun that was available, and giving them time to rest, his final dispositions for the attack were at last complete, and at 5 p. m. the enemy's artillery opened on our lines.

Our brigade being on a ridge on the left of Captain McCartney's battery (A, First Massachusetts), was fully exposed to this fire, from which we would have been sheltered by moving down the slope a few paces to the rear. General Bartlett sent me to General Brooks to request his permission. As I rode off a regiment on the right of the battery, not of our brigade, retired behind the hill, and the movement was seen by General Sedgwick. As I neared the piazza on which he was standing with General Brooks, Sedgwick, without looking at my face, my uniform being covered by a poncho, took me for the commander of that regiment and said: "Colonel, why did you move your regiment without orders, sir?"

Before I could reply, he recognized me and asked: "What is it, captain?" I replied: "General Bartlett sends his compliments, sir, and requests permission to retire his brigade a few yards, behind the shelter of the ridge." He responded: "Give my compliments to General Bartlett, and say that his brigade must remain in position and not move a foot now." As I rode to the front Generals Sedgwick and Brooks rode to the brigade after me, reaching our position by Captain McCartney's battery just as General Lee in person was directing his infantry to the attack on us. The 27th New York Volunteers, to which I belonged, the two-years term for which it was mustered into the service of the United States having

only three weeks more to run, was on the skirmish-line in front of our brigade and McCartney's battery. The particular force to which our brigade was opposed at this time, 6 p. m., was Hoke's and Wright's brigades, and as they came within range our skirmishers and McCartney's battery absolutely stopped their progress and threw them into confusion.

The boys of the 27th took advantage of every place of shelter on the skirmish-line from which to deliver an accurate and rapid fire, while the artillery smashed and scattered the advancing columns. At the enemy's hesitation and confusion, our skirmishers cried out: "*Come on, Johnnie; do come over and see us.*" Falling back in the shelter of the timber, out of the range of our guns, the formation of the enemy was changed from column to line of battle, and again advanced to attack us, but our skirmishers redoubled their former efforts to repel the attack, repeated their derisive cries, yielded not one foot of ground, and as the artillerymen warmed to their work, McCartney formed his guns by battery, sent home the case-shot, and as the contest warmed his blood, raised in his stirrups, shouted to his eager men: "*Aim, right section to the right oblique, left section to the left oblique, fire! and shell the whole —— country.*" The men, blackened by powder smoke, worked like demons, the guns belched forth a flood of fiery death, and the hill seemed to rock under the terrific thunder of the battery; great gaps were opened in the enemy's lines by the tornado of shot and shell; they retired into the friendly shelter of the woods, and night, darkness, and silence drew a curtain of mercy over the fearful scene.

Our friends, the enemy, pass lightly over such episodes as this, and General Early says in regard to this particular hour: "Hays advancing in the center from the foot of the hill, opposite the mill on Hazel Run; Hoke on the left, advancing across the hill on which Downman's house is situated and below it, driving the enemy before them. This movement was commenced very late, and Hays' and Hoke's brigades were

thrown into some confusion by coming in contact after they crossed the plank road below Guest's house, and it becoming difficult to distinguish our troops from those of the enemy on account of the growing darkness, they had, therefore, to fall back to re-form, which was done on the plain below Guest's house."

He also says in the next paragraph of his official report: "The loss in my division during all the time from the crossing was 136 killed, 838 wounded, and some 500 are reported missing, the greater part of whom are in all probability stragglers. This does not include the loss in Barksdale's brigade and the artillery." As his division was at no time as much exposed as in this time of its advance against us, the "contact" of Hoke's and Hays' brigades must have been very violent to have caused, as General Early says, that "they had to fall back to re-form," and to account for a reasonable proportion of his loss. What they did come in contact with was the shot and shell from McCartney's, Williston's, and De Peyster's guns. Thus Sedgwick had obeyed the injunction of Hooker, to "Look well to the safety of your corps."

The safety of the corps was now assured, and General Sedgwick, as soon as the darkness concealed his movements from the enemy, proceeded to carry out Hooker's further orders to "Recross, in preference, at Banks' Ford, where you can more readily communicate with the main body." We fell back and took position on the heights, near Scott's, below Banks' Ford, the enemy occupying heights on the river bank both above and below our position.

General Sedgwick says: "On Tuesday, the 5th, at 2 a. m., I received the order of the commanding general to withdraw from my position, cross the river, take up the bridge, and cover the ford. The order was immediately executed, the enemy meanwhile shelling the bridges from commanding positions above us on the river. When the last of the column was on the bridge, I received a dispatch from the commanding general, countermanding the order to withdraw. My command

was on the left bank; it could not re-cross before daylight, and must do it then, if at all, in face of the enemy, whose batteries completely commanded the bridges. I accordingly went into camp in the vicinity of the ford, sending an adequate force to guard the river and watch the ford.

"The losses of the Sixth Corps in these operations were 4,925 killed, wounded, and missing. We captured from the enemy, according to the best information we could obtain, 5 battle-flags, 15 pieces of artillery—9 of which were brought off, the others falling into the hands of the enemy upon the subsequent re-occupation of Fredericksburg by his forces—and 1,400 prisoners, including many officers of rank. No material of any kind belonging to the corps fell into the hands of the enemy, except several wagons and a forge that were passing through Fredericksburg at the time of its re-occupation by his forces." On the 6th we returned to our old camps.

General Bartlett says in his official report: "I have purposely reserved until the last all mention of the Sixteenth and Twenty-seventh New York regiments. The term of service of these regiments had nearly expired before the campaign had commenced; yet, true to the instincts of the soldier, both officers and men have elicited the warmest admiration for has its glory-roll. The Sixteenth and Twenty-seventh regiments retire from my command and from the service of the United States after two years' active service, having participated in the first battle of the Army of the Potomac, and in its last with honor. The deserve well of their country and will be received with honor by their friends. During the campaign I received the most efficient aid from Captain H. Seymour Hall, assistant inspector-general, who was brave, energetic, and untiring in his endeavors to promote the efficiency of my command."

The future historian will be puzzled by the strange failure of General Hooker to make any detailed official report of the operations of the army under his command, during the

Chancellorsville campaign and battles; but as none has been published in the official records, and as he had ample time to make such report during the nearly two months subsequent to Chancellorsville, that he was still in the command of the army, it is fair to assume that he made no such report, unless, like all other reports of his during his command of the Army of the Potomac, it was made direct to President Lincoln, and failed to reach the files in the office of the Adjutant-General of the Army.

Mine Run to Petersburg.

**By Companion H. Seymour Hall, Brevet Brigadier-General
United States Volunteers.**

October 3, 1894.

From the brilliant victory at Rappahannock Station, Va.,* where I was serving on the staff of General Emory Upton, then colonel commanding the Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Army Corps, to March 27, 1864, I was on duty with the grand old brigade in which I had seen nearly three years' active service. General Grant was with us in the field as commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, March 26th. General Meade was commander of the Army of the Potomac.

November 8th, in obedience to verbal orders from General Upton, the duties of assistant adjutant-general of the brigade were discharged by me in addition to those of my former staff office of assistant inspector-general, our assistant adjutant-general having been disabled in the battle of the previous night and sent to the hospital. The work in the two staff departments all devolved on me for over four months, till my promotion by the President, and order of March 19, 1864, took me to Philadelphia to organize the 43d Regiment of United States Colored Troops.

On the 11th of November, General Upton, with four officers who had distinguished themselves in the assault, was detailed to take the *eight* stands of colors that we had captured from the enemy on the 7th and deliver them formally to General Meade at his headquarters of the army. I had the honor to be one of the four who accompanied General Upton, and with him were received by General Meade and Generals Humphreys, Warren, and Williams, in General Meade's tent, in the most courteous and complimentary manner, as we performed the pleasant duty of delivering our trophies. Having discharged that duty, we were entertained for half an hour or more, socially, in a very pleasant way, by the commanding

*This is one of the battles, the name and date of which, the War Department caused to be engraved on the medal of honor from Congress, which was awarded to General Hall for gallantry in action.

general and the generals of his staff whose names I have mentioned.

The routine of camp duty went on without interruption till the 20th, when we were visited by a party of distinguished officers of the English Army, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel Earle, his adjutant, Lord Castlecuff, of the Scots Fusileer Guards, and Captains Russell and Stevens, of the Grenadier Guards, both of those fine regiments belonging to the Queen's Household Troops, whose special duty it was to attend their sovereign. After the review of the Sixth Corps, which was given for the entertainment of those officers, by invitation I attended a reception given to them at General Sedgwick's headquarters, where a fine collation was served, and we had a very pleasant social gathering.

At daylight on the morning of the 26th we moved out of camp, past Brandy Station and Mountain Run Mills, to Jacob's Ford on the Rapidan, bivouacked toward morning on the north bank of the river, crossed it at sunrise on the morning of the 27th, and pushed out, following the Third Corps. At 3 p. m. our brigade was detached from the Sixth Corps, sent to the left of General Neal's command to support a portion of the Third Corps, where we participated with them in the hotly contested battle of Locust Grove. At midnight we changed position again, and after a night march took position on the right of the Second Corps, near Robertson's Tavern, which was our position during that battle and the operations of the latter part of the night and early morning of the 28th, when, the enemy having fallen back, we pushed on in the rain till we came upon his new and strongly fortified lines at Mine Run, where we took our place in the line of assault on the right of the Second Corps. We held this place all night and through Sunday, the 29th, till Monday morning, November 30th, at 2 a. m., when we moved quietly two miles to the right, our purpose being to turn and assail the left of the enemy at the same hour that Warren would fall upon

his right, Warren's guns, at 9 a. m., to be our signal to begin our attack.

The night was extremely cold; we moved to our point of attack as silently as possible, totally concealing our movement from the enemy; we could not make fires to warm us or make coffee without revealing our designs to the enemy, nor stir about to warm ourselves without being discovered, and we would lie down as close to each other as possible and shiver and suffer in silence. General Upton and myself collected what few dead leaves we could get, and each had a buffalo robe; we lay down upon our slender stock of leaves, covered ourselves with the two robes, where we remained till daylight, chilled to the marrow with the intense cold. When daylight came, we could see the full strength of the enemy's position and fortifications, which we were expecting to assault, and the sight was not calculated to warm our blood or arouse our enthusiasm, and never before had it been my fortune to see men so coolly and deliberately prepare for death. There was no thought of retreat or of failure, but most of the men, knowing that their knapsacks were to be left behind, deliberately put them in order, left some last message with a comrade or in their knapsacks, and, as I never saw them do before, put some mark on their clothing by which they could be identified. The timber hid us from the enemy till 8 a. m. of the 30th, when General Sedgwick ordered his artillery to open; our knapsacks and every other incumbrance were laid aside, and every one prepared for what we expected to be the most desperate assault we had ever undertaken. General Warren, on the left of the army, had made similar preparations, and we awaited only the sound of his cannon to let go the stern array of our battalions.

After a careful examination of the enemy's position, Warren sent for General Meade to come and see for himself the desperate nature of the enterprise, and the order to assault was countermanded by the commander of the army in person.

We lay all day long threateningly confronting those

strongly fortified heights, fully manned by a most gallant army, whose bravery and endurance we had amply tested, falling back at night unmolested, probably because our movement was unknown by the enemy.

Generals Lee and Early both animadvert upon the barbarity of burning the house and tannery where leather and shoes were made for the women and children of the neighborhood. They do not say that their troops were helped to supplies from the same source, but this was not the reason why the burning was done. I do not know who did it or who ordered it, if it was ordered; this entry in my own handwriting, when I had my right hand to use, made in a book that was carried by me, gives the reason for the burning: "December 1, 1863. Moved at night by a very slow and tedious march to the river, re-crossed at Germania Ford about daylight. So ended the Mine Run campaign. Mr. Johnson had his house and tannery burned because of his brutal treatment of our wounded." The lengthy screed of Lee and Early on Yankee barbarity is fully answered by this simple statement of fact.

We returned to our former camp near Welford's Ford, and a week later crossed the Hazel River, going into winter camp on the farm of a Mr. Major, none of whose own family were on the place. We made here the finest winter camp that our brigade ever constructed. The timber houses of the men were models of neatness and comfort, and many of them were beautiful specimens of rural architecture. Some troops of the engineer corps were set to building a trestle bridge across the Hazel. Criticisms were made by some of our brigade on the structure and the time occupied in building it, which resulted in our pioneer corps being taken charge of by a captain of the 5th Maine Volunteers, put to constructing a trestle bridge, which they did in a very few hours, taking all material from the standing trees of the near forest and building from them a bridge of great strength and utility.

A fleet of Russian war-vessels was at this time visiting our shores, and the admiral commanding with his principal

officers left their ships lying at anchor in the Potomac and came out to visit General Meade and his army. The Sixth Corps was in excellent discipline and condition, and we were ordered out for review by General Meade, who furnished horses for the distinguished visitors to ride with him in the inspection and review. They not being as much at home in the saddle as on deck, when the general gave his horse the rein, their clinging to the pommels of their saddles and frantic clutches to pull down their trousers afforded us much amusement. This review was followed by a hospitable entertainment at General Sedgwick's headquarters in Dr. Welford's mansion, at which I was present, and this time General C. A. Whittier emulated the efforts of the chief of one of my staff departments, Colonel J. Ford Kent, when he was especially attentive to Lord Castlecuff and Captain George Meade, son of the general, at the previous festivities of which I have spoken, and with the same doubly happy results. Whittier devoted himself to a young officer of the fleet and with a beer and a sherry glass intimated by signs that he desired to regale the representative of the Czar, and seizing a flask of what was supposed to be the Russian nectar, old Cognac brandy, began to fill the glasses. The "schooner" was filled to the brim, the diminutive sherry glass nearly so, when quickly the visitor raised the latter, with a courteous bow to his host, and Whittier as courteously launched the well-laden schooner, contrary to his hospitable intentions. Our brigade camp was considered a model one to show to distinguished visitors, and a few days after our naval guests departed, General (then Major) Whittier, came over with Colonel Lyman, of General Meade's staff, Mr. Blackmoor, of Liverpool, England, and Captain Farrar. I had the pleasure of entertaining them and showing them through our camps, which were highly commended by them.

At this time General Joseph J. Bartlett was in command of the First Division, Fifth Corps, and December 23d I rode over to see him, and at his invitation remained and dined with

him. As had previously been arranged, I gave him an invitation to come with his staff officers and meet the officers of our brigade, which he had so long commanded, next day at our headquarters, without informing him of our purpose. He came, and we presented him with a fine gold watch, on the back of which his initials, J. J. B., were set in diamonds, and a First Division, Sixth Corps cross, studded with diamonds, as souvenirs of our regard for him. A few weeks previous I had been present at General Sedgwick's headquarters in Warrenton, when his division that he had commanded before being assigned to the command of the Sixth Corps, made him a present of a fine saddle and set of horse equipments and a magnificently jeweled sword. While these pleasant gatherings were occasionally giving us some slight relaxation, the sterner duties of the service were not neglected, the greatest attention was paid to health; fatigue duty, drill and picket service were thoroughly done, and at no time in its history was the Army of the Potomac in a higher state of efficiency.

United States District Judge Campbell, of Cherry Valley, New York, came down in February, 1864, to visit his son, Captain Cleveland J. Campbell, 121st New York Volunteers, who was at that time in Washington, both he and myself having taken an examination before the board of which Major-General Silas Casey was president, the examinations resulting in Captain Campbell being appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 23d, and myself lieutenant-colonel of the 43d Regiment of United States Colored Troops. In the absence of his son, who was my intimate friend, the judge became my guest at brigade headquarters, and having expressed a desire to meet General Sedgwick, I took him to see the general, in whose tent we found General Pleasonton and General Todd, a brother of Mrs. Lincoln. After I introduced the judge, the conversation finally turned to reminiscences of plains service, when General Pleasonton said that he was on duty in the Black Hills country before the war, the gold discoveries not then having been made; as he was ordered to a different station,

the well-known missionary priest, Father de Smet, said to him: "Captain, if you will resign and engage in mining here, I will show you where you can literally rake up the nuggets of gold." "But," said the general, straightening back with his lofty air of princely indifference, "I did not care anything about the gold; money was no object to me."

February 27, 1864, the Sixth Corps left its camps in charge of guards and we moved out to the support of General Custer for a raid into Albemarle County, Virginia, our route being to Culpepper and James City, near Thoroughfore Mountain, the first day; moving to Robertson's River on the 28th, where we remained on the 29th, while General Custer advanced toward Charlottesville, crossed the Rivanna, doing the enemy considerable damage, re-crossed, burned the wagon bridge, and having accomplished the object of the expedition by determining the position and strength of the enemy, we returned to our camp on the Hazel on the second of March. Here my appointment was received on the 20th, my acceptance and oath of office sent to the War Department. General Upton was temporarily absent, and no one at brigade headquarters was familiar with the adjutant and inspector-general's duties, so I remained till his return.

The first of the successive steps that led up to the emancipation of slaves and their ultimate employment as soldiers are found in the proclamation of President Lincoln September 22, 1862, in which while he declares that "hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and each of the States, and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed." His purpose is to declare slaves free in all parts of the country which shall be in rebellion on the 1st day of January, 1863, and to ask Congress to provide for emancipation with compensation to those slave-owners who may not at that time be the people of a slave State then in rebellion against the United States.

The emancipation proclamation was issued January 1, 1863, and in it is found the first authority to give the colored man military employment, in these words: "And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service." Limited as is this service, Congress is still more unwilling to fully trust the freedman, and in the Act approved March 3, 1863, set up this standard:

"Section 10. The President of the United States is authorized to cause to be enlisted for each cook, two under cooks of African descent, who shall receive for their full compensation \$10 per month and one ration per day; \$3 of said monthly pay may be in clothing."

The Congress of the Confederate States of America passed May 1, 1863, an act declaring that these measures would produce consequences that may be properly and lawfully repressed by retaliation, and proceeded to enact:

"Section 4. That every white person, being a commissioned officer, or acting as such, who, during the present war, shall command negroes or mulattos in arms against the Confederate States, or who shall arm, train, organize, or prepare negroes or mulattos for military service against the Confederate States, or who shall voluntarily aid negroes or mulattos in any military enterprise, attack, or conflict in such service, shall be deemed as inciting servile insurrection, and shall, if captured, be put to death, or be otherwise punished at the discretion of the court."

"Section 7. All negroes and mulattos who shall be engaged in war, or be taken in arms against the Confederate States, or shall give aid or comfort to the enemies of the Confederate States, shall, when captured in the Confederate States, be delivered to the authorities of the State or States in which they shall be captured, to be dealt with according to the present or future laws of such State or States." (Approved May 1, 1863.)

May 22, 1863, the War Department of the United States

established a bureau in the Adjutant-General's office for the record of all matters relating to the organization of colored troops. Examining boards were provided for, by whom every person was examined rigorously as to physical, mental, and moral fitness to command troops, and the grade of commission for which each person so examined was fit, to be specified by the board; commissions to be issued from the Adjutant-General's office, when the prescribed number of men were ready to muster into the service. Appointment warrants were given, but no commissions proper were ever issued to officers of colored troops, that I am aware of, except commissions for brevet appointments, thus disregarding an express provision of the law.

Slight as had been the recognition of these troops up to this time, the only other authorization for their enlistment is found in the Act of Congress approved February 24, 1864, which is the *Draft Act*.

I quote in full the only section which the Congress of the United States saw fit to enact in respect to enrolling a class from which 186,097 men were enlisted during the war:

“Section 24. *And be it further enacted*, That all able-bodied male colored persons between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, resident in the United States, shall be enrolled according to the provisions of this act, and of the act to which this is an amendment, and form part of the national forces; and when a slave of a loyal master shall be drafted and mustered into the service of the United States, his master shall have a certificate thereof; and thereupon such slave be free, and the bounty of one hundred dollars, now payable by law for each drafted man, shall be paid to the person to whom such drafted person was owing service or labor at the time of his muster into the service of the United States. The Secretary of War shall appoint a commission in each of the slave States represented in Congress, charged to award to each loyal person to whom a colored volunteer may owe service a just compensation, not exceeding three hundred dollars, for each such colored volunteer, payable out of the fund derived from commutations; and every such colored volunteer on being mustered into the service shall be free. And in all cases where men of color have been heretofore enlisted, or have volunteered in the military

service of the United States, all the provisions of this act, so far as the payment of bounty and compensation are provided, shall be equally applicable as to those who may be hereafter recruited. But men of color, drafted or enlisted, or who may volunteer into the military service, while they shall be credited on the quotas of the several States or subdivisions of States wherein they are respectively drafted, enlisted, or shall volunteer, shall not be assigned as State troops, but shall be mustered into regiments or companies as United States colored troops."

Some States, Kansas for one, others both North and in the border and Southern slave States, by direction of commanding generals, had organized regiments before the passage of said act, which were subsequently designated as United States Colored Troops.

Among many of the most gallant and distinguished officers of the Army there was a very strong prejudice against the employment of colored soldiers. A staff officer of high rank said to me: "Hall, you know that we do not want any 'nigger soldiers' in the Army of the Potomac, but if any ever do come, I hope your command will be first." Singularly enough, my regiment was first to come in line, with the corps in which my friend served. A very distinguished general, on whom I called to say good-bye, said: "I am sorry to have you leave my command, and still more sorry that you are going to serve with negroes. I think it a disgrace to the Army to make soldiers of them." I replied that it appeared to me that good fighters were needed, and that such would not disgrace the service, whatever their color. His objection, he said, was not to their color, but that he did not believe they would fight. He was very complimentary to myself, and subsequently wrote to me: "I was sorry to lose you for a command of colored troops, as I have never believed that to be the best disposition to make of the Africans, whom I have always thought, and still believe, could be made more useful to the cause than by putting a musket in their hands; yet, as such has been the decision of the authorities, I have yielded to it, without changing, however, one jot of my former judgment."

There instances are a fair example of the sentiment prevailing, and the prejudice against the employment of colored troops rendered the position of an officer of such troops not altogether pleasant, and the threats of retaliation made in the act of the Rebel Congress cited may well have caused, as they did, myself and others careful consideration. But the fact that a great principle was involved caused many brave and patriotic officers and men to vacate high and honorable positions, won by long and gallant service, counting it an honor to lead the black heroes, that they might aid in their own enfranchisement.

On General Upton's return, March 27th, I set out to comply with this order:

"Adjutant-General's Office,
"Washington, D. C., March 19, 1864.

"Sir,—I forward herewith your appointment as lieutenant-colonel in the Forty-third Regiment U. S. Colored Troops. You will report in person for duty to the commanding officer, Camp William Penn, near Philadelphia, Pa.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"A. F. Rockwell, Asst. Adjutant-General.

"To Lieut.-Colonel H. Seymour Hall, 43d U. S. C. T."

It is worthy of note that at this time (May, 1894) Colonel Rockwell is the only surviving officer who was present at the death-beds of both Presidents Lincoln and Garfield.

By special permission granted me in person by Secretary Stanton, who gave me hearing while many others who had preceded me waited, I was granted two days to close up my old accounts, which gave me an opportunity to accept the invitation of my friend and former staff companion, Colonel W. W. Winthrop, to dine, and at that dinner I had the pleasure of meeting General V. Kautz, who was then the caterer for the mess, the officers composing which rented a house and catered in turn. General Robert Williams and General George D. Ruggles were both among the members who were present at the dinner. My business concluded in Washington, I reported for duty to General Louis Wagner at Camp William Penn on the 2d of April.

By the 18th there were six full companies, and, in compliance with orders from the War Department, I moved with them to Annapolis, Maryland, and reported in person to General A. E. Burnside for duty with the Ninth Corps. From Annapolis we marched by way of Annapolis Junction and Bladensburg to Washington, where on the 25th we were reviewed by President Lincoln from the balcony of Willard's Hotel, as we marched down the street to cross Long Bridge into Virginia. My regiment was the very last in the corps, the constant battalion drill that I had given them the four weeks that I had been in command, and their excellence in the manual of arms, made them appear like veteran soldiers, and the crowd of spectators gave us loud and prolonged applause, so unusual in Washington that the *Chronicle* called special attention to us the next morning.

Once more on Virginia soil, for the fifth time I passed over the familiar ground from Alexandria to the battle-field of Bull Run, thence to Bristow on the 30th, through Catlett's to Germania Ford, crossed the Rapidan on the 6th of May, and my command was placed on the extreme right of the Army of the Potomac, connecting with the Sixth Corps, and in front of the hospital of the old First Division, in which I am proud to have served so long. At three next morning, finding that the army had moved and left me alone, I called in my outposts in person, meeting a squadron of cavalry on my return to my reserve, the commanding officer of which said he had orders to fire on any body of troops approaching from the direction in which I was returning with my videttes. My caution and prompt challenge prevented this, and I detailed him as rear guard on our march along the Plank Road till we joined the main body after daylight.

Near Chancellorsville we first encountered the veteran white soldiers of the Sixth Corps, and Generals Sedgwick and Wright were the first to give me a cordial greeting, and expressed their approbation of the appearance of the first colored troops they had ever seen. Across the road was General David A. Russell,

who, as soon as he recognized me, came up almost at a run to greet me with a warm grasp of his hand. We stacked arms and rested not far beyond, where my old friends, Generals McMahon and Whittier, of General Sedgwick's staff, came over to welcome me, and expressed their surprise at the good appearance of the black soldiers, who, a few weeks before, were not wanted in the Army of the Potomac. This was on the 7th of May.

Having on the 19th of April been assigned to the Fourth Division, Ninth Army Corps, commanded by General Edward Ferrero, the 7th day of May I reported to Colonel Joshua K. Sigfried, of the 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was in command of the First Brigade, to which we were assigned by verbal orders, and took position on the right of the army at the forks of the road from Chancellorsville to U. S. and Ely's fords. From this time till we crossed the James River the supply and ammunition trains were the especial care of our division, and we were too of the Army of the Potomac. At the Wilderness May 6th and 7th; Spottsylvania May 8th to 18th, on our right near Salem Church, repulsed an attempt on our trains the 12th; Chancellorsville the 13th; Silver's farm the 14th; Salem Church and Fredericksburg road the 15th to 18th; Guinney's Station May 22d; Milford the 23d; North Anna the 23d to 27th; at Wright's Tavern on the 25th to 28th; then to Milford; Totopotomoy the 29th; Dunkirk the 30th; near Hanover Court House the 31st; Cold Harbor June 1st to 12th. Other troops were ordered to report to me, giving me command of a brigade for detached service, and we went out to the front passing the birthplace of Edmund Ruffin, who fired the first gun on Fort Sumter and committed suicide when the rebellion was crushed, one mile beyond this old roomy plantation house I established my line, fortified it well, the house of Mrs. Peyte, being about half a mile outside, which position we held through the most desperate battles at Cold Harbor; then took up position at Old Church Tavern midway between White House and Mechanicsville, 13 miles from each; moved to White House June 12th; to Kent Court House the 13th; toward Williamsburg as far as Slatersville the 14th; and

to Windsor (or Window) Shades on the Chickahominy the 18th, where we crossed to make our final trial of the James River.

After midnight of the 17th, everything else having crossed the river, the bridges had all been taken up, my regiment was the last body of troops to cross from the north bank of the James, which we did on a New York steamer ferry-boat, and debarking on the other side, marched to near City Point, where we joined the Ninth Corps, of which we had been nominally a division, but were detached the entire time since May 8th, and received our orders direct from General Grant, who complimented us for the repulses that we had given the enemy, and after the Ninth Corps was made a part of the Army of the Potomac, we received our orders direct from General Meade till we joined the corps after crossing the James River.

During this time the army of which we were a part fought some of the most desperate and bloody battles of the war, and in the six weeks since the opening of the campaign 55,000 men had been lost by it in the casualties of battle; 6,000 men more than one half of the number present for duty equipped when the campaign was entered upon.

The loss of the enemy is only given in part, and as we were generally the attacking party, and they were behind strong fortifications, their loss was probably considerably less; but only 24,100 are reported.

Failing to capture Petersburg by rapidity of movement, its siege was undertaken, in which we participated, both as builders and defenders of our fortifications, till the 5th of July, when I went with our brigade commander, under the guidance of General J. F. Hartranft, the general officer of the trenches, to examine the ground in our front under which a mine was projected, that it would be familiar to me in the assault which was to be made when our mine had been extended under the enemy's works and exploded as contemplated.

Soon after this, my regiment, then consisting of seven companies, was honored by being selected to lead the assaulting column, and I am able to substantiate that declaration, by quot-

ing from a letter from my brigade commander, in answer to my inquiry if there was a written order for me to lead with my regiment, and he also states why the Forty-third was given the dangerous post of honor. He says: "There was no order from corps headquarters as to any specific regiment taking the lead, and no written order as to which of the two brigades was to take the lead, but it was a verbal order from Burnside to General Ferrero, commanding the Fourth Division, that my brigade was to lead. I gave you the order to take the lead of the brigade, for while I do not wish to disparage either of the other colonels or their regiments, I knew that I could rely ~~on~~ you in any emergency. You had full control of all your men, the discipline in your regiment was high up, your officers and men had implicit confidence in you as their colonel."

The work that was expected of me was fully explained, and to do as ordered, my command was to take position, just before the mine was to be fired, as near our front line as possible, in double column by division closed in mass, at the head of the division, and when the mine exploded, was to move quickly forward, pass through the breach in the enemy's works made by the explosion, then turn to our right behind his works, take him in the flank and roll up his line with the bayonet, by *taking half distance, right companies right into line wheel, left companies on the right into line*; and from the time of my assignment to the day before the assault, I practiced these movements till they could have been executed as perfectly in the dark as in the light, and, the flank being cleared of the enemy by my bayonets, the entire army could advance through the interval to the crest two or three hundred yards beyond, when Petersburg, through which one of the railroads largely supplying Richmond ran, and that portion of General Lee's army on our right, between us and the Appomattox River, would have been at our mercy. The evening of July 29th our division moved down to the left of the entrance to the covered way leading out to our most advanced line in front of the mined salient of the enemy, and, with my regiment in advance, formed double column closed in

mass in readiness to lead the assault. No hint of change of plans had reached me and General Ferrero does not state when he was informed of it, but he writes me that he had been absent in Washington, hence was not present at the conference between Generals Grant, Meade, Burnside, and the other three division commanders of the Ninth Corps when the change of plans was discussed and agreed upon, and probably did not know of the change, as he writes me that he returned barely in time to take command for the action after we were in place for assault as first planned. The commander of our other brigade says that he was not informed of any change till near midnight of July 29th, and as his line officers were apparently in quiet sleep, they were not aroused to be informed of what would do them no service. I did not know of any change till the morning of July 30th, when our brigade commander, accompanied by two or three of his staff, came to me and in person gave me this order: "Be ready to advance when I order you forward, with muskets loaded, but not capped, bayonets fixed, and when the order is given, move your regiment by the flank, through the covered way over our outer works, directly to and through the breach made by the mine, form line beyond, and strike for the cemetery." I ordered the regiment to "load," "fix bayonets," and while waiting for the order to advance, Lieutenant A. A. Shedd, of our brigade commander's staff, came to me and gave again the orders that his chief had already given me, and with an unusual care, knowing that the Forty-third was leading the division, called my attention to them by a second repetition of them before he left me. He states that he went with General Sigfried into the crater, and was sent out several times by him with orders to the brigade.

We entered the covered way, moved part way through it, when our progress was delayed for quite a time by white troops filling up the passage in front of me. About half past seven o'clock, General Sigfried ordered me to move past the troops of Humphrey's brigade. He wrote later to the *Philadelphia Press* that he called up Colonel Hall, and, that I might know where

to go, pointed out the direction that I was to lead my regiment as the leading regiment of the division, to prevent the accident of getting led in the wrong direction. With considerable difficulty, I crowded my regiment along, passing by those troops of Humphrey's brigade, to our outer line, where I saw General Ferrero, our division commander, with his staff, to whom he said, "Here comes the Forty-third; let's give them three cheers," took off his hat, waved it above his head, and led in the cheering. I call attention to this as this was his position while his division went out over our outer intrenchments, and he knows exactly which regiment was first to go forward, and saw every regiment of his division as each went over our works, saw here the number of prisoners sent in by the Forty-third, and it was at this point that the colors captured by that regiment were delivered to him, in spite of the effort made by one of the commanders of another regiment to take them from their cantor. No preparation had been made to facilitate our passing our line, and my men climbed out over the embankment, which was nearly as high as their heads, with difficulty, and the delay caused thereby elongated the column, and the effort to close up between our line and the crater impaired the momentum.

My adjutant, afterwards Captain James O'Brien, was with me at the right of the regiment, and at the double quick, under a most deadly cross-fire of artillery and musketry, I led the regiment up the slope directly to the plainly visible mass of earth and débris, thrown out of the crater by the explosion of the mine, some of which covered the abatis and facilitated the passage of my command as well as of almost the three divisions of white troops of the Ninth Corps that had preceded me, they accomplishing nothing, but crowding into the crater for shelter from the shot and shell of the enemy, who had now reoccupied their original line on both flanks of the crater, pouring their fire into it, making it a trap in which to hold our helpless men and destroy them at leisure. As soon as I reached and mounted the rim of the crater, I saw all this, realized that to pass through the crater as ordered would be impossible, the attempt to do so

would render my command as helpless as the others, and add to the horrors of their situation. To our right of the crater the enemy held their line fully manned, those of them nearest the crater, directing their fire on the troops within. The impenetrable abatis was behind a line of chevaux de frise fastened together with strong wires, rendering an assault on their front hopeless; but from my position on the crest of the crater's rim I saw a narrow space at the foot of the outer slope of their intrenchments, beyond which their abatis was staked down, and determined to lead my regiment that way, carry that part of their line, and thereby open a gateway to the nearest and best route to the cemetery, which was the desired point of vantage.

Ordering my adjutant to remain at the crater, to close up the companies and direct them after me, I led the head of the regiment to our right, still at a double quick, along the foot of the enemy's intrenchments, so close that some of my officers and men were wounded by the bayonets, others burned by the powder flames of the foe, and when the left of my regiment had cleared the right of the crater sufficiently, commanded: "BY THE LEFT FLANK, MARCH." As we faced the enemy, I gave the command: "CHARGE." In that instant, with resistless valor, officers and men threw themselves over his works upon the enemy, using saber, pistol, and bayonet with the most terrible deadly effect. The men killed numbers of the enemy in spite of the efforts of their officers to restrain them, and we took prisoner in those intrenchments 200 South Carolina soldiers, and with them their colors, and retook from them a stand of National colors that they had that morning captured from a régiment of white troops. These were the only colors or prisoners captured by any regiment of our division that day, as no others are reported by our brigade commander, nor by the commander of the other brigade of our division. After a short time taken to send these to the rear, as was acknowledged by our division commander, I planted my colors and re-formed my regiment inside the captured intrenchments, facing the ridge and cemetery, intending to lead to, carry, and hold that objective position,

though my command had just lost nearly one-half its number in killed and wounded. The fire directed upon us at this moment, and to which we were entirely exposed, was terrible, and as I stood upon the crest of the parapet, to examine and select the route over which to charge to the bridge in front with my command, a musket-ball from the enemy went through the bone of my right arm, near my shoulder, and, turning over the command of the regiment to the reliable and gallant Captain Wilkinson, securing my saber, which had fallen from my hand, I was soon assisted from the field.

It is stated by both Generals Meade and Humphreys that the total number of prisoners captured by the Army of the Potomac that day was 246. The Forty-third Regiment of U. S. Colored Troops is entitled to be credited with the capture of two HUNDRED of them, and with ONE stand of colors of the two reported by General Meade, besides the recapture of one stand of National colors, all achieved as the result of my leading the regiment to the right and charging the enemy in his intrenchments contrary to the instructions my brigade commander, and in direct violation of orders given him, a fact of which I had no knowledge at the time.

The great loss of blood and my shattered and useless right arm made me suffer from pain and weakness, and a stalwart soldier, supporting me with his arm, held my handkerchief twisted around above the wound as we returned by the same route over which we had charged. Near the crater, between the enemy's line and our own, I saw at this time the colonel whom Captain Wright and other officers charge with attempting to deprive the captain of the Rebel stand of colors, which he captured in his charge with his regiment, the Forty-third.

Here also I saw the other troops of Sigfried's brigade, which was my first sight of any of them since my advance with the Forty-third to the assault, and I call particular attention to the fact that General Sigfried says in his official report that the balance of his brigade was halted at this place about an hour, and that it was impossible to *advance* them to the works

carried and held by the Forty-third Regiment of United States Colored Troops.

These regiments of the brigade to which we belonged lost their connection with mine by reason of Humphrey's men closing in, after mine had forced their way to his front, so that I had no support or assistance whatever in the operations that have been described, and which constituted the chief successes of the day. After my charge had cleared the enemy from the right of the mine, a large number of the troops of the other divisions of the Ninth Corps came out of the crater and took position on my left, so that when the balance of our own division came up, they could not get forward to the advanced position which we had carried and now occupied. Having a long-ago written account of the facts, when they were fresh in mind, it is a satisfaction to find so perfect a confirmation as there is in the Official Records and in the reports of my officers, neither of which had been seen by me till recently, and a few of them are cited. General J. K. Sigfried, then colonel of the 48th Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanding our brigade, on the 31st of July, 1864, next day after the battle, when everything was fresh in his mind, made his official report, from which I have cited. It says also that his brigade, moving down the covered way, was stopped by the halting of Humphrey's brigade some time; he moved his troops *by Humphrey's* at a flank as directed. The colonel who attempted to wrest from Captain Wright the Rebel colors that Wright had captured from the enemy writes me that he *followed* Humphrey's brigade.

My regiment, being in the lead of our brigade, did "move by that brigade at a flank," on over our outer works, to the crater; then, as I have related, and as General Sigfried says: "The 43d Regiment of U. S. Colored Troops moved over the crest of the crater toward the right, charged the enemy's intrenchments and took them, capturing a number of prisoners, a Rebel stand of colors, and recapturing a stand of National colors. This line was part of the continuous line connecting with the crater. The balance of my brigade was prevented from ad-

vancing into this line by the number of troops of the First, Second, and Third Divisions in front of them." As I have stated, these troops of those three divisions came out of the crater, and formed on the left and rear of my regiment, after our charge had routed the enemy, before the other colored regiments of our division had reached the crater. Continuing his report, Sigfried further says the balance of his brigade was halted by the Rebel line of intrenchments, which was filled with the troops of the First, Second, and Third Divisions; behind this line it formed in good order. Here it was very much exposed for at least an hour, and, owing to the crowded lines of troops of the stated divisions immediately in front, it was impossible to get my brigade on (to where the Forty-third was advanced). Just as the troops in front were about to make a charge, a white color-bearer, with his colors, crossed the works in retreat.

My brigade held its position until pushed back by the mass of troops, black and white, who rushed back upon it, and until the enemy occupied the works to its left and front, when it fell back to the line where it originally started from. In this same report General Sigfried further says: "Lieutenant-Colonel H. Seymour Hall, commanding the 43d Regiment of U. S. Colored Troops, lost his right arm bravely leading his regiment. His adjutant, First Lieutenant James O'Brien, deserves honorable mention, having displayed the most heroic courage and daring, standing on the summit of the crater cheering the men on amidst a terrific fire of shot and shell. He received a severe wound through the breast. Captain A. D. Wright, of the Forty-third, in charging the Rebel line with his men, personally captured a stand of Rebel colors and five prisoners, bringing all safely to the rear, although receiving a wound through the right arm. I regret that it was not possible for me to see every officer and man well enough to describe the gallant conduct of each, for they were heroes every one, and those who passed unnoticed through that fiery trial won imperishable fame could their deeds be known." I have made efforts to perfect the record of

their achievements, and will supply what is possible, which is very little, in a brief summary of the evidence that I have been able to obtain. Adjutant O'Brien was carrying out my orders to close up and direct the regiment to follow me when he so conspicuously displayed his gallantry spoken of by the brigade commander. He mounted an elevated mass of débris, and with voice and sword sent them after to charge with us in front, while himself was a shining mark for the bullets of the enemy. He later received a shot through the left breast, that went entirely through his body, a frightful wound, from which he never fully recovered, and which doubtless hastened his death some fifteen years since in San Francisco. Before he came to my regiment he had served in the 61st New York Volunteers, when General N. A. Miles, U. S. Army, was its colonel. While he was still in the hospital, he was at my request promoted to captain, and ordered by the War Department to report to me at Camp Casey, Washington, D. C., for duty as adjutant of that post; he rejoined the regiment with me in March, 1865, in front of Richmond, entered that city with the command on the 3d of April, and served with it in Texas till its muster out of service.

In giving brief mention of the gallant company officers, I shall follow the order of companies from right to left. Following my adjutant and myself, came my senior captain, Jesse Wilkinson, a most brave and reliable officer, who says: "We went over our works by the flank to the crater. Colonel Hall called my attention to a stand of Rebel colors on the Rebel works about fifty yards to our right, and ordered me to move in that direction. We passed down along the Rebel works, within reach of their bayonets, their shots carrying off one boot heel, my sword scabbard, and some of my hair, some going through my hat. In getting over their works with my company I received a slight bayonet wound in the neck and left arm. Six or eight men in one group surrendered to me, and another squad, one with a white towel on his bayonet, gave themselves up, and I at once sent them all to the rear. Captain Wright went over the works in rear of my company, and got one of the flags. I then

went to the angle of the works, opposite the woods, to try to cut off a cross-fire, and cleared the angle. Lieutenant Hayman was killed, and Lieutenant James Scully was wounded in the leg and lamed for life; a squad of Rebel prisoners carried him to our lines. While in the Rebel works, I was informed that our colonel had been shot, and was notified to form the regiment for a charge on the Cemetery Ridge, with General Thomas' brigade, which would form on my left, and to guide on his colors. We had advanced but a few steps in a rather broken line, when the Rebels poured over the hill from a ravine in our front, in solid column, firing with deliberate aim; advancing to within a few feet of us, they started on a double quick, with a yell, in such numbers as to drive us back to the trenches, where, standing on the works above us, they clubbed their muskets, and eventually drove us out of the works the Forty-third had captured, back to our own works. They being on higher ground, their constant fire kept us under cover, and they directed their fire on the helpless wounded between the lines who showed any signs of life. On the morning of August 2d, a truce was had, and with a detail of 300 men I participated in the burial of the dead."

Lieutenant James Scully, who bravely led his company after Lieutenant James T. Hayman was killed and Captain Wilkinson had a higher command, relates that when we were at the extreme right of the brigade he heard the order to advance, and that we went with alacrity directly to the crater, where huddled the remnants of the forces that preceded us. "We at once changed direction to the right, along the foot of the enemy's front line, which we charged headlong upon, capturing a number of prisoners. Lieutenant Hayman was killed. Lieutenant Scully had his sword broken in his hand, and some time after, while in the works, was shot through the right leg. While trying to get to the rear, I saw Colonel Hall, who had just been shot through the right arm, but could give him no assistance. I was taken to our lines by a party of Rebel prisoners."

Company E followed A. Lieutenants George R. Williams

and Sherman P. Hand of that company, in most gallantly endeavoring to hold the right of our line against the flank attack, were overwhelmed and made prisoners by the enemy. After enduring indescribable horrors, Lieutenant Williams escaped from prison and rejoined his regiment after a long series of thrilling adventures and marvelous escapes. Unfortunately, his story was not obtained in his lifetime and cannot now be told here. He was a most gallant and accomplished officer, whose career of honorable service was terminated by his resignation after the surrender of General Lee.

Lieutenant Hand had a most horrible experience, the details of which are so historically valuable and so intensely interesting that they ought to be published to the world. In the limits of this paper the bare outline can scarcely be given.

In the report of Lieutenant Hand, he states: "I well remember the gallantry of Colonel Hall in the fatal charge he led at the 'Mine explosion.' Our direction in the charge he ordered was somewhat diagonal, and toward our right, along the Rebel breastworks, at the double quick, till he earnestly and distinctly gave us the order to charge by the left flank, at which we carried the line of Rebel intrenchments, which we held till I was captured, I should think about 11 or 12 o'clock. This position was about 200 or 250 yards to our right of the mine, and was the extreme right of our line of battle. The last I saw of our colonel, he was being assisted to the rear in consequence of wounds which incapacitated him from doing more." "Nothing impeded our advance but the missiles from the enemy's line until we reached the line of their intrenchments, where a large percentage of our men fell in less time than it takes to tell it. Finally the 'Graybacks' broke in upon us, finishing or capturing the few left. I was pinned to the earth by a bayonet wound through the arms and ribs. My assailant withdrew his steel and raised his arms to strike, when an officer by his side angrily cried out, 'Unbuckle that belt and give up your sword, if you don't want to die.' I obeyed with alacrity, and was boosted over the parapet and made my way painfully to the Rebel rear,

where I found Lieutenant Williams and many other prisoners, both black and white. The officers were at once put under guard, and about 10 o'clock next morning were formed in double file, two officers between four 'niggers,' and marched through the principal streets of Petersburg, much after the style of a circus."

"The people gazed at us as curiosities, and we were greeted with insults and sneers all along the route, and greeted with cries of, 'See the white and nigger equality soldiers!' 'How do you like it, Yanks?' 'Yanks and niggers sleep in the same bed,' etc., etc. We were paraded thus for two hours and more. The colored soldiers were confronted with the officers drawn up in line, to have them point out their officers for disgrace, but not a lisp or hint as to identity was given. Their mouths were sealed in honor and fidelity to their friends. After being starved for three days, we were huddled into rickety box-cars and started south; the only thing Williams and I had to eat in the meantime being a loaf of sour bread, half the usual size, for which we paid a greenback dollar, those who had no money not getting even that." From Danville to Columbia, S. C., where his quarters, like all others, were in Richland jail, no distinction being made between the officers of colored and white troops. From this jail Lieutenant Williams made his escape. His friend and companion, Lieutenant Hand, being too weak from his wounds, lack of food, and medical treatment to accompany him, drained the bitter cup of his prison life to the end. As cold weather of December set in he was transferred to the Asylum yard, wounded, sick, starving, nearly naked, almost dying, with no shelter but the cold pitiless sky, no food but coarse corn meal, ground cob and all, this without salt or vessel to cook it in. That he survived the unspeakable horrors, privations, and sufferings of that winter is most wonderful. But he says there are some slight gleams of hope even in the darkest days, and that one of his comrades in this place of horrors, Lieutenant S. M. H. Byers, wrote both the words and music of "Sherman's March to the Sea" at the time that both were enduring the miseries of the frightful place. He was hastily removed from Columbia to

Charlotte a few days before General Sherman's army occupied the former city, was paroled in a few days, and finally rejoined his regiment at City Point, Va. The writer has urged him to publish his wonderfully interesting experience in full.

Next came Company C, my color company, Lieutenant W. F. Silverwood in command, Lieutenant Daniel J. Hogan also serving with that company. Lieutenant Silverwood was so severely wounded in defense of the colors, a most heroically gallant deed, that he was never able to return to duty with the regiment. His opinion differs somewhat from that of all the other and more experienced officers of the command, and he thinks there were two or three other regiments in front of ours, and that they stopped at the crater, but he is positive that no other charged to the right except the Forty-third. He says, just as he reached the right of his company, Colonel Hall gave the command, "Right face, charge," or "By the rear rank, charge." "I forced my way through my men, and took a course to strike the line of works at the angle to our right by those trees. The firing was so heavy that I sat down in an out picket post. The colors and some men gathered around me, a dozen muskets were shoved over the breastworks by the enemy and fired. I gave the order to charge, and we were soon in the works, capturing 15 prisoners." He proceeds, but cannot be quoted in full for lack of space, but says in part: "I planted the colors farthest to the right; the staff was shot off between my hands. Company A was the extreme right of our line. At last the enemy appeared to rise out of the ground; the first line was repulsed, the second halted, the third broke our line between me and the crater, were closing in on both my flanks. I ordered the colors to the rear, and kept the enemy in check with my smoking revolver. I was hit as I sprang over the works, my sword knocked from my hand, two ribs and part of a third cut off left side. I walked back to a small ravine and attempted to stop and organize my men, but when I began to speak the blood gushed from my mouth and nose, hemorrhage of the lungs being caused by the concussion."

Lieutenant Daniel J. Hogan reports that at the battle of

the Mine he saw General Ferrero and staff at the front line. The lieutenant at that time was with C, the color company, and is positive that the Forty-third had the right of the division and led its advance, and that his company followed the right of the regiment, which Colonel Hall led so close to the enemy's works that they could reach us with their muskets, and Captains Wilkinson and Brown were wounded by Rebel bayonets. We got the order to charge from the colonel, dashed upon the enemy's works, and carried them, capturing prisoners and colors. The enemy resisted the gallant assault of our regiment with the most determined courage. Captain Wright captured a Rebel color, and Lieutenant Armstrong recaptured a National color. The enemy brought up fresh troops and finally we were compelled to retreat, which all did reluctantly, frequently turning to exchange shots with the enemy, whom I gave a few shots from my heavy Colt's navy pistol.

Conspicuous among these were Captain Burr and Lieutenant Warson. Lieutenant Silverwood showed great coolness and bravery, had the regimental colors saved, and as he stepped up on our works was struck by a bullet in the ribs, and fell severely wounded. Other wounded officers were Colonel Hall, Captain Wright, and Lieutenants Steele and O'Brien. Lieutenants Williams and Hand were taken prisoners, and Lieutenant James T. Hayman killed.

It is my fortune to have reports from the two most gallant and efficient officers who that eventful day served with the company next on the left of the colors. Company F was commanded by its brave captain, Horace F. Burr, and from his clear and concise report it is stated: "The officers were called together by the colonel, and advised of the work in hand, just before the Forty-third advanced to the assault. It was the leading regiment of the Fourth Division, and we went forward at the double quick, by the right flank, Company A leading, Colonel Hall at the head of the regiment. We were under a hot fire as we left our lines, and our men began to fall as we moved direct to the crater, which was literally packed with

white troops who had preceded us. The Forty-third pushed on to our right, still by the right flank, along the enemy's front works, under a hot fire, at close quarters, till the regiment was fairly clear of the crater and beyond, when Colonel Hall gave the order to march by the left flank and charge. He was at the center and in front of the regiment as he gave the command, and led in the execution. Adjutant O'Brien was near him, and as we faced to the left I saw the adjutant spring forward, then drop. Our regiment went over the works at the command, so quickly that a great number of the enemy were unable to escape, and we captured certainly not less than one hundred. One squad of about ten gave up their arms to me, and I saw groups of them scattered along the regiment and going to our rear. The colonel next re-formed the regiment in the intrenchments we had captured, some 250 yards or more to our right of the crater, and there were none of our troops in front or to the right of our regiment in those lines that day. I am very sure that the right of the Forty-third might have shaken hands with the Rebs in the works beyond, had the proper frame of mind existed on both sides. Word was soon passed along that the colonel was wounded and taken to the rear, his final order being for the regiment to keep steady. We were in those works an hour or more, exposed to a destructive fire of artillery from our right and a most spiteful and galling fusillade of musketry on our front and flanks. The line was first broken on the left of our position, and it was there the retreat commenced, our falling back not being all at once, but successively as our flank was uncovered. I am positive that the Forty-third was the first to occupy the Rebel lines to our right of the crater, and equally sure that it was the last to leave them." After reading it, he writes: "The colonel's letter published in the Century Company's war book, 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War', is admirable, and my recollection is quite in accordance therewith."

The well-deserved praise which Lieutenant M. L. Warson has received from his brother officers gives added value to the

brief extracts submitted from his report: "The Forty-third had the honor of being selected to lead the division, and DID lead it in the charge, for which we had been especially drilled, the object of this drill being well-known to every officer of the command, all of whom felt proud of the honor of our being chosen for the dangerous distinction. We took our place on the night of July 29th, massed near the entrance to the covered way, into which we moved next morning, to find our way obstructed by white troops, whom we finally pushed and crowded by, went to their front, where and when the line officers of the regiment first knew that a change of plan had put our division in the rear of the white troops of the Ninth Corps. My view of the explosion was unobstructed, and was preceded by one or two slight motions of the earth, something like a heavy swell at sea, a dull rumbling sound (not loud) like distant thunder, then the uplifting of earth like an island which seemed suspended in the air and held as by invisible hands, supported as it were by gigantic columns of smoke and flame; all this but for a moment, then, like the vomiting of a volcano, it burst into innumerable fragments and fell a confused inextricable mass of earth, muskets, cannon, men; an awful débris. Nearer we moved and awaited orders; my breakfast was brought by my servant (other officers state the same fact). After eating, the colonel called the officers to the right of the regiment, and quietly said: 'Gentlemen, we have a little work to do this morning. I hope every man will do his duty. Good morning, gentlemen.' Modest words, modest as the man who spake them, for a braver and more gallant officer never led soldiers into action than Colonel H. Seymour Hall. He lost his right arm in that charge." "Over our works, up the slope, swept by the fire of the enemy to the crater, to its right the colonel led the regiment, along the front of the enemy's works, so close that both officers and men were wounded by bayonet thrusts and their clothing burned by powder flashes from the guns of the enemy, faced us by the left flank, and charged; the regiment went over the intrenchments, capturing more prisoners than we numbered men. Was this achievement ever surpassed or even equalled? Later a con-

fused mass of troops were to our left, near the crater, white and black mingled; seven flags were in close proximity there. Some of the Forty-third remained till the final charge of the enemy, about 2 p. m., AND THINK IT WAS THE LAST TO LEAVE THE ENEMY'S WORKS." He concludes by saying that he was proud of the regiment, and felt that it had done its duty, capturing the only prisoners and only flags, and achieving the only semblance of success in that disastrous battle.

The fifth company from the right had only been with us a few days when we crossed from the north side of the James, and its captain, Albert D. Wright, has the proud distinction of having captured and brought off a stand of Rebel colors, which I am informed he deliveredd to General Ferrero, our division commander, in person. It is reported that he worked his way through a picket passage in the abatis, and went over the enemy's works toward the right of the regiment, followed by about ten men, some of G and some of F Company, saw a Rebel color sticking above a rifle-pit in rear of the line we charged, jumped, up on the mound of earth, aimed his empty pistol down at the color guard, and demanded their surrender. He says that at the same time some of the men with him came in at the entrance from the breastworks, and the color guard of about six at once surrendered, praying for him to protect them from the "niggers," and were sent to our lines. "We then went to our right to a curve in the Rebel works, and in throwing sandbags across to protect us from their fire I was wounded in the right arm, and started back, taking my captured flag with me, passing Captain Wilkinson, and as I kept on back along the works I saw the most of our officers who were not killed or wounded. At a point indicated near the crater, where General Sigfried says the balance of his brigade halted, I met Colonel _____ with his regiment, and as soon as he saw the flag in my hands, he asked me for it, and when I refused him, he went so far as to take hold of it and try to wrest it from me. A number of men from our regiment shouted at him to drop it, and I ordered him to do so; he did it, but very reluctantly. I then went

into the crater and back to our line, where General Ferrero received the flag from me. When I first reached the Rebel works they were fully manned, and the fire from them was the most terribly murderous ever encountered by me. Nearly every man who went over the works with me struck down one of the enemy with the bayonet, and thrust every man they could overtake." It is a satisfaction to the writer of this paper to state that he collected additional evidence of the fact of the capture of this stand of colors by Captain Wright, as stated in the report of our brigade commander, and he recommended to the War Department that a medal of honor be awarded to Captain Wright, which was done.

Lieutenant Robert W. Armstrong was the only other officer with Captain Wright's company that day, and he distinguished himself by the recapture of a stand of National colors, taken from some other of our troops, that morning. I did not see this, and as the lieutenant was killed a few days later, no report was ever had from him, nor have I been able to get any further information from eye-witnesses. He was a very bright and promising Christian young man, whom we all respected and were coming to love in so short a time as he was with us; but I do not know where was his home, or the name and address of any of his relatives.

To the left of G was Company D, led that day by its captain, Benjamin B. Blackman, who died after a few years of exceptional success in the practice of law. No report of his has been found by me, and I can say nothing of his experience, but his bravery is admitted by all who knew him, and his memory is deserving of honor. His lieutenant, Ezra S. Dean, the only other officer on the field with the company in that battle, has left a brief account. He has failed to give much of his experience, and his coolness and brave devotion to duty entitle him to much higher praise than his brief story shows. It does show that he was doing his duty when it says: "We started forward as the command was given, but the left of the company had to rush to close up; some of my men fell out between the lines. I

went after them, and brought them up to the company just as it turned by the left flank to take the intrenchments. After we carried the works and our colonel re-formed the regiment, our loss was so great that our line was very short; it did not appear to be more than a few yards from me to Colonel Hall when he was hit. A short time after he was taken from the field, an officer started up to give the command 'Forward,' which was the last effort, so far as I know, to move forward. Later the Rebel line came steadily forward at trail arms, came up on us, and as we fell back gave us a tremendously severe cross-fire." This is all that I can find from a most gallant officer and estimable gentleman.

The extreme left of my regiment was Company B, whose able, efficient, and brave captain, John D. Brown, rose from a sick-bed and voluntarily took his place with his company, when utterly unfit for duty, and was compelled to take to his bed again as soon as the battle was over. He has left me no record of what he saw and what he did, greatly to my regret. Some papers written by his lieutenants have come into my possession, that will have to supply the deficiency.

Lieutenant James W. Steele was with the right of his company, and his statement shows that the enemy did hold his works down to the crater when the Forty-third charged to our right and took them. This accomplished officer, who was subsequently a captain of the U. S. Army and is a celebrated author, says: "I know something about the prisoners, for there was a half determination on the part of a good many of the black soldiers to kill them as fast as they came to them. They were thinking of Fort Pillow, and small blame to them. The first batch I saw had been driven together just in front of the line of earthworks we had taken and occupied. I climbed over and rushed out there to save them from the group of men of my own company, who in two minutes would have bayoneted the last poor devil of them. It was a queer place for an argument, but I was met by cries that they would kill us, and had killed us wherever they could find us, and we were going to change

the game. I put up the pieces with my hands, argued and cursed alternately, until the scared little crowd had been got over the earthworks and had scurried off to our rear. For one reason or another I crossed that enfiladed space between the lines four times; also I was spattered with the brains of a soldier who was running beside me. I have since been in some warm regions, but that 30th of July was the hottest day I ever felt in any land. The funniest thing was that old Remington revolver of mine. It would shoot the side off a tree at a hundred yards, and I had it with me. When I saw the game was up, I reluctantly and with a feeling of despair began to get ready to cross the enfilade for the last time. There was one man among the Rebels who were coming who seemed to have a personal feeling in the matter. He would stop to load, and while doing so would grin diabolically, and shake his head. I thought that he thought he was on a 'nigger' hunt, and it made me mad. So I climbed to the top of the earthworks, turned round, and deliberately fired four times at that particular soldier. Just at the close of this somewhat boyish proceeding I myself got a little slice taken out of the shoulder. I looked back just as I started to go, amid cries of, 'Come in heah, Yank, or we gwine to kill yeh,' to see if I could again discover my man amongst the ranks of the chargers. I do not, after all this time to think about it, know whether I am glad or sorry that he was not there. I remember the scene as the mine exploded, how it appeared after all that it had contained was about 120 feet in the air, and before they came down again I met Colonel Hall on his way out, his arm dangling, and spoke to him."

In reply to my recent request that he would write up the story, he says: "As leisure permits I am at your service to tell my own story of that day in my own way. But I should like first to go again and see the place. I have always wished to. To many living men the Mine at Petersburg is the most vivid memory of their lives, and for them more than for the establishment of any military fact should the story be told. I was then a boy; I am now middle-aged. To me the story must be told with its

personalities to be of interest and value; I am like others." The writer awaits with interest Captain Steele's volume. It will be classic and enduring.

The positive statements of personal experience of the cool, clear-headed, clear-sighted, intrepid officer, First Lieutenant L. H. Parkhurst, fittingly close up the story on the left of the command. He states that Captain Brown was on the sick-list, but took command of his company when it was ordered forward, this placing Parkhurst, as he says, "with the rear of the regiment moving by the right flank. A few of our men took shelter in the crater, whom I drove out, and know that there were no colored troops in the crater, when our left had passed to the right of it, except some wounded of the Forty-third." "As I reached the left of the regiment, it had faced by the left flank, and was charging over the Rebel works; I did the same. It was some time after this before other colored troops connected with our left, which was some considerable distance beyond the crater, where we remained a long time, when I saw the line of Rebels coming a few rods off, saw that I was nearly alone, and returned to our own line, which had opened fire on the enemy, miraculously escaping unhurt the terrific fire to which I was exposed from both lines. Captain Wilkinson commanded the regiment from the time Colonel Hall was wounded till the arrival of Major Horace Bumstead, two or three days after. I think there were only seven officers left for duty; Captain Wilkinson took one for adjutant, leaving five line officers to command seven companies. Captain Brown was still sick, and I had command of two companies. Before the battle, I was in charge of the detail that finished the covered way through which we advanced, and on the 3d of August, in command of a burial party, laid away our dead, in a wide and deep trench, between the lines, as the Rebs delivered them to me at the truce line. How many I cannot say. Quite a number were blown to pieces by bursting shells, and I could not tell where the fragments belonged; they were buried with the others. After three days the bodies were so black and bloated as to be be-

yond recognition, and colored could only be told from white by the hair. I buried them all side by side, regardless of color or rank, and leveled the ground as smooth as possible."

The report of General Meade, as well as his testimony before the commission of which General Hancock was president, shows a strong feeling against the colored troops, but space prevents little more than reference to his report and other documents. He has no good word to say for them, although the evidence of the records proves conclusively that my seven companies of colored soldiers captured more than four-fifths of the 246 prisoners and one of the two stands of colors that he reports were taken by his entire army that day; he gives us no credit whatever, but blames the colored division for the failure, though his own orders kept us out of the fight till his other troops had given it up as a lost battle; he refused to allow us whom General Burnside selected, and whom after an inspection an officer of his own staff had pronounced best fitted to lead the assault as Burnside proposed and urged, and which General Grant subsequently stated on oath he believed we would have made a success, though he did hold with General Meade before the action. General Meade admits, while testifying before the investigating commission, with some show of reluctance: "From the reports transmitted I cannot perceive that the colored troops were more to blame than the others."

General A. A. Humphreys, Meade's chief of staff, in his "Campaign of '64 and '65," says of our (Ferrero's) division: "A part of them were led off to the right, and got off into the intrenchments there, where they had some fighting, capturing 200 prisoners and a color." I repeat that no regiment of our said division is reported as having captured any prisoners or colors, or being in any position where such captures were possible on that day, except the Forty-third. No other regiment went to the right at that time when it charged and carried the enemy's intrenchments and captured those prisoners and colors.

General Burnside, our corps commander, says: "A part of the column was deflected to the right, and charged and captured

a portion of the enemy's line with a stand of colors and some prisoners. Of the enemy's first counter-charge and its result, he states, "But not all of the colored troops retired; some held the pits, severely checking the enemy till they were nearly all killed," and this corroborates those officers of the Forty-third who state that it was the last to leave the captured works. Captain Sanders, of General Meade's staff was with General Burnside, and at 8:45 a. m. sent a dispatch to Meade, "One set of colors just sent in captured by the negroes." As I have before stated, no official report shows any colors or prisoners captured by any colored regiment but the Forty-third that fixes the hour of our charge at about eight o'clock in the morning.

General Edward Ferrero, our division commander, was sworn thirty days after the battle, and testified that his leading brigade engaged the enemy a short distance in rear of the crater, where they captured some 200-odd prisoners and a stand of colors, and recaptured a stand of colors belonging to a white regiment of our corps. In a letter to me he says that it is correct in all particulars; that he went to our first line of works, and there remained to see his command go through. The Forty-third was the first over, then Colonel Humphreys' brigade followed in on the left of Colonel Hall's regiment, cutting off the rest of my division from its leading regiment, THE FORTY-THIRD, for some little time; it went on, charged and carried the Rebel works at the right of the Mine, before the balance of my division could get up to the assistance of the Forty-Third, and it alone, unaided and unsupported, captured a stand of Rebel colors, recaptured a stand of National colors, and took and sent to our lines 200 prisoners, belonging mostly to a South Carolina regiment, the only prisoners and colors captured by my division that day. General Ferrero is referred to in what General Burnside says about the originator of the first plan of assault, and General Ferrero states that General Grant said he believed that it would have given us success had it been carried out.

General Joshua K. Sigfried, then colonel of the 48th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who did the mining, was our brigade coman-

der, and I use him freely as heretofore, as undoubted authority, and to show how the conduct of the regiment was regarded by others at the time. He writes: "In the evening before, after we had marched down into the woods back of my bomb-proof, General Meade ordered a council of war, and objected to the colored troops making the charge, on account of want of experience, as he put it, but really, as I think, because he was opposed to the colored troops anywhere, and General Burnside finally agreed to leave it to General Grant, who sided with General Meade, and we were kept until the last. Had the original plan been adhered to, I am PERFECTLY satisfied Petersburg would have been in our possession before 10 o'clock that day. Generals Grant and Meade both admitted that to me afterwards. The Forty-third went farther and did better under the most destructive fire from the artillery and infantry of the enemy, after giving them some three hours' time for concentration, than could be expected."

A further recognition of the conspicuously gallant services of those officers and men of the Forty-third on this bloody field was the subsequent promotion by the President, by and with the advice and consent at the Senate, of its commander on that field, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Seymour Hall, to be brigadier-general of U. S. Volunteers by brevet, "for gallant and meritorious services in the assault on the enemy's works at the Mine before Petersburg, Virginia," as is stated in his commission. General Sigfried writes, after making his official report:

"No man ever led a regiment under such a severe fire through several divisions of other troops who had preceded them, and who had squatted in a place of shelter, as did General Hall the 43d U. S. C. T., that 30th day of July, 1864. When the order came for us to go in, I asked permission to charge on the line direct, without going through the crater, and I said, 'I will take it now,' and I am confident, had I been permitted to do so, with General Hall in the lead, we would have been successful. I can see him yet brought back to the crater, as he made the remark, 'I took the rifle-pit, but I am done; my arm is all shattered.' Major Frank Holsinger, then a captain in

the 19th Regiment of U. S. C. T., states that his regiment was still inside our own works when General Hall was taken past them wounded; that he raised his left hand toward the enemy and said, 'Go in, boys; there is plenty there for all of you.' This further proves that the Forty-third must have been far in advance of the rest of the division, as it had already charged the works, captured the colors, and taken the prisoners, which, as Harper's 'History of the Rebellion' says, 'was the only semblance of success on that fatal day.' A few weeks after the battle, before he could have forgotten, General Grant was testifying under oath, before the committee of Congress on the conduct of the war, and in answer to a question said: 'General Burnside wanted to put his colored troops in the lead, and I believe if he had done so, we would have been successful.'

"The reports of the enemy are few and brief, and are silent about any surrender of works, colors, or prisoners to the negroes, but General B. R. Johnson, commanding the division that we assaulted, reports that Elliott's brigade occupied the Mine and to our right and left, its loss being 698, 351 of whom are reported missing. All the infantry of this brigade were South Carolina regiments, commanded by Colonel McMaster, after General Elliott was wounded. The 200 prisoners taken by the Forty-third were doubtless some of the missing."

Our accomplished and efficient assistant surgeon, Dr. A. B. Lowe, had no assistance till three days after this battle, when Surgeon A. Waterhouse joined for duty, as did the other three companies, under the scholarly gentleman and gallant soldier, Major Bumstead, then late graduate of Yale, now the Rev. Horace Bumstead, D.D., president of Atlanta University. The major served with honor in the field till the regiment was mustered out in the fall of 1865. He has been solicited by General Hall to write the balance of the record of service of the Forty-third, a task for which he is pre-eminently qualified.

Captain Joseph Forbes was sick, Lieutenant J. C. Hankey in charge of the ambulance train, Lieutenant M. W. Sawyer acting as regimental quartermaster, and many enlisted men were

on detached service. The 43d Regiment went into action with only 18 commissioned officers and 328 enlisted men. Of these, 1 officer and 40 men were killed, 10 officers and 94 men wounded, 2 officers wounded and captured, a total of 147, or 42½ per cent. Our colors were cut in tatters, the lance shot off by musket balls, and the staff of our regimental color partly cut off by the fire of the enemy. Less than 200 of these brave officers and men retired at the last moment, safely bringing off the bullet-riddled remnants of their colors, before an overwhelming force of the enemy, led against our right by Generals B. R. Johnson and Ransom, and against the crater and our left by General William Mahone, leaders and men whose bravery had been tried on many fields, and in its contest with these worthy representatives of Southern valor it cannot be said that the 43d Regiment of United States Colored Troops disgraced the military service, but in truth it must be stated that it won imperishable renown.

APPENDIX.

The following letter was written by the writer of the foregoing paper before he had the Official Records or the reports of his officers. It was not intended as a criticism on General Thomas, whose warm friend the writer is, but to set right some things of which the general had no personal knowledge. His article as published in the book was changed from the magazine paper in the matters referred to by me, and part of my letter inserted therewith in "Battles and Leaders," as is referred to by Captain Burr. I quote it from my retained copy in full:

PETERSBURG MINE—BATTLE OF JULY 30, 1864.

"Menthal Farm, Carroll County, Missouri,

"Bogard Post Office, January 11, 1888.

"To The Century Co., New York:

"In his article on the colored troops at Petersburg in the last September *Century Magazine*, General Henry Goddard Thomas states that, 'The First Brigade (Fourth Division, 9th

Corps) worked its way through the crater and was halted behind the honeycomb of bomb-proofs.' I can give no account of the movements of the rear regiments of the First Brigade, but as to the advance, this is erroneous. The 43d Regiment U. S. C. T., having the advance of the First Brigade, was leading the division, and besides having only seven companies present, was the newest regiment in the division. After an inspection of the division by an officer of General Burnside's staff, the Forty-third was selected to lead the assault which was to follow the explosion of the mine, in the *first* plan of attack, and it still had the advance when the division *finally* went into action. In command of, and the only field officer present with the Forty-third Regiment at any time, in compliance with special orders, I drilled the command and carefully inspected the ground over which we were to advance, for this latter purpose accompanying General J. F. Hartranft in his rounds when he was general officer of the trenches.

"When the order to lead out from the covered way was given me, we marched by the flank, scrambled, climbed, or jumped, as best we could, over our outer works, 'double quick' swept up the slope, already the center of a tornado of shot and shell, through which leading my command directly to the crater, mounting the crest of the débris, I saw at once the utter hopelessness of passing the enemy's lines through and over the mass of soldiers in the yawning gulf. - Without an instant's pause, the Forty-third followed my lead to our right around on the crest of the crater's rim till near the enemy's main line of intrenchments on our right, which was at that time fully manned by the Rebel forces, who were concentrating on us a deadly fire of musketry, and flaunting their colors defiantly almost in our very faces. Still at the 'double quick,' changing direction to the right, leading the command in front of and parallel to the intrenchments held by the enemy, as soon as sufficient distance was taken, I gave the command to march by the left flank, and as the line thus formed faced the enemy, gave the order to '*Charge*.' Officers and men swept resistlessly on, over the enemy's intrenchments, without an instant's pause or waver, capturing nearly all the force in our immediate front, probably over 100 prisoners, the stand of Rebel colors mentioned, and recapturing a stand of National colors. All this occupied seemingly few minutes from the time we left the covered way, but we were exposed to the most terrific concentration of musketry and artillery fire it had ever been my lot to encounter, serving from Bull Run, July 21,

1861, to this 30th day of July, 1864, and our losses were fearful. We had opened a gateway, but the crest of the ridge beyond the crater, our objective point, was not yet gained. Gallantly the survivors closed up their ranks, and nerved themselves for the struggle as I re-formed them inside the captured intrenchments.

"Probably the halt mentioned by General Thomas was when the balance of the brigade was halted behind the line on the left of my regiment as is stated by General Sigfried. Just as I was about to give the order to my regiment to advance and charge Cemetery Ridge, my right arm fell useless at my side, pierced and shattered near my shoulder by a musket-ball. Recovering my saber, which had dropped from my hand, I retired from the field of battle to an ambulance, thence to the amputating-table. This ended my campaigning till my return to the Forty-third in the field in front of Richmond, March 25, 1865, in time to make the entry into Richmond on the morning of April 3d, with General Thomas' brigade, then in the 25th Corps, and by his order I was provost-marshal of Manchester District.

"At the battle of the Mine before Petersburg, Va., the 43d Regiment United States Colored Troops had not more than 19 officers and 330 enlisted men in line; 1 officer and 28 men were killed, 10 officers and 94 men were wounded, 2 officers and 12 men were missing—total 147. The colors were tattered, and the color lance splintered and shivered into a dozen pieces by musket-balls. No report was made by me of the operations of the regiment, by reason of the loss of my right arm, my transfer to the North, and my subsequent detail by the War Department to command Camp Casey, and as chief mustering officer of the District of Columbia, till my amputation healed. This extract from the official report of Colonel Sigfried, our brigade commander, was sent me in October, 1864 (I have it yet), showing as originally, 'A true copy. D. Bates, Colonel 30th U. S. C. T.' It says: 'The 43d U. S. C. T. moved over the crest of the crater and towards the right, charged the enemy's intrenchments and took them, capturing a number of prisoners and a stand of Rebel colors, and recapturing a stand of National colors. This line was part of the continuous line connecting with the crater. Lieutenant-Colonel H. Seymour Hall, 43d Regiment, lost his right arm while bravely leading his command.'

"General Thomas was misinformed about my adjutant, O'Brien, being shot through the heart. He was shot through the left shoulder, promoted to captain, served with me at Camp Casey, entering Richmond, in Texas after the close of the war, though

suffering painfully at times from his wound. The limits of this letter forbid mention of names and incidents well worth a place in history. Let me only state here, that no officer of my command hesitated to lead his men to what seemed certain death, and heroes with skins of darker hue grandly proved their title to freedom, on the soil of the State that once ranked many of them as slaves.

"H. Seymour Hall."

While speaking of General Thomas, I wish my readers to note particularly and investigate; he does not claim, either in his official report or paper, that his brigade, which was the only other brigade in our division of colored troops besides ours (Sigfried's), captured any prisoners or colors, as he certainly would have done had it done so. Neither does General Sigfried report nor claim that any of the regiments of his brigade except the Forty-third took a single prisoner or color. Major-General Fererro, our division commander, who was where he could know, confirms all that I claim for my regiment in these reports. After the reading of the foregoing paper, Colonel Brown, U. S. Army, said to me that he was on General's Turner's staff, and saw our charge, saw O'Brien as I describe him, and that General Turner and he were lost in admiration of his gallantry. Colonel William H. Powell, U. S. A., was on the staff of General Ledlie, First Division, and tells what he saw, thus: "But the leading brigade (of the colored troops) struck the enemy which I had previously reported as massed in front of the crater, and in a sharp little action the colored troops captured some two hundred prisoners and a stand of colors and recaptured a stand of colors belonging to a white regiment of the Ninth Corps. In this almost hand-to-hand conflict the colored troops became somewhat disorganized, and some twenty minutes were consumed in re-forming; then they made the attempt to move forward again. Had any one in authority been present when the colored troops made their charge, and had they been supported, even at that late hour in the day there would have been a possibility of success."

See also the full and very interesting account of the Reverend George L. Kilmer, then a soldier in the 14th New York Heavy Artillery; he had also served two years in the 27th New York Volunteers, General Slocum's regiment, when I was also a member of that regiment, a fact of which he is not aware; all three papers in "Battles and Leaders." Dr. Kilmer says: "The last rally was when the colored division moved out from our works in splendid order, which promised us success. Growlers were put to shame now, and most of them fell into line to go forward. Some few declared that they would never follow 'niggers' or be caught in their company, and started back to our own lines, but were promptly driven forward again. Then the colored troops broke and scattered and pandemonium began. The bravest lost heart, and the men who distrusted the negroes vented their feelings freely. Some colored men came into the crater, and there they found a worse fate than death in the charge."

H. S. Hall.

At Gettysburg with the Sixth Corps.

**By Companion H. Seymour Hall, Brevet Brigadier-General
United States Volunteers.**

November 6, 1896.

For thirty days after the Chancellorsville campaign the Army of the Potomac was in its old camps on the north bank of the Rappahannock River, from whence the regiments, whose term of service had expired, set out for home. In most of the thirty-eight regiments from New York that were mustered in for two years, in May, 1861, were many recruits who had enlisted later for three years, who were now consolidated, or transferred to three years' regiments. General J. J. Bartlett, wishing me to remain on his staff, made request to have me retained, which was favorably endorsed by Brigadier-General W. T. H. Brooks, commanding First Division; Major-General John Sedgwick, commanding Sixth Corps; and Major-General Joseph Hooker, commanding the Army of the Potomac. The three-years men in the 16th, 18th, 27th, and 31st Regiments, New York Volunteers, were ordered to report to me at Second Brigade headquarters, and I organized them into the 16th New York Consolidated Battalion. Colonel Emory Upton greatly desired to have us attached to his 121st New York Volunteers, and at his urgent request I was transferred to that regiment with my eighty men, by order of the division commander, remaining on the staff as before.

It was necessary that my discharge should be had from the 27th New York Volunteers, which had left the army for Elmira, New York, three weeks earlier; so I was ordered to that place for muster out, which was completed by Captain La Rhett L. Livingston, 3d U. S. Artillery, and Colonel Alex. D. Adams, 27th Regiment New York Volunteers, May 31, 1863. Some official business with which I was charged required me to see the adjutant-general of the State at Albany, and duty and inclination took me by way of Lima, Livingston County, where my first company was organized, and to which they had returned in a body and were given a glorious welcome home; thence by way of my home in Saratoga County to Albany; having concluded my business at Albany on the 5th

of June, I turned my face again towards the battle-fields of Virginia. On my arrival in Washington it was found that the Sixth Corps had left its camps at White Oak Church, near Fredericksburg, and its movements were in the general direction of Washington; as its exact position was unknown, I was ordered to remain in the city till its location was ascertained.

The Sixth Corps arrived at Fairfax Station, and there, on the 16th of June, I returned to duty on the staff of General Bartlett. The Sixth was the last corps to leave the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and was now seeking, with the rest of the army, to discover General Lee's purpose, and being interposed as a shield between his army and Washington. His movements were screened by the Blue Ridge, the passes of which were occupied by his cavalry, and in trying to penetrate this screen our cavalry fought a succession of sharp battles at the mountain passes, often encountering both infantry and cavalry and losing heavily in the struggle. As they moved in the direction of the Potomac they found that every gap was occupied by the enemy, thus plainly indicating the line of march of the enemy to be in the direction of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The Army of the Potomac moved parallel to its opponent, on the east side of the Blue Ridge, our brigade touching successively Germantown, Drainsville, and Edward's Ferry, where we crossed into Maryland on the 27th; then Poolesville, Hyattstown, New Windsor, and Manchester were our camping stations.

At Manchester we were ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice, with three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition on the person of each man. The brigade received this order at 11 a. m., July 1, and quickly complied with its provisions, but were not called upon to move till 7:30 p. m., and at 9:30 were under way, the entire column moving on the Taneytown road. Some time after midnight we took a cross-road, which led us out onto the Baltimore Turnpike, on which we moved directly towards Gettysburg. This change of direction was made near Westminster in consequence of orders having been brought to General Sedgwick by one of his staff offi-

cers, whom he had sent to General Meade for orders, and without waiting for his return had put the corps in motion toward army headquarters, thus gaining about three hours' time. We, at brigade headquarters, had heard of the fighting at Gettysburg on the 1st, without learning of the results, and pushed eagerly forward to take our places beside our comrades. All night long we marched, stopping only for a few minutes' rest at intervals, and once after midnight long enough for the men to make coffee; then on we toiled, the load of musket, knapsack, haversack, three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition made more burdensome by the shadows of the night rendering our footsteps more uncertain.

With the morning came the stifling heat and the blinding dust of the turnpike, increasing as the sun rose higher and the men grew wearier in body, but their spirits never flagged, and they pressed on to the sound of the cannon as eagerly as though it were rest and repose that awaited them instead of wounds and death on the battle-field, towards which they were hastening with unwonted silence and sternness. The officers, ever watchful to remove every obstacle that would impede or increase the exertions of the tired soldiers, were doubly watchful to remove all obstructions from their front on this most famous march, and woe be to the non-combatant who heeded not instantly any orders that they gave to that end. An ambulance team was standing across the roadway, the driver gazing curiously as the men, weary, footsore, stooping under their load of musket, knapsack, three days' rations and sixty rounds of ball cartridges, would have to turn out of the smooth roadway to pass his obstructing mules; as I came nearer a general officer dashed up and ordered him out of the way. He made no effort to go, but turned his curious gaze on the general. With a fierce oath the general snatched his pistol from its holster, saying in a tone that was not misunderstood: "Out of the way of the men or I'll kill you." The driver plied his whip and instantly cleared the way. Some time after a soldier came out of a cross-road. He was riding a mule and

had huge loaves of Pennsylvania bread, as much as he could hold with his free arm piled up before him. He was encroaching on the line of march, and as we neared him General Bartlett directed him to fall in behind us with the orderlies. He made no move to obey, and in an instant the general's saber was flashing through the air, just missing the man, whom, if a foot nearer, it would certainly have cut in two, and truncated his pyramid of bread in the most artistic manner. An orderly took the mule by its bridle, and brought the frightened rider along. At our next halt the general interrogated him. He said he was a recruit, and did not know what was wanted of him, and explained: "I'm at General Newton's headquarters and have been out to get this bread for the general and wanted to join my command, and I didn't know you was a *captain*." He was ordered to join General Newton at once. As we advanced, fiercer grew the heat, more stifling became the dust, more frequent became the signs of battle. General Bartlett sent me on in advance to find the location of our ammunition train, and I soon met wounded men going to the rear, and finally met General Howard and staff, and after giving him the information he desired about the Sixth Corps, learned the location of the train that I was in search of, returned to the brigade in time to enter upon the field of Gettysburg with it as the assault on our left center was made. Before relating the part we enacted in the operations of the remainder of the day, my account of the historic march of the Sixth Corps being so incomplete, as relating to only what came under my own observation, I will insert here a quotation which I have the permission of its distinguished author, General Charles Francis Adams, to use from an oration of his, the entire production being of such classic beauty and so full of eloquent patriotism that it will become an American classic. "The Double Anniversary, '76 and '63," was delivered at Quincy, Mass., July 4, 1869, and from it is taken this most beautiful and eloquent description of the advance of the "Old Sixth Corps" that I have ever seen:

"The 4th of July is a day peculiar and sacred in our calendars, even as it was in those of our fathers. Six years ago on this anniversary we, and not only we who stood upon the scarred and furrowed field of battle, but you and our whole country were drawing breath after the struggle of Gettysburg. For three long days we had stood the strain of conflict, and now, at last, when the nation's birthday dawned, the shattered Rebel columns had sullenly withdrawn from our front, and we drew that long breath of deep relief which none have ever drawn who have not passed in safety through the shock of doubtful battle. Nor was our country gladdened then by news from Gettysburg alone. The army that day twined noble laurel garlands round the proud brow of the mother land. Vicksburg was thereafter to be forever associated with the Declaration of Independence, and the glad anniversary rejoicings as they rose from every town and village and city of the loyal North mingled with the last sullen echoes that died away from our cannon over the Cemetery Ridge, and were answered by glad shouts of victory from the far Southwest. To all of us of this generation—and especially to such of us as were ourselves a part of those great events—this celebration, therefore, now has and must ever retain a special significance. It belongs to us as well as to our fathers. As upon this day, ninety-three years ago, this nation was brought into existence through the efforts of others, upon this day six years ago, I am disposed to believe, through our own efforts, it dramatically touched the climax of its great argument.

"The time that has since elapsed enables us now to look back and see things in their true proportions. We begin to realize that the years we have so recently passed through, though we did not appreciate it at the time, were the heroic years of American history. Now that their passionate excitement is over, it is pleasant to dwell upon them—to recall the rising of a great people, the call to arms as it boomed from our hilltops and clashed from our steeples—the eager patriotism of that fierce April which kindled new sympathies in every-

bosom, which caused the miser to give freely of his wealth, the wife with eager hands to pack the knapsack of her husband, and mothers, with eyes glistening with tears of pride, to look out upon the glistening bayonets of their boys; then came the frenzy of impatience and the defeat entailed upon us by rashness and inexperience, before our nation settled down, solidly and patiently, to its work, determined to save itself from destruction; and then followed the long, weary years of doubt and mingled fear and hope, until at last that day came, six years ago, which we now celebrate—the day which saw the flood-tide of rebellion reach high-water mark, whence it never after ceased to recede. At the moment probably none of us, either at home or at the seat of war, realized the grandeur of the situation—the dramatic power of the incidents or the Titanic nature of the conflict. To you who were at home—mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, brothers, citizens of the common country if nothing else—the agony of suspense, the anxiety, the joy, and too often the grief which was to know no end, which marked the passage of those days, left little either of time or inclination to dwell upon aught save the horrid reality of the drama. To others, who more immediately participated in those great events—the daily vexations and annoyances; the hot and dusty day; the sleepless, anxious night; the rain upon the unsheltered bivouac; the dead lassitude which succeeded the excitement of action; the cruel orders which recognized no fatigue and made no allowance for labors undergone—all these small trials of the soldier's life made it possible to but few to realize the grandeur of the drama in which they were playing a part. Yet we were not wholly oblivious of it. Now and then I come across strange evidence of this in turning over the leaves of the few weather-stained, dog-eared volumes which were the companions of my life in camp. The title-page of one bears witness to the fact that it was my companion at Gettysburg, and in it I recently found some lines of Browning's noble poem of 'Saul' marked and altered to express my sense of our situation, and bearing date upon this

very 5th of July. The poet had described in them the fall of snow in the springtime from a mountain, under which nestled a valley; the altering of a few words made them well describe the approach of our army to Gettysburg.

“Fold on fold, all at once, we crowd thunderously down to your feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black but alive yet, your army of old
With its rents, the successive bequeathing of conflicts untold:
Yea! each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and scar
Of its head thrust twixt you and the tempest,—all hail! here we are!”

“And there we were indeed, and then and there was enacted such a celebration as I hope may never again be witnessed there or elsewhere on another 4th of July. Even as I stand here before you, through the lapse of years and the shifting experiences of the recent past, visions and memories of those days rise thick and fast before me. We did indeed crowd thunderously down to their feet! Of the events of those three terrible days I may speak with feeling and yet with modesty, for small indeed was the part those with whom I served were called upon to play. When those great bodies of infantry drove together in the crash of battle, the clouds of cavalry which had hitherto covered up their movements were swept aside to the flanks. Our work for the time was done, nor had it been an easy or a pleasant work. The road to Gettysburg had been paved with our bodies and watered with our blood. Three weeks before, in the middle days of June, I, a captain of cavalry, had taken the field at the head of one hundred mounted men, the joy and pride of my life. Through twenty days of almost incessant conflict the hand of death had been heavy upon us, and now, upon the eve of Gettysburg, thirty-four of the hundred only remained, and our comrades were dead on the field of battle, or languishing in hospitals, or prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Six brave young fellows we had buried in one grave where they fell on the heights of Aldie. It was late on the evening of the 1st of July that there came to us rumors of heavy fighting at Gettysburg, near forty miles away. The regiment happened then to be de-

tached, and its orders for the 2d were to move in rear of Sedgwick's corps and see that no man left the column. All that day we marched to the sound of the cannon; Sedgwick, very grim and stern, was pressing forward his tired men, and we soon saw that for once there would be no stragglers from the ranks. As the day grew old and as we passed rapidly up from the rear to the head of the hurrying column, the roar of battle grew more distinct, until at last we crowned a hill and the contest broke upon us. Across the deep valley, some two miles away, we could see the white smoke of the bursting shells, while below the sharp incessant rattle of the musketry told of the fierce struggle that was going on. Before us ran the straight, white, dusty road, choked with artillery, ambulances, caissons, ammunition-trains, all pressing forward to the field of battle, while mixed among them, their bayonets gleaming through the dust like wavelets on a river of steel, tired, footsore, hungry, thirsty, begrimed with sweat and dust, the gallant infantry of Sedgwick's corps hurried to the sound of the cannon as men might have flocked to a feast. Moving rapidly forward, we crossed the brook which runs so prominently across the map of the field of battle and halted on its further side to await our orders. Hardly had I dismounted from my horse, when, looking back, I saw that the head of the column had reached the brook and deployed and halted on its other bank, and already the stream was filled with naked men, shouting with pleasure as they washed off the sweat of their long day's march. Even as I looked the noise of the battle grew louder, and soon the symptoms of movement were evident. The *rappel* was heard, the bathers hurriedly clad themselves, the ranks were formed, and the sharp, quick snap of the percussion caps told us the men were preparing their weapons for action. Almost immediately a general officer rode rapidly to the front of the line, addressed to it a few brief, energetic words, the short, sharp order to move by the flank was given, followed immediately by the 'double quick,' the officer placed himself at the head of the column, and that brave in-

fantry, which had marched almost forty miles since the setting of yesterday's sun, which during that day had hardly known either sleep, or food, or rest, or shelter from the July heat, now, as the shadows grew long, hurried forward on the run to take its place in the line of battle and to bear up the reeling fortunes of the day.

"It is said that at the crisis of Solferino, Marshal McMahon appeared with his corps upon the field of battle, his men having run for seven miles. We need not go abroad for examples of endurance and soldierly bearing. The achievement of Sedgwick and the brave Sixth Corps, as they marched upon the field of Gettysburg on that second day of July, far excels the vaunted efforts of the French Zouaves.

"Twenty-four hours later we stood upon that same ground—many dear friends had yielded up their young lives during the hours which had elapsed, but, though twenty thousand fellow-creatures were wounded or dead around us, though the floodgates of heaven seemed open and the torrents fell upon the quick and the dead, yet the elements seemed electrified with a certain magnetic influence of victory, and, as the great army sank down overwearied in its tracks, it felt that the crisis and danger was passed—that Gettysburg was immortal."

That immortality which General Adams so eloquently proclaims is a source of pride to every soldier of the Sixth Corps, which, upon its arrival on the field, was thrown into the thickest of the fight by brigades or divisions separately, wherever they were most needed. Our brigade was thrown forward to a position on the left-center near the Third and Fifth Corps, which we reached as our lines were giving ground before the fierce assaults of the exulting enemy, whose advance was checked, and, after an hour of hard fighting, they were compelled to fall back, and we advanced over the ground they had gained from the Third Corps earlier in the afternoon. The enemy fell back slowly, stubbornly, contesting every foot of the way, till we were in view from their batteries, and as we took a position sheltered somewhat by a stone wall and a

grove of trees they opened a fierce cannonade, which crashed through the trees above our heads, the falling limbs from the trees doing us more damage than their shells. It was soon quite dark, and after awhile we were moved to the rear and formed a portion of the line on the north slope of Little Round Top, on the right of the Fifth Corps. While we were occupying the advanced position which we had regained from the enemy, I could see in the twilight two pieces of artillery some distance in our front, near which were lying so many dead horses and men that it seemed as if every living thing belonging to that section of artillery had been shot down in its place. It was while my attention was directed to the enemy and objects in our front that a loud shriek of pain on my right caused me to turn in that direction in time to see a soldier spring to his feet, crying out, "I'm killed! I'm killed!" and start to the rear, when quickly an officer seized him and demanded where he was hurt, and, on being shown, made an examination of the place where a spent bullet had struck; the hurt and the fright had caused the man to believe that he had received his death-wound. His officer sternly ordered him to return to his place, and emphasized the command with the flat of his saber.

The position to which the brigade was assigned for the night, and the battle of the third, was about two-thirds up the northwest slope of Little Round Top, our front line being occupied by two regiments of the brigade, the other regiments of the brigade being posted a little down the slope to the east, not far from where the Sixth Corps was supposed to be held in reserve. In fact, the brigades and divisions composing the corps had been scattered to different parts of the line, and little of it remained with General Sedgwick. Our lines were established and their rectification and defenses completed near midnight of the 2d, and I unsaddled my horse after thirty hours' continued exertion on the march and on the battlefield, and, after providing for the tireless and faithful helper, lay down upon the ground and slept among the boulders such

a sleep as the last trump would have hardly awakened. During the absence of a portion of his troops on another part of the field, as ordered, in the battle of the previous afternoon and night, a portion of General Slocum's line had been taken possession of by the enemy. His cannonade at dawn, July 3d, awakened me, and during the time the fierce struggle was being waged by Slocum to recover his ground, the enemy kept up a continuous fire of artillery all along the line to prevent assistance from going to the help of our right, which was kept up for two or three hours, till our ground on the right was regained and our line of battle was once more intact. Lee's plan of assaulting our flanks had failed, and, not knowing whether we would be called upon to take the offensive or to await another onset of the enemy, the brigade quietly strengthened the weakest places on our front and waited. It is stated that General Meade was preparing to advance and attack the enemy, but we received no such orders.

Our position was at a considerable elevation and commanded a distinct view of the ground between the lines in front of our center, and of the wooded ridge to the west, on which the enemy placed 120 guns, many of which could be distinguished among the timber by the aid of glasses. For three hours after the action, which drove out the enemy on the right of our line, an ominous quiet prevailed. Suddenly the sound of a single cannon thundered from Seminary Hill and reverberated along the lines. It was General Lee's signal to begin an action which he fondly hoped would end in the establishment of the Confederacy. He was doomed to disappointment. His death-dealing cannon opened at the signal, and for two terrible hours hurled such a storm of shot and shell into and over our lines as might well unnerve the stoutest hearts. Eighty guns only could be brought to bear against the converging fire of their batteries, and, while the terrific battle of the artillery raged, that brave infantry which knew that it would soon be called upon to give or take the finishing blow, sheltered as best it could behind its slight defenses, and,

instead of being disheartened and dismayed, as was intended by the dead and mangled bodies of their comrades, nerved themselves for the struggle, determined to conquer or die. We were in the storm, battling with Hood of Longstreet's right, but further to our right we could see the storm-center raging more fiercely, and soon the clouds of smoke hid the forms of the gallant men who were facing and stemming the tempest.

Eye-witnesses have described the scene thus: "In the shadow cast by the tiny farm-house, 16 by 20 feet, which General Meade had made his headquarters, lay weary staff officers and tired correspondents. There was not wanting to the peacefulness of the scene the singing of a bird, which had a nest in a peach-tree within the tiny yard of the whitewashed cottage. In the midst of its warbling a shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another, and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and to American gunnery shrieked, moaned, whirled, and whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over the ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard, burst next to the fence on both sides, garnished, as usual, with the hitched horses of aides and orderlies.

"The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another—sixteen lay dead and mangled before the fire ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the expression of being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of a cruel war touched all hearts. Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells an ambulance, driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all of us the marvelous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock. A shell tore up the little step at the headquarters cottage, and ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another soon

carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst opposite the open door, another ripped through the low garret. The remaining pillar went almost immediately to the howl of a fixed shot that Whitworth must have made. During this fire, the horses at twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair. Not an orderly, not an ambulance, not a straggler was to be seen upon the plain swept by this tempest of orchestral death thirty minutes after it commenced. Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery trying to cut from the field every battery in position to resist their purposed infantry attack, and to sweep away the slight defenses behind which our infantry were waiting? Forty minutes, fifty minutes—counted on watches that ran, oh, so languidly! Shells through the two lower rooms. A shell into the chimney, that daringly did not explode. Shells in the yard. The air thicker, and fuller, and more deafening with the howling and whirring of these infernal missiles. The chief-of-staff struck—Seth Williams—loved and respected through the army, separated from instant death by two inches of space vertically measured. An aide bored with a fragment of iron through the bone of the arm. And the time measured on the sluggish watches was one hour and forty minutes."

Charles Carleton Coffin has lifted the cloud of smoke that concealed the cemetery from eager eyes on Little Round Top: "Horses were knocked to pieces, the tombstones shivered, iron railings torn, shrubs and trees cut down, here and there men killed, but the batteries were not silenced. A soldier was lying on the ground a few rods distant from where I was sitting. There was a shriek, such as I hope never again to hear, and his body was whirling in the air, a mangled mass of flesh, blood, and bones! A shell exploding in the cemetery killed and wounded twenty-seven men in one regiment, and yet the troops, lying under the fences, kept their places and awaited the attack."

It was nearly three o'clock when the eighty guns which had so gallantly maintained the contest from our lines by the superior accuracy of our gunners were directed to cease firing for the double purpose of cooling the guns and getting in readiness to open on the infantry of the enemy, whose advance was soon to be expected. Doubtless thinking our cannon were silenced, his fire suddenly ceased, and as the smoke cleared away we saw his first line of infantry emerge from the curtain of trees which had hitherto concealed it and its supports from our sight. On it came, followed by another, and still another line of splendid infantry, steadily advancing with banners waving and arms glittering, moving with the deliberation and precision of an army on review. Instantly our gunners sprang to their places, and every infantryman was alert, preparing his weapon for instant service while watching the advance of the enemy, with whom he was eager to grapple. Our artillery opened upon the advancing foe, and as the solid shot cut through his ranks they closed the gaps and moved forward with greater speed. Nearer they came, breasting the storm of shells and spherical case-shot which was hurled upon them by our flaming batteries, sweeping thousands away in their storm. The stream of wounded men to their rear from a rivulet became a river, still the front line swept unwaveringly on with greater speed and momentum. It was a magnificent sight. Now *our* batteries on the ground where *we* are eagerly waiting and watching for Longstreet's right, ready and anxious to meet his expected assault, enfilade the advancing and confident men of General Pickett, so he coolly changes front towards us to lessen its effect, and on they come! Grape and canister are sweeping away his supports, but he heeds it not! A more terrible blast from the tempest of death falls upon his second and third lines, and they are swept away and retire before the fury of the tempest. Knowing not, recking not, that his supports are gone—pivotting on his left, Pickett swings his right to the east for the final spring, and still his momentum carries him on. General Law, succeeding Hood, throws forward upon us

Longstreet's right, and our waiting is over. Crash after crash of musketry burst from our waiting lines at such close range that the Stars and Bars and Stars and Stripes are waving almost side by side, but our line of bayonets is unbroken; and, looking in vain for that support that had been so resistlessly swept away, the Stars and Bars went down, and the heroes who had borne them so gallantly to the very points of our bayonets yielded themselves as prisoners of war. They had met foes worthy of their steel, who received them with a courage and tenacity that was an assurance of the defeat of their splendid assault and the disastrous ending of a campaign so enthusiastically begun. In the silence of the night that followed the wounded were being cared for and our army was provided for pursuit or battle, as to-morrow might bring. The morning was cloudy, and at an early hour the second brigade was ordered to move to the front to support a reconnaissance by a brigade of regulars commanded by Colonel Hannibal Day. We had advanced but a few hundred yards when the skirmishers and sharpshooters of the enemy opened a brisk fire upon us and Colonel Day halted his command. General Bartlett was anxious to push farther on, and we rode up to Colonel Day's position—the general and staff the only mounted officers visible, all the time the objects of special attention from the enemy's sharpshooters—General Bartlett urging that we push on, and Colonel Day replying that he was ordered not to provoke a general engagement, and as the indications were that the enemy still held his position in force, we fell back to our former position in line, where General Bartlett left us under command of Colonel Emory Upton and went to take command of the Third Division, to which he was assigned.

At nine o'clock a heavy rain began to fall, and all that 4th of July, 1863, the Army of the Potomac rested on the field of battle, but the downpour of rain, which was incessant through the day, could not depress the spirits of the men. All felt that the turning-point had been passed, and felt an elation that was still higher when the clouds passed away—the

enemy was found to be retreating and the army eagerly pursued at dawn. Gettysburg added another to the list of decisive battles of the world, the losses alone constituting an army of nearly 55,000 men, of which the Union Army lost 23,186, and the Confederate Army lost 31,621 men..

Costly monuments are reared upon the field of battle, but the costliest sacrifice is the precious blood of the heroes who fought for liberty and the life of the nation on that field.

Hazen's Brigade at Missionary Ridge.

By Companion Wm. A. Morgan, First Lieutenant Company E,
23d Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.

September 2, 1897.

In this paper I will attempt to tell the part taken by Hazen's brigade, Wood's division, 4th Corps, in the assault on Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863, as witnessed by a line officer who had little else to do, during the progress thereof, but to keep up with the line of battle in its rapid advance, stopping only when from cheer exhaustion it appeared almost impossible to take another step without a "blowing spell."

The topography of the field, from the first movement on the afternoon of November 23d to the close on November 25th, enabled the writer to see all of his own command and frequently the troops on the right and left.

The greatest portion of this story is taken from letters written soon after the battle, when the incidents related, as well as the enthusiasm then prevailing, were much more vivid than to-day, and in culling those old letters, written thirty-four years ago, I can see again the many incidents here related. Almost the same hopes and fears are born anew, and "I hear the cry of victory o'er and o'er."

The brigade consisted of nine regiments, each of which had participated in a long and arduous campaign, including the two-days battle of Chickamauga, and consequently was much reduced.

General William B. Hazen, our brigade commander, was a thorough disciplinarian. He exacted from superiors as well as subordinates all the courtesies and considerations to which his rank entitled him (which frequently embroiled him in unpleasant controversies), but he also cheerfully gave to others all to which they were entitled. To those who met him upon that plane he was all that could be desired in a commander. He was intensely methodical, consequently his command was always ready, no matter what the surroundings.

When the work of opening the battle was assigned to Wood's division, General Hazen consolidated his nine regiments into five battalions of ten companies each, as follows:

First Battalion—41st Ohio and 93d Ohio, Colonel Wiley, of the 41st, commanding.

Second Battalion—5th Kentucky and 6th Kentucky, Colonel Berry, of the 5th, commanding.

Third Battalion—1st Ohio and 23d Kentucky, Lieutenant-Colonel Langdon, of the 1st, commanding.

Fourth Battalion—124th Ohio and 6th Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Pickands, of the 124th, commanding.

Fifth Battalion—6th Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher commanding.

Thus organized, the brigade took its position in rear of the 11th Corps, formed on the hillside between Fort Wood and Lunette Palmer in the following order: First and Third Battalions in the front line, the Fourth and Fifth Battalions in the second line, and the Second Battalion deployed as skirmishers on the picket-line. The entire brigade numbered something less than 2,300, officers and men.

Never before, nor since, has it been my pleasure to witness troops move to an attack with the *esprit de corps* displayed by Hazen's brigade when beginning the battles around Chattanooga, and that spirit prevailed until it planted its colors upon the summit of Missionary Ridge two days later. General Howard, with a portion of the 11th Corps fresh from the Army of the Potomac, had joined the Army of the Cumberland, and was formed on the slope of the hill, facing Missionary Ridge, each regiment in divisions doubled on the center closed *en masse*. Hazen's brigade formed in the rear of the 11th Corps, its battalions also in divisions, doubled on the center, opposite the intervals in the 11th Corps through which it would march when ordered to advance, and every officer and soldier realized that the attack would be in full view of our comrades from the East as well as under the eyes of Grant and Thomas, in Fort Wood. The distance from our formation to the top of Missionary Ridge is about three miles. About one-half of the way there is a line of low hills and knobs (the most prominent of

which is Orchard Knob) upon which the enemy had a line of formidable works.

All the preliminaries having been completed, about two o'clock p. m. of November 23d General Wood's bugler sounded "Forward," and as we marched through the 11th Corps we were greeted on every side with exclamations of commendation, and I heard one enthusiastic 11th Corps soldier say: "Why, those fellows seem to enjoy going into a fight!" He didn't know that "Old Pap Thomas" had his eye on us.

The enemy, we afterward learned, supposed we were forming for review or some similar demonstration, and we could see them standing upon their works, apparently enjoying the grand pageant.

As soon as the 11th Corps was cleared, the First and Third Battalions, forming our first line, deployed; the Fourth and Fifth Battalions preserved their original formation of divisions closed *en masse*.

Before the echo of the bugle had died away, Colonel Berry, with his 5th and 6th Kentucky battalion, engaged the enemy's pickets and had them on the run for their reserve, and the line of battle scarcely stopped its march before it was over the enemy's works, capturing among other trophies an entire regiment of "our friends, the enemy"—the 28th Alabama, with its colors. It was entirely the work of the bayonet, scarcely a gun being fired except by the skirmishers, a fitting prelude to the grand climax two days later. Our loss in that affair was somewhere near 125 killed and wounded.

I should add that Willich's brigade, on Hazen's left, with Beatty's brigade in reserve, carried Orchard Knob almost at the same instant. Sheridan's division, which was to protect Hazen's right, for some reason failed to keep up, which accounts for Hazen's heavy loss, partly the result of a severe fire from the right.

That virtually ended the work of Hazen's brigade until the final attack on the 25th, and, besides constant skirmishing and an occasional "demonstration," we spent the greater part

of the 24th watching Hooker's movement on Lookout, five or six miles to our right and rear, and the morning of the 25th watching Sherman, on the left.

The morning of November 25th opened cool and bracing. Hooker had secured possession of Lookout Mountain during the early morning, moved his troops east across the valley, and early in the afternoon took position across Missionary Ridge (perpendicular to the main line of battle) at Rossville Gap, about three or four miles to the right.

Sherman three miles away, on the left, had been fighting all day, without success, and was "badly broken up." Generals Grant and Thomas and a number of other general officers were on Orchard Knob, watching the course of events. The enemy, having abandoned Lookout and the valley early in the day, had been moving troops along Missionary Ridge to the left all morning, to resist Sherman, from whom they expected the principal attack.

Two brigades of Johnson's division of the 14th Corps, Sheridan's and Wood's divisions of the 4th Corps, and Baird's division of the 14th Corps were massed by brigades, from right to left, in the order named, and the signal to advance—the firing of six guns in rapid succession from Orchard Knob—had been agreed upon and published to the brigade and regimental commander.

The formation of Hazen's brigade was but little changed from that of the 23d. The 124th Ohio being deployed as skirmishers, the remaining regiment of the Fourth Battalion (the 6th Indiana) was assigned to the Second Battalion, and the 6th Kentucky of the Second Battalion was assigned to the 5th Battalion. The brigade was formed in two lines, both deployed, the Third and Fifth Battalions in the front, and the First and Second in the second line. From the position occupied by my regiment, Orchard Knob was in view and all eyes were leveled in that direction. Suddenly a commotion was discernible on Orchard Knob. Officers were seen mounting their

horses and riding towards the several commands. Then every man in the line knew the crucial hour had come. Intense excitement seemed to stir every soldier and officer. Excitement is followed by nervous impatience.

Time moves slowly. Here and there a soldier readjusts his accouterments or relaces his shoes. All know that many will never reach the enemy's works, yet not a countenance shows fear. The delay is becoming unbearable.

At last the first boom of the signal is heard. Men fall in and dress without command. Another gun, and nervous fingers play with gunlocks. Another and another, and each man looks into the eyes of his comrade to ascertain if he can be relied upon. The examination must have been satisfactory, for, just as the report of the fifth gun breaks upon their ears, the line is moving without a word of command from anyone, and when the sixth gun is fired the troops are well on the way, with colors unfurled and guns at "right shoulder shift." All sensations have now given way to enthusiasm. It is a sight never to be forgotten. Fifteen to twenty thousand men in well-aligned formation, with colors waving in the breeze, almost shaking the earth with cadenced tread, involuntarily move to battle.

The troops have scarcely left the rifle-pits when the guns upon the ridge open upon them. Our heavy guns in Fort Wood and the field batteries vigorously respond. We see the enemy in the rifle-pits, at the base of the ridge, looking over the works, with guns in hand, prepared to deliver fire. Why do they hesitate? We are in range. They are evidently waiting so that every shot will tell. From the enemy's lower lines now comes a storm of bullets and the air is filled with every sound of battle. The noise is terrible. Our artillery is exploding shells along the top of the ridge, and a caisson is seen to burst off to the right.

Now all feeling seems to have changed to one of determination. A terrific cheer rolls along the line. Not a rifle has yet been fired by the assaulting column. The quick step has

been changed to the "double quick." Another cheer, and the enemy's first line of work at the base of the ridge is ours, together with many of his troops. Shelter is sought on the reverse side of the enemy's works, but the fire from the hilltop makes protection impossible.

Over fifty cannon, supported by veterans of many battle-fields, covered by well-built fortifications, are sending down a rain of shell, shrapnel, and rifle-bullets. The bursting projectiles seem to compress the air and one's head feels as if bound with iron bands. Unable to return the enemy's fire, the delay drives the men to desperation. To remain is to be annihilated; to retreat is as dangerous as to advance. Here and there a man leaps the works and starts towards the hilltop; small squads follow. Then someone gave the command, "Forward!" after a number of men began to advance. Officers catch the inspiration. The mounted officers dismount and stone their horses to the rear. The cry, "Forward!" is repeated along the line, and the apparent impossibility is undertaken.

[I heard General Grant say some three months afterward that the orders issued only contemplated the works at the foot of the ridge, to relieve Sherman, who had just met a bloody repulse, but that the troops, having successfully carried the lower works, only anticipated orders to assault the summit. Orders would have been issued had the troops waited.]

But little regard to formation was observed. Each battalion assumed a triangular shape, the colors at the apex surrounded by the strongest men, the flanks trailing to the rear.

First one flag passes all others and then another leads. One stand of colors, on our left, is particularly noticeable. The bearer is far ahead of his regiment and advances so rapidly that he draws the enemy's concentrated fire. Then another color-bearer dashes ahead of the line and falls. A comrade grasps the flag almost before it reaches the ground. He, too, falls. Then another picks it up, smeared with his comrade's blood, waves it defiantly, and, as if bearing a charmed life, he advances steadily towards the top. Up, up he goes,

his hat pulled down over his eyes, his head bent forward as if facing a storm of rain and wind. The bullets whistle about him, splintering the staff. Onward he goes, followed by the admiring cheers of his comrades, who press close behind.

As far advanced as any, Hazen's brigade struggles slowly upward. Willich's brigade on Hazen's left was somewhat in advance, but his left has met a resistance it cannot apparently overcome. On the right, Sheridan's left is considerably in the rear. This is the result of someone recalling it after it had advanced about one-fourth the way up the ridge, but before it had retreated very far the order was countermanded, and now it is forging to the front. The advance of Hazen's brigade is approaching the Rebel works. The enemy is sweeping the face of the hill with a rain of bullets, and his artillery fire crashes along the hillside from vantage-point on both flanks, killing and maiming with all the destruction of double-shotted guns. The men push upward.

Colonel Langdon, who has held his place close to the colors of his consolidated battalion, has reached a sheltered place about twenty yards from the top. Halting the colors there until he had collected about 200 men, he ordered them to fix bayonets. It is hard to tell now whose command is the most advanced. All are losing men rapidly, but not a man lags. Turchin, away to the left, closes with the enemy. His advance has evidently been stopped. Colonel Langdon rises to his feet and is shot, but before he falls he gives the command, "Forward!" The men leap forward, fire into the faces of the enemy, and the colors of the 1st Ohio and 23d Kentucky, fifty minutes after the firing of the signal-guns are planted on the works, quickly followed by the entire brigade. Of the eight corporals composing the color guard of the consolidated battalion, all fell on the hillside, and of the two sergeants who started with the colors, one is dead and the other wounded. Willich's brigade, having overcome all resistance, is over the works and his troops with a portion of Hazen's are moving along the ridge to the left. Hazen personally directs his troops

along the ridge to the right, two guns taken are turned upon the enemy on our right, and discharged by firing muskets over the vent until primers could be procured.

Hooker, all this time, has been closing in on the enemy's extreme left and rear. Thus attacked on the flank, with its center pierced, a panic pervades the enemy's line, and gives Sheridan, who has had one of the steepest and highest points to climb, his opportunity, of which he promptly takes advantage. At every point now the enemy's lines begin to melt away except near Bragg's headquarters, in front of Sheridan's center. Suddenly they too give up the fight, abandon their works, and roll down the eastern slope, followed by Sheridan's division. Now cheer upon cheer greets "Old Glory" as it dots the ridge at every point and waves in triumph in the bright rays of the western sun, and the campaign, begun by the Army of the Cumberland three months before, is ended.

The loss in Hazen's brigade was 530 killed and wounded, more than one-half the loss of the entire division. It captured, during this battle, about 400 prisoners, large quantities of small-arms, sixteen to eighteen pieces of artillery, and two stands of colors, and was the first to plant its colors on the ridge.

The First Day of Gettysburg.

**By Companion Sidney G. Cooke Second Lieutenant 147th New
York Volunteer Infantry.**

November 4, 1897.

The battle of Gettysburg has so long been the inspiring theme of the historian and poet, that one who bore but an humble part on that eventful field cannot hope to add much pertaining to it, of real interest to its survivors or others. Its strategic history, and the bearings of its results upon the welfare of our nation and race, have been studied and analyzed and recorded. Its myriad incidents, interesting to the common soldier, have gradually been obscured by the cloud of accumulated years, and, reproduced from recollection, are liable to lack accuracy. It is for this reason that, while complying with the request of our recorder to write on Gettysburg, I do so with reluctance, somewhat relieved by confidence in the forbearance of the companions present.

It was my fortune to serve in the first brigade of infantry engaged on that field, Cutler's brigade of Wadsworth's division, First Army Corps. This division fought unsupported for several hours on the first day of the battle. Its supports, arriving later, were soon reduced by losses to half their numbers. On account of the small numbers engaged, and the open character of the country, the common soldier had better than usual opportunities to observe the battle and its incidents, and I have ever since believed that men in the ranks saw and comprehended important objects, movements, and incidents to a degree not common in our war.

The strategical movements of Generals Meade and Lee brought 40,000 Confederates, and less than one-fourth of that number of Union troops into bivouac on the evening of June 30, 1863, within eight or nine miles of Gettysburg. The First Corps, commanded by the lamented Reynolds, who also commanded the left wing of the army, went into camp that evening at Marsh Creek, five miles away. It was the extreme left of a general line, of which the Sixth Corps, stationed at Manchester, thirty miles easterly, was the right. It confronted, practically unsupported, the greater part of the Rebel army. In short, it was in a position, relative to the remainder of the army,

to be destroyed before reinforcements could reach it. And this was practically accomplished, on the following day, by General Lee.

The morning of July 1st broke clear and brilliant on its camp, which was soon the scene of busy preparation. At an early hour, Wadsworth's division, about 3500 strong, led by Cutler's brigade, moved out on the Emmetsburg Road at a swinging pace for Gettysburg. The two remaining divisions were to follow. The road was excellent and unencumbered by any other troops or trains, and the march was rapid. The men were fresh from a day's rest and the influence of a perfect morning and a beautiful landscape inspirited them. After our weary marches over the desolate fields of Virginia, the contrast of the rich green and gold of the thrifty Pennsylvania farms brought a restful feeling and a reminder of home. The mountains in the distance, gilded by the morning sun, left nothing lacking to the perfection of a summer morning scene. So accustomed to war had we become, that the incongruity of our martial display in such a scene was unnoticed.

Approaching Gettysburg, the distant boom of Buford's artillery recalled us, with somewhat of a shock, to our errand of war. An aide meets us with the information that the cavalry are hard pressed. The march is hastened. We leave the main road and advance at the double quick westerly to the Seminary. Orders come to load as we march. Still many snatch a moment as we pass, to take a hurried drink of water, as it is handed out by two ladies at a house gate, and many ringing cheers go up in their honor. Passing to the west and north of the Seminary, we overtake a citizen carrying a gun. "We are going to celebrate the Fourth for you, old fellow," cries out one of the men. "All right, boys," is the reply; "it's a little early in the month, but I'll help you do it." Whether this was the "Citizen of Gettysburg" since famed in song and story for his brave deeds on that field, I do not know.

Heth's division of Confederates was pushing back our cavalry in an attempt to seize the town. Dispositions were

promptly made by General Reynolds. Probably realizing the importance of Gettysburg as a strategical point, and the great tactical advantage of the heights as a battle-field, he resolved, with his customary decision and self-reliance, to fight whatever was in front. Doubtless he assumed that Meade would send reinforcements and come personally to direct their movements.

Hall's Second Maine Battery passed us on the run, swung into line on the Chambersburg Road, and instantly opened fire. My own brigde (Cutler's, of Wadsworth's division) passed rapidly to the north along the depression west of Seminary Ridge, two of its regiments forming line across that road, while the three remaining regiments, the 56th Pennsylvania, the 76th New York, and my own, the 147th New York, passing across that road and an unfinished railroad, came into line of battle by the left flank, within close musket-range of the Rebel line posted just over a ridge.

So rapidly had it been necessary to make these movements that no flankers had been thrown out. Consequently the strength of the enemy and the direction of his line were not known. The right of our line immediately opened fire; and a moment later the left, and the greatest battle of modern times was begun.

It was soon found that the Rebel force far exceeded ours, and that its line was formed diagonally to and overlapping ours on our right. It became necessary to readjust our line. The three regiments north of the railroad were therefore ordered to withdraw to a position protected by a small timber lot a short distance to the rear; but, before the commandant of our regiment could give the order, he was wounded and borne off the field. Closely engaged in front and on both flanks, and not knowing that the two other regiments had been withdrawn, the regiment continued to hold its position against fearful odds and with terrible loss, until a retreat was ordered by the second in command. It was only by the prompt and gallant action of other troops that the regiment, when it finally received the order to fall back, was saved from annihilation. Colonel Fowler, of the 14th Brooklyn, assuming command of his own regiment and

the 95th New York stationed on the south side of the railroad, changed front to the north, and, aided by the 6th Wisconsin, struck the enemy in flank, compelling them to cease the pursuit, change front to face the new attack, and rush into the railway cutting for shelter. The shelter, however, proved to be a trap. Colonel Dawes closed up the ends of the cutting with a line of Union riflemen and compelled the surrender of a large portion of the Confederates.

Relieved from pursuit, my regiment, now but a company in size, was able to re-form. But its colors were gone. Perceiving this, General Cutler, riding up, said severely to the officer in command, "You have lost your colors, sir;" but the officer, pointing back toward the field we had left, replied: "General, the 147th never loses its colors;" for there, painfully making his way toward us from the front, came a soldier severely wounded, bearing the old flag, which he had taken from the hands of our dead color-bearer, and brought off in the teeth of the enemy. "Boys," said the general, "I'll take it all back;" and added: "It's just like cock-fighting to-day. We fight a little and run a little. There are no supports."

Soon after Cutler's brigade went into action, the Iron Brigade, as Merideth's brigade of our division was called, came upon the field and took position in a piece of woods between the two roads converging on Gettysburg from Fairfield and Chambersburg, prolonging Cutler's line to the left and menacing any force approaching on either road. It was not a moment too soon. Archer's Rebel brigade was advancing to seize it from the opposite side. It was here that Reynolds fell. He was personally superintending the dispositions at that point, when he was killed by a sharpshooter.

I have been told that the officers of the army held him in high esteem for his social and soldierly qualities. But I know that the ranks of the old First Corps believed in him and would have followed him anywhere he might have led. It is necessary to serve in the ranks to appreciate how the soldier is inspired by a manly, courteous, brave, and knightly commander. I know

there has been much dispute as to who was entitled to the credit of selecting the Cemetery Hill line to fight the battle on. A common soldier could hardly be able to decide the dispute. I only know that Reynolds was first there, that his quick military eye would hardly have failed to observe its strength, and that his dispositions were those best adapted to save that position for other troops arriving to form on. I shall probably continue, in the absence of positive evidence, to believe as I did on that day, that its selection was due to his military foresight.

It was now about eleven o'clock and the battle had temporarily ceased. Wadsworth's division had been fighting for nearly two hours alone and successfully to save the immensely strong position back of Gettysburg for a battle-field, when our army should arrive. Though heavily outnumbered, it had driven the enemy from the field and held its original position. The Rebel brigades which we had met were shattered, and one of them captured almost entire with its commander, General Archer. The survivors had withdrawn from sight across Willoughby Run in our front.

There has been some discussion as to whether Cutler's (2d Brigade, First Division, First Corps) is entitled to the honor of having opened the battle. Colonel Wheeler, in a paper read before the Wisconsin Commandery, claims the honor for the "Iron Brigade" of the same division and corps. I think that he is wrong. Certain it is that Cutler's brigade marched in front that morning. No troops passed it, and naturally it would be first in line. That the "Iron Brigade" took up its position promptly, and lost no time in getting to work, was characteristic. Some years ago, in correspondence with General Doubleday, who, after the death of Reynolds, commanded the corps, I received this letter:

"DEAR COMRADE,—The first volley against the enemy at Gettysburg was fired by Cutler's brigade. No one disputes that. I believe there was some question whether the 76th New York

or 56th Pennsylvania fired first, but the weight of evidence seems to be in favor of the 56th Pennsylvania, Colonel Hoffman.

“Yours truly, *Abner Doubleday,*

“Brevet Major-General U. S. A.

“To Mr. Sidney G. Cooke.”

Colonel Wheeler's suggestion that, as the “Iron Brigade” had sometimes been called Cutler's brigade, General Doubleday might have been misled as to which of Cutler's brigades opened the battle, is disposed of by General Doubleday's reference in the above letter to the question as to which of the two regiments mentioned fired first, neither one of which was in the “Iron Brigade,” and both of which were in Cutler's.

On both sides preparations for a renewal of the struggle were actively carried forward. About this time the Second and Third Divisions reached the field. The former, under General John C. Robinson, was placed in reserve near the Seminary, and the latter, commanded by General Thomas A. Rowley, was posted to extend and strengthen our line to the left. The entire line, as now re-constructed, was about one mile in length, extending from the Fairfield Road on the left to the vicinity of the Mummasburg Road on the right. It probably numbered at this time not more than 6,000 men, including the reserves. This force was all that stood between the Rebel army and Gettysburg, and hours must elapse before reinforcements could arrive.

Between twelve and one o'clock the battle again began. While we were vastly outnumbered, the lack of co-ordination in the Confederate attacks enabled us repeatedly to change front and repulse the enemy until, about two o'clock p. m., the Eleventh Corps came upon the field, and was welcomed by ringing cheers from our line. One division went into position some distance from our right. Another (Barlow's) formed to the right of that, both facing nearly north to meet Ewell's attack, the remaining division being left in reserve at the Cemetery. My brigade was drawn back to the east side of woods before mentioned. Baxter's brigade was sent from the reserve to fill the gap of our right. He was immediately assailed, almost before getting into position,

alternately on each flank, but changed front and repelled both. Iverson's Rebel brigade now advanced against him, exposing its right flank. Orders come from Cutler for our brigade to wheel to the right and charge. The movement is at once executed, while at the same time Baxter pours in a deadly volley at short range. The enemy, unable to withstand the attack, throw down their arms and rush into our lines. A Rebel sergeant, passing to the rear called out: "We-uns are North Carolina boys. We never wanted to fight."

For a time the lack of concert in the attacks of the enemy and the stubborn resistance of our troops neutralized the numerical superiority of the Confederates. Though exhausted by many hours of marching and fighting, with ranks terribly thinned by death, wounds, and capture, and with confidence shaken in generalship which permitted us to be crushed in detail, the old First Corps still held its position. Word was passed along the line, "Hold on a little longer, the Twelfth Corps is coming." But it did not come. Farther to the right the Eleventh Corps is hotly engaged, outflanked on its right as the First is on its left. There was imminent danger that both would be cut off from the main army. Howard has thrown in nearly all his reserves, but the contest is still terribly unequal. More than half of the troops of the First Corps engaged are killed and wounded. General Doubleday sends his last reserves (Paul's brigade) to the assistance of Baxter, but General Paul is hardly in position when a bullet destroys both his eyes.

The right of the Eleventh Corps is now enveloped by Gordon's fresh Rebel troops and forced back with heavy loss. The long-delayed catastrophe has begun. It is well described and briefly by General Howard: "The division nearest Doubleday was flying to the shelter of the town, widening the gap there, and the enemy in line pressed rapidly through the interval. Of course Robinson and Wadsworth had to give way." My brigade did not immediately retire to the town, but formed a line on the south side of the railroad grading, covering the retreat; adding to the honor of being first on the field that of

being the last to leave that part of the line. My regiment supported a battery which was holding in check the columns advancing from the west. We were soon obliged to fall back to the town. The enemy were entering it from the north and east. The streets became a battle-ground. Regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps became mixed. The crowd overflowed into yards and alleys. There was not a panic, only unavoidable confusion. The terrible exhaustion and discouragement left too little life for a panic. Individual judgment, rather than orders, led men to attempt to reach the heights at the Cemetery, and toward that position all struggled.

It was a most unmilitary crowd that Hancock and Howard met and rallied on Cemetery Hill. Organization had melted away. Here and there men would form on their flag, but many were unable to find either flag or officers. Company officers called loudly for their men to fall in, not yet realizing that all but a few had fallen out forever. Colonels could find but enough men for a company, and did not yet realize that most of the absent were lying dead or wounded on the field we had left. Especially was this true of the First Corps, which, as Doubleday says, had been "all but annihilated."

But if organization was lost, it needed but an organizer to restore it among these veterans. Hancock was there to meet the crisis. I happened to come near enough to note his bearing in that trying moment, and to hear some of his remarks and orders. The enemy was emerging from the streets of the town below, and forming line as if to charge and drive us from our coveted position. Every man knew how hopeless resistance would be, but Hancock sat his horse, superb and calm as on review; imperturbable, self-reliant, as if the fate of the battle and of the nation were not his to decide. It almost led us to doubt whether there had been cause for retreat at all. His dispositions were prompt. A skirmish-line was at once organized and advanced down the hill in the face of the enemy. Others were quickly deployed to extend its line to the left and right. To General Doubleday, who sat on his horse by his side, he said: "General,

move a brigade to the hill across the road on the right." "But, general," he replied, "I have no brigade." "Then take the first thousand men here. Never mind where they belong." No excitement in voice or manner, only cool, concise, and positive directions, given in a steady voice and a conversational tone.

The tired and discouraged men responded to the will of their master. The semblance of an organization was produced at once, and a show of strength made which might well impress the enemy, as it did, with the idea that we had at last received reinforcements. No charge was made. The position was saved. The terrible day's work was done.

And now to the ears of the exhausted troops, which during the entire day had been saluted only with the crash of battle and the cries of the wounded, came a welcome and inspiring sound. The notes of the bugle and the inspiring strains of bands drifted from the far rear to the heights of the Cemetery. The tired eyes of the soldiers of the First and Eleventh Corps for the first time that day turned away from the enemy, and gazed far out to the rear. The old Twelfth Corps was coming. The evening sun, dipping behind the western hills, kissed the banners and the bayonets of as gallant a corps as ever swung into line of battle. On they came at a rapid pace, for they were making a forced march to our relief. Their flags floated over the hills, dipped out of sight into the hollows, only to reappear again nearer and nearer; while their bugle-calls and the stirring notes of their bands, floating over the hills, signalling their coming, were sweeter than ever the notes of *Æolian harp*. Cheer after cheer went up as they came upon the field, and gallant Slocum, their commander, rode swiftly to the Cemetery to report to the general in command. Now, indeed, the sacrifice of the First Corps was seen to be justified. The strongest defensive battle-line in the North had been saved to the Union cause.

The fatal military genius which had invariably managed to have our troops outnumbered had again controlled our movements. The first day of Gettysburg was fought, with the commanding general of the army nearly twenty miles away. There-

fore no orders for reinforcements could be obtained, and the general marching orders for the day were in force long enough for two corps to be nearly annihilated.

General Slocum has often been censured for not advancing the Twelfth Corps to our aid, and General Howard has said that he sent him a request to do so. The following letter, received some years ago from General Slocum, places this in its true light, and exonerates a commander and a corps, always ready to march toward the sound of the firing. It also explains how our right, on the night of the second day's battle, came to be denuded of troops, at the time of Ewell's attack, and how utter disaster was averted by General Slocum's foresight.

"465 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
"May 16, 1886.

"MY DEAR SIR,—My orders were to march to Two Taverns, and await orders from General Meade. The Twelfth Corps was in that position when we heard of the engagement at Gettysburg. We received no word from General Howard, but started as soon as we heard of the battle, and marched at once to the field of Gettysburg, arriving there about 5 p. m. on the first day. On the afternoon of the second day, Meade ordered all of the Twelfth Corps to the left of the line, under the impression that his right was in no danger. At my earnest request, he allowed me to retain one brigade (Green's, of Gerry's division), which saved our right. The two points to which you allude have *not* been correctly stated in many accounts. The facts are as stated, and are well known to Colonel Bacheller and to many others.

"Yours truly,
"To Sidney G. Cooke, Esq."

H. W. Slocum.

The battle, as a whole, added another to the list of accidents which so often mark historical epochs. A series of circumstances, unexpected, but uniformly favorable, reinforced our arms, and made a Union victory possible.

General Meade did not intend to fight at Gettysburg, and was busy while the first day's battle was in progress, perfecting a defensive line on Pipe Creek, many miles away. Lee would have preferred a battle nearer his base. The Rebel General Heth, who made the assault on the First Corps, says Gettysburg was

an accident for which he was responsible. Hooker no longer directed our movements, but the invading army was marching to block his plans. Meade was looking for Lee at Harrisburg; Lee, ignorant of the change of Union commanders and plans, was looking for Hooker somewhere on his line of communications. Campaign plans gave way to campaign accidents. The elaborate plans of its commanding generals had heretofore led the Army of the Potomac to almost uniform defeat. At Gettysburg fate forestalled strategy, and a decisive victory resulted from a purely defensive battle. Had the First Corps yielded its position earlier in the day, the battle of Gettysburg would have been known only as the conflict of a detachment, and the fate of the nation would have been decided on another and perhaps less strong position.

I have written of the first day of Gettysburg only, briefly as is here necessary, perhaps inaccurately, certainly unworthily. For grand and terrible and heroic as was the battle that raged around that spot long dedicated to the dead kindred of lovely Gettysburg, it was to the combatants a struggle for immediate advantage only.

Liberty, union, progress rode upon the smoke unseen, and the music of peace floated in the din of the strife, unheard. Of these it is not for the combatant, but for the philosopher and statesman, worthily to speak.

As to the succeeding days' struggles, then, let me quote from one whose song of the battle is full of the melody of peace:

"A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

"Then, at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

"Far heard above the angry guns,
A cry across the tumult runs;
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes:
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

"Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Petigru!
A khamsin wind that scorched and singed,
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo.

"A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke,
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"'Once more in Glory's van with me!'
Virginia cries to Tennessee;
'We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon those works to-day!'
The reddest day in history.

"Brave Tennessee! Reckless the way,
Virginia heard her comrade say:
'Close round this rent and riddled rag!'
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

"But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth
And all her hopes were desolate.

"In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet;
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

“Above the bayonets mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

“The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to ruin’s red embrace;
They only heard fame’s thunder wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory’s bloody face!

“They fell who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell who set the Bars
Against the progress of the Stars
And stayed the march of Motherland.

“They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight’s delirium.
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

“God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
Those heights for Freedom’s battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

“Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!”

How Does One Feel Under Fire?

**By Companion Frank Holsinger, Captain Nineteenth U. S. Colored
Infantry, Brevet Major U. S. Volunteers.**

May 5, 1898.

How does a man feel under fire? This question is one so frequently asked that I have concluded to make it the basis of a short paper, believing that my experience is that of the majority of my fellows.

I well remember the mental strain to which I was subjected on entering the Army, as to how I should feel and act under fire. Being of a highly nervous organization, I was exceedingly anxious to see an engagement, not that I thought I should perform heroic deeds, but rather to satisfy the craving of an indefinable feeling as to my ability to stand or run. Which I should do I was not certain. How often we debated with our fellows this question! I argued that it would all depend on just how we became engaged and the circumstances surrounding us. Thus if I should become scared in the beginning, I should run like a trooper; but if I should stand until the firing really commenced on our part, I should stand with the rest. This I found to be the correct estimate of not only my own impulses, but those of my comrades immediately surrounding me. So anxious was I to satisfy my feelings on this point that I was really afraid the war would be over ere I had an opportunity to get under fire.

The disastrous fight of Bull Run had taken place, and the long ominous lull preceding the storm to come made us exceedingly restive, fearing a truce would ensue, and we not have an opportunity to try a shot at the enemy.

How well I remember the first hostile shot at comparatively short distance! I was on camp guard at Pierpont, two miles south of Chainbridge, near Washington. General O. C. Ord, commanding the Third Brigade of Pennsylvania Reserve, had gone on a reconnaissance toward Drainsville. It was in reality a foraging expedition. When reaching Drainsville they accidentally ran upon the Rebel brigade of General J. E. B. Stuart, also on a foraging expedition. The surprise was mutual, and a smart little skirmish the result. Boom! came the

sound of a gun. Boom! boom! "They are fighting!" was in every mouth. What, the fight on, and I not there? I was on camp guard, on Post No. 4.

"Send a man to relieve me." Not waiting for the man, away I scamper toward the sound of cannon. How anxious I was to be present! At first I thought it not possible that the fighting could be more than from two to two and a half miles away, so anxious was I to get to the front.

I soon overtook the Second Brigade, commanded by General G. C. Meade. As I reached the head of the column, I met a wounded corporal of the 6th Regiment Reserves. He was the first soldier I had seen coming from the field wounded. He was shot in the arm (a flesh wound). He was mounted on an officer's horse. (This was the custom ever after that; when a private was wounded, he was furnished an officer's horse to retire.) General Meade, seeing him, rode forward.

"Well, my man, are you badly hurt?"

"Oh, I guess not. The ball went through my forearm."

"What is the Rebels' force?" asked General Meade.

"About 6,000."

"So many? Then forward!" said the general; "there may be something for us to do yet."

Again I dashed forward. I was not alone, as there were quite a number like myself, determined to see the close of the Rebellion. Soon the field was reached. Coming to the line of battle (the men were lying down), I essayed to cross, when a captain said:

"Don't go out there! You will get shot!"

"Shot be _____," said we. There were now three of us that had outstripped the rest.

Colonel Kane was in command of the "Bucktails." He gave the order to deploy as skirmishers. Rushing up, I asked:

"Colonel, can we fall in with your men?"

"Yes; fall in on the right," which we did.

Down through the pine thicket we went. "My God! what is this?" The trunk of a man, *headless*. A cannon-ball had:

carried away his head with a cut as clean as though cleft with a knife or an ax. "What, another?" The upper part of his head gone, the lower jaw remaining. I now began to have misgivings, but I still went forward. What if I should be killed, and why not? These men an hour since were as well as I, now cold and silent in death. This was war. Still I was carried forward with a desire to get just *one* "crack" at the enemy. The thicket was quite dense, and, being deployed at five paces, it was sometimes impossible to see my man on the left.

The bugle sounded the "retreat." I did not understand bugle-calls, and heard an ominous sound as they lumbered to the rear. "Have they found the enemy?" "I'll be captured sure," and immediately I "about-faced," and tried to overtake the line.

I had not gone far when I saw a cluster of men. I came up to them and found them engaged in cutting the buttons from the coat of Colonel Tom Taylor of the 4th Kentucky. I think he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His hair and beard, which were very long, were as black as the raven's wing. To see the boys cutting the buttons from his handsome uniform (it was, as I remember much the same as ours) I thought sacrilegious. I would sooner have sacrificed my hand than to have been guilty of the crime of robbing the dead.

General MacKall, in summing up this great victory, records that *seven* prisoners were captured, giving their names. (This, you know, was the custom ever after.) And last, but not least, "I brought in sixteen loads of hay and twenty-two of corn." After this I thought the Confederacy would surely collapse! With this mass of prisoners and quartermaster's stores *captured* (I saw three dead on the field of honor), how was it possible for the Confederacy to survive? But she did!

On returning to my regiment, I reported to the officer of the guard, depicting to him all I saw and did, and the fact that I had so valiantly and heroically maintained the honor and character of the regiment made me for a time quite a hero. I did not, however, tell them of my qualmish feeling on behold-

ing the dead, or that when the "retreat" had been sounded, that I would have given my last nickel to have been traversing my beat with "Post No. 4" as my number.

But to the question, "How does a man feel under fire?" I had not heard the zip of a minie; I had only heard the boom of cannon at least six miles away. It makes a great deal of difference when under fire whether one is an eye-witness to the casualties occurring about you, or whether the shells and minies are thrown over your heads. I think the most unfortunate position I experienced was the period just preceding the storm of battle. The skirmishers in front, the bullets reaching the line of battle, with the sharp ping of the minie, with the ominous, the awful *thud* as some poor fellow falls by your side with the awful groan and agony of death. I know of no horror so terrible as the period just preceding the shock of battle. When engaged, that feeling has given way to the excitement of action. The mind being engaged by a thousand circumstances, fear has been dissipated, and a sense of relief has taken its place. I think I can truthfully say I was most comfortable under a most galling fire. The thud, the groans of the wounded no longer salute the ear. The desire to get in your best licks is all you care for. You yell, you swing your cap, you load and fire as long as the battle goes your way. The enemy falling back, you follow, cheering as you advance. It is a supreme minute to you; you are in ecstasies. Should the battle be against you and you have to retreat, there is no triumphant shout on your part. You are scared. Your only desire is to get under cover, to increase the distance between you and the foe. Thus at Fredericksburg, I, in my efforts to escape capture, ran so rapidly and so over-exerted myself that I became so deathly sick that vomited. This is hell!]

Speaking of Fredericksburg, the terrible defeat, my utter demoralization, and terrible nausea resultant from the over-exertion, I moralize with myself in this fashion: Why endure all this? Death is preferable to this continual mental strain and physical hardship.

Shell, canister, shrapnel, grape, minie bullets were flying thick and fast to hasten our going—or intending to do so. The Rebels dare not follow, and I determine what is to be will be, and walk leisurely to the rear. I pass my captain leaning on two men, he being shot through the knee. I assist in getting him to the rear. Soon as we have found a sufficient cover, we stop and examine his hurt. He was struck immediately through the knee-cap, the ball having passed through the knee from behind. The knee-cap was pushed out into a cone form. The captain looked at it for a moment, then, raising his hand, he struck it a blow that would have felled a man, flattening it out completely.

Captain J. Eichleberger was, at the breaking out of the war, a miner and charcoal-burner. He was uneducated, a large, sinewy man, an athlete. No man could stand before him in a stand-up fight. He was far from quarrelsome; but if a bully came into the neighborhood desiring a fight, Captain Eichleberger would be sent for, and the bully went glimmering. This man was the man of all men to command, so thought we. Nor were we mistaken. He was kind and considerate to the men, yet he would demand implicit obedience.

“The shoulder-hitter” has long been deemed a bully. Not so Captain John Eichleberger. He knew no fear. When sent on picket duty at Mechanicsville, our company lying in the swamps, the enemy attacked our lines, driving their forces to our rear. We all realized that we were entirely cut off. The men pleaded with him to try to escape. “Boys,” said he, “I was sent here to hold this line, and I’ll hold it till hell freezes over, or until I am relieved.” It is needless to say that all, or nearly all, went to Richmond. A few took to the woods and rejoined their regiment.

At Fredericksburg we were placed in position to support the reserves. They made a most gallant charge, driving the Rebel right, but meeting a second line, were hurled back on the reserve. Our position was most unfortunate—a deep ditch for irrigating purposes, fully three feet in depth, was not more than

100 feet to our rear; a better protection could not have been found, and a line of battle in it would have been invincible. Yet here we were placed in the open ground. It was most stupendous folly, such as we were exposed to at that stage of the war. Our adjutant gave the order to fall back and "rally in the ditch." I heard the order to retire—I always did. Reaching the ditch, and looking toward the enemy, there stood Captain Eichleberger with a squad loading and firing upon the advancing enemy. I realized in a moment that the captain had not heard the order to fall back. Rushing to the line, I told him the order was to fall back and "rally in the ditch," and that all had fallen back. He glanced down the line, and then gave the order to "rally in the ditch."

The captain was not able to comprehend or give a command. His orderly, James Cleaver, was a man of fine parts, and did the work of the captain, as also his own. He was promoted and has held a number of responsible positions in his county.

To lose the captain we were loath. He had endeared himself to us in many ways. The enlisted man always admires courage. Captain Eichleberger had a surfeit. Though we felt badly at his loss, we felt assured that his leg must be amputated. Was it? Not much! Every nerve with this man was a negative of every other man to which he might be compared. As soon as a surgeon could be found, he examined the captain. "I am sorry to inform you, captain, that amputation is necessary to save your life." "Doctor," said the captain, "when you amputate, cut it off just above my shoulders, for I'm —— if you ever cut it below." He obstinately refused to have it amputated, and kept up a system of bending his knee that the surgeons declared must be disastrous. In reply he said: "A poor man has a hard time in this world with two legs; it would be a —— sight worse with me." Captain Eichleberger kept his underpinning.

The time came for a "leave of twenty days." He visits his home. He remained over time, of course. The Secretary of War issued an order, "All officers absent without leave are

hereby discharged." The captain on his return found himself without a command. I for one begged him to try for reinstatement. "No," said he; "when my Government wanted me, I went; now it says it doesn't want me, and I am going home."

While home there was a great need of men; a draft was necessary. Captain Eichleberger was hardly recovered; he had still to use a cane. He had served his country one year and eleven months. His friends wanted to shield him. He would none of it. His name went into the hat to be drawn from. His was the first drawn out. His friends wanted him to be examined so as to be exempted. "No," said he; "when the war broke out, I offered my services; I gave my country the best service in my power; it now says it needs me, and I am going." He went, donned a private's suit, stood in the ranks, did his duty as a private as faithfully as when an officer, when he used to say, "Come on, boys!" So that 3d of April morning in 1865, when the order was given to "charge," Private John Eichleberger sprang to the front calling, "Come on, boys!" and was the first to enter the Rebel works. All hail to John Eichleberger, the captain private. He has since joined the majority.

On the 23d ult. there met twenty-one of the original members of the company in reunion at his home.

Though he closed his service as a private, yet to us he is still our captain. His patriotism was platonic. Would there were more of him!

In battle I always exercised all the prudence I was capable of, notwithstanding that I had brought myself to believe in fatalism. "What is to be will be." Or, as the poet puts it:

"Our fate, our fate, awaits us either early or late,
Whether to it or from it we flee."

I was not above taking cover when I could (and would often if I dared), for is not this also fatalism? Else why should a tree not offer protection, being immediately in your vicinity, when most needed. Truth compels me to say that I never

despised a tree when in action, unless the other fellows were behind it.

Lying upon our arms in the woods in rear of the Miller house, at Antietam, we were subjected to a galling fire of canister from a battery not over one-fourth mile to our right. The discharges, as the balls came plunging amid the trees, making a racket as though to sustain life was impossible in our position, yet very few were injured by their fire. I remember that General Meade stood in front of where I was hugging the ground, seemingly unconscious of danger. It was an enigma to me how a man could be so collected under the circumstances.

"I wish," said he, "that I had two good regiments. I'd take that d---d battery." By two good regiments I mean eight hundred men. You are but four hundred."

Alas! We *were* but four hundred. When, eighteen months before, we left "our native heath," we were one thousand strong. The engagements of the Peninsula, Manassas, South Mountain, with the disease incident to our campaigns, had reduced us to mere skeletons.

In the morning General Meade returned to the same position, and, possibly remembering his remarks of the evening before, said: "Boys, we lost the golden opportunity of our lives. That battery was supported by only a picket-line; I thought it at least supported by a line of battle. But never mind, we will still have an opportunity to try our mettle."

Did we? In less than an hour our whole line was engaged in a sea of flame. Having approached the fence of the famous corn-field, just north of the little Dunkard Church, we were called to halt and set to work trying to erect works for our protection. The enemy was charging through the corn-field to our left. Their line greatly overlapped our left. The order came from General Meade: "Attention! Colonel Bailey will move his regiment by the left flank, and rally in the woods." The regiment is in motion instantly. We had not gone the length of the regiment—we were not over thirty feet from the fence, when there was a volley fired from the other side of the fence.

Great God, the slaughter! Corporal White, my file leader, shot in the arm; Frank Dean, my rear file, wounded; my left file, James Gates, received four wounds, losing his leg and being mortally wounded. Gates had always been near me in ranks. A feeling akin to brotherly love had sprung up between us. We had often promised that should either be injured, the other would look out for him.

"Help me off, Frank," he said. I was by his side, being next to the enemy when he fell. Just how it was possible for him to have four bullets while I escaped, being between him and the enemy, is one of the unsolved mysteries of war. I fain would have helped him. Alas! I could not. Our line was in panic—the enemy jubilant with victory. To tear down the worm or snake fence, was the work of a moment. The cry of our color-bearer was heard to "rally to colors." I responded with a few others, stopping with my friend only to tell him to unsling his knapsack and try to protect himself behind it. He did so, and on taking him off the field, a minie bullet was found embedded in his blanket. Our color-bearer, George Horton, one of the bravest of the brave, had gone down; a minie had broken his ankle. He had been wounded at South Mountain only two days before—shot through the arm. He simply tied his pocket handkerchief around it, having soaked it with water. When asked why he did not go to the hospital to have it dressed, he answered: "When I go to the hospital, I will have something to take me there."

It was the Sixth Georgia Regiment that confronted us at Antietam, dealing that deadly blow.

Horton had gone down, his foot shot off. The colors he had firmly planted in the ground. Several of us begged him to give us the colors, that we might save them. "Stay and defend them," was his answer. The enemy rushed on the colors. Horton with pistol held the flag upright, defended. It was a grand fight. A member of the Sixth Georgia, when not over a rod from the colors, fired, and Horton fell dead. Second Lieutenant Walsh came running up and shot the assailant dead.

The names of Horton and Walsh are unknown to history. They are two of the grand immortals that were not born to die. They, 'tis true, may not emblazon a page of history, but their heroism is impressed on the tablets of the memories of their companions. "Peace to their ashes." "When the warfare of the world is over, when time strikes records with eternity, and mortality is paling beyond the sunset shore; when the billows of dissolution are white with the wrecks of the universe, their deathless spirits will rise, beautiful from their urns of death and chambers of decay, to join the grand immortality."

The tension to which we were put in this struggle for our colors, the hand-to-hand conflict in which we were engaged, the colors in our possession by a most desperate effort, caused us to be not long in falling back. I confess I was discouraged, bewildered, and still worse, demoralized. I was like the soldier I think General Gordon tells of. After their defeat at Chickamauga, he overtook a soldier sitting flat on the ground. He would lift one leg and then the other; he felt his arm, pinched himself, felt his head, his body. The general, thinking him badly hurt, asked him his troubles:

"Are you hurt?"

"No."

"Are you scared, demoralized, as it were?"

"Yes, general, I'm demoralized, but, thank God, I am not scattered!"

I, too, was not scattered.

I always found comforting in battle the companionship of a friend, one in whom you had confidence, one you felt assured would stand by you until the last. I can well remember our fight at Hatcher's Run. I had a sergeant, tried and true, who was at my elbow always. True, he was black; he was a pure African. No drop of white blood ever coursed his veins, but a hero in every sense of the word. Always ready to do any duty without considering danger. Thus, at Yellow Tavern, on the picket-line, I sent him on an exceedingly difficult duty, he being so entirely trustworthy. He accomplished his trust, being

at that time only a corporal. As I lay wrapped in my blankets that night at the reserve picket, I overheard the following dialogue: "Corporal, I wouldn't thank the captain to send me on such errands. You'll be killed sure; see if you don't."

"The captain will never send me where he thinks I will be killed, but if he would order me to go through hell, I'd die trying!" It is needless to say that I made him a sergeant the very next day.

The influence of a courageous man is most helpful in battle. Thus at Antietam, when surprised by the Sixth Georgia Regiment, lying immediately behind the fence at the celebrated corn-field, allowing our regiment to approach within thirty feet, and then pouring in a volley that decimated our ranks fully one-half; the regiment was demoralized. I was worse—I was stampeded. I did not expect to stop this side of the Pennsylvania line. I met a tall, thin young soldier, very boyish in manner, but cool as a cucumber, his hat off, which he was lustily swinging, who yelled: "Rally, boys, rally! Die like men; don't run like dogs!" Instantly all fear vanished. "Why can I not stand and take what this boy can?" I commenced loading and firing, and from this on I was as comfortable as I had been in more pleasant places.

How natural it is for a man to suppose that if a gun is discharged, he or some one is sure to be hit. He soon finds, however, that the only damage done, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the only thing killed is the powder! It is not infrequently that a whole line of battle (this among raw troops) will fire upon an advancing line, and no perceptible damage ensue. They wonder how men can stand such treatment, when really they have done no damage save the terrific noise incident to the discharge. To undertake to say how many discharges are necessary to the death of a soldier in battle would be presumptuous, but I have frequently heard the remark that it took a man's weight in lead to kill him.

In presentiments of death I have no confidence. While I have seen men go into battle predicting truthfully their own

death, yet I believe it is the belief of nine out of ten who go into battle that that is their last. I have never gone into battle that I did not expect to be killed. I have seen those who had no thought of death coming to them killed outright. Thus Corporal George Horton, wounded at South Mountain, wrapped his handkerchief around his wounded arm and carried the colors of our regiment to Antietam. Being asked why he did not make the best of it and go to the hospital, that he was liable to be killed, he answered, "The bullet has not been moulded to kill me." Alas! he was killed the next day.

My sensations at Antietam were a contradiction. When we were in line "closed *en masse*," passing to the front through the wood at "half distance," the boom of cannon and the hurtling shell as it crashed through the trees or exploding found its lodgment in human flesh; the minies sizzling and savagely spotting the trees; the deathlike silence save the "steady men" of our officers. The shock to the nerves were indefinable—one stands, as it were, on the brink of eternity as he goes into action. One man alone steps from the ranks and cowers behind a large tree, his nerves gone; he could go no farther. General Meade sees him, and, calling a sergeant, says, "Get that man in ranks." The sergeant responds, the man refuses; General Meade rushes up with, "I'll move him!" Whipping out his saber, he deals the man a blow, he falls—who he was, I do not know. The general has no time to tarry or make inquiries. A lesson to those witnessing the scene. The whole transaction was like that of a panorama. I felt at the time the action was cruel and needless on the part of the general. I changed my mind when I became an officer, when with sword and pistol drawn to enforce discipline by keeping my men in place when going into the conflict.

When the nerves are thus unstrung, I have known relief by a silly remark. Thus at Antietam, when in line of battle in front of the wood and exposed to a galling fire from the corn-field, standing waiting expectant with "What next?" the minies zipping by occasionally, one making the awful *thud* as it struck some unfortunate. As we thus stood listlessly, breathing a silent

prayer, our hearts having ceased to pulsate or our minds on home and loved ones, expecting soon to be mangled or perhaps killed, some one makes an idiotic remark; thus at this time it is Mangle, in a high nasal twang, with "D——d sharp skirmishing in front." There is a laugh, it is infectious, and we are once more called back to life.

The battle when it goes your way is a different proposition. Thus having reached the east wood, each man sought a tree from behind which he not only sought protection, but dealt death to our antagonists. They halt, also seeking protection behind trees. They soon begin to retire, falling back into the corn-field. We now rush forward. We cheer; we are in ecstasies. While shells and canister are still resonant and minies sizzling spitefully, yet I think this one of the supreme moments of my existence. So broken were the enemy at this time that had there been reinforcements to follow up our success, I believe the battle had been won at 10 a. m. From our position we could see the enemy as they arrived on the field in front of the little Dunkard Church.

Permit me to give a personal matter. After the war, I renewed an acquaintance made at the time of the battle of Antietam. My friend Gates mortally wounded was a friend of the Rev. David Long, pastor of the Dunkard Church. By his request, I had gone to the home of Mr. Long to inform them of his mishap and that he desired to see them. I was kindly received and a friendship sprang up between us. September 17, 1867, at the dedication of the Cemetery, I renewed acquaintance, and it ended in my marriage to the daughter of the Dunkard parson, who is still my companion to bless, cheer, and comfort me. Thus Antietam to me has been a benefaction.

The worst condition to endure is when you fall wounded upon the field. Now you are helpless. No longer are you filled with the enthusiasm of battle. You are helpless—the bullets still fly over and about you—you no longer are able to shift your position or seek shelter. Every bullet as it strikes near you is

a new terror. Perchance you are enabled to take out your handkerchief, which you raise in supplication to the enemy to not fire in your direction and to your friends of your helplessness. This is a trying moment. How slowly time flies! Oh, the agony to the poor wounded man, who alone can ever know its horrors! Thus at Bermuda Hundreds, November 28th, being in charge of the picket-line, we were attacked, which we repulsed and were rejoiced, yet the firing is maintained. I am struck in the left forearm, though not disabled; soon I am struck in the right shoulder by an explosive bullet, which is imbedded in my shoulder-strap. We still maintain a spiteful fire. About 12 m. I am struck again in my right forearm, which is broken and the main artery cut; soon we improvise a tourniquet by using a canteen-strap, and with a bayonet the same is twisted until blood ceases to flow. To retire is impossible, and for nine weary hours, or until late in the night, I remain on the line. I am alone with my thoughts; I think of home, of the seriousness of my condition; I see myself a cripple for life—perchance I may not recover; and all the time shells are shrieking and minie bullets whistling over and about me. The tongue becomes parched, there is no water to quench it; you cry, "Water! water!" and pray for night, that you can be carried off the field and to the hospital, and there the surgeons' care—maimed, crippled for life, perchance die. These are your reflections. Who can portray the horrors coming to the wounded?

The experiences of a man under fire differ materially between his first and subsequent engagements. Why? Because of discipline. "Familiarity with death begets contempt" is an old and true saying. With the new troops, they have not been called on to train or restrain their nerves. They are not only nervous, but they blanch at the thought of danger. They want education. What to them, on joining the service, was a terrible mental strain, is soon transformed into indifference. It is brought about by discipline.

The Battle of Belmont.

By Companion John Seaton, Captain 22d Illinois Infantry,

January 2, 1902.

On the 6th day of November, 1861, the camps at Cairo, Illinois, Fort Holt, Kentucky, and Bird's Point, Missouri, began to show more of the spirit of military action than had been the custom hitherto. For months the main duty had been to drill, build breastworks, and occasionally venture forth in small bodies of cavalry and infantry to reconnoiter in Missouri and Kentucky towards the Confederacy's front at Columbus, Kentucky; these parties separately marching on each side of the Mississippi River.

It was evident that these excursions were indulged in by the commandants of the camps at Fort Holt and Bird's Point, more for the purpose of familiarizing the soldiers with the sensation of being in "the enemy's country," where danger was supposed to lurk behind every bush. These soldiers were sometimes enlivened by stern alarms of war, growing out of the fact that the Rebels were engaged in sending out similar excursions; and thus conflicts of small moment would occur, resulting in some one or more of either side being wounded. Then would ensue a lively chase, the party breaking first being hotly pursued by the other for perhaps a mile or two, when discretion would become the better part of valor, and the commanding officer of the squad, calling off the dogs of war, order a return to camp. There, around the camp-fires, the valiant heroes of the occasion would recount the exciting events of the day, sufficiently blood-curdling to the "tenderfoot" soldier boys who had not yet taken part in such diversion.

Also now and then a gunboat would paddle down the river to within shooting distance of the advanced posts of the Rebel fortifications at Columbus, and all day long keep up with them an artillery duel. We could distinctly hear the cannon's peal at our camp, some twenty miles away, and our boys, listening to its ominous note, would remark, "Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound."

These occurrences had become common by long repetition

and a spirit of unrest prevailed in the camp. The soldiers, burning with a valor as yet untried, impatiently bewailed the situation, and indulged in wild and vigorous criticisms of the conduct of the war, foolishly threatening to desert if something were not soon done to bring on the issue! These were but the vaporings of ignorant amateurs in the science of war.

Once in a while a Rebel dispatch-boat, flying a flag of truce, would round the bend with bow pointed toward Cairo. Immediately a "Long Tom" on the fortifications of Cairo would belch a command to halt; sending a cannon-ball ricochetting on the water across the bow of the intruder. Then all the idle soldiers in the three camps would scamper to the banks of the river, and line up in wild expectancy. Out from Cairo's wharf would dart a small tub, also bearing a flag of truce, proceeding to where the Rebel boat waited, its uneasy wheels keeping up sufficient motion to prevent a backward drift down stream. An interview, lasting from fifteen minutes to perhaps an hour, would take place, and possibly the little tug would steam back to impart information to General Grant or to obtain additional authority to enable it to deal with the question at issue; retracing its way to the waiting flag of truce, where another parley would ensue, after which the two would separate, each returning to its respective place of duty. In the minds of our boys, watching the dumb-play from the banks, many speculative theories would evolve, relating to the probable significance and possible results of the conference; but, needless to relate, we remained unenlightened.

Having thus outlined the situation, with its monotony and its small excitements, previous to the date of November 6th, with which this paper starts, I will proceed with the events connected with the battle of Belmont, which was the first wedge driven by General Grant in the great internecine strife of our nation.

On the day mentioned an order was sent by General Grant for certain of the regiments at Bird's Point to prepare all men not on guard duty or otherwise engaged for action; each man

to be equipped with a certain number of rounds of ammunition and one day's cooked rations. All were to be in readiness to board certain steamboats, which were to be sent for them.

Those receiving the orders to move commenced packing without delay. Knapsacks were made ready amid loud huzzas and many sounds of joy, for at last the long weariness of camp life was to be broken, and war, actual war, participated in. Everything was in readiness when, in the middle of the afternoon, the "Belle Memphis" and two other steamers arrived at the camp. All were large boats, but the names of the others and of the two or three additional ones loaded at Cairo have escaped my memory. My regiment was the 22d Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

One company of cavalry, also one section of light artillery, boarded the "Belle Memphis"; the 27th Illinois, with the 7th Iowa Volunteer Infantry, went aboard the other boats. We proceeded over to Cairo at sundown. The boats there had been likewise loaded with troops, among them being Colonel John A. Logan with his regiment. My memory is in default as to the names of other regiments in the flotilla.

General Grant made our boat, the "Belle Memphis," his flagship. The Fort Holt soldiers were not taken aboard the steamers, but had orders to march that night a certain distance toward Columbus.

As soon as night settled down, the flotilla, with two gun-boats, started down the river. Up to that time we had not known whether we were going up the Ohio, or up or down the Mississippi. I think about twelve miles were covered before we tied up for the night at the site of old Fort Jefferson on the Kentucky side. My impression is that it was at that point that the Fort Holt troops bivouacked for the night.

Well do I remember that night! The animated scene on the boat, where the boys were jubilant at the thought that we were going, as was supposed, to attack Columbus. I mingled with my company on the upper deck, directing them how to bivouack on the same in as good order as possible—sleep upon their arms,

as it were, to be ready for any emergency. Upon going down into the cabin after attending to these matters, I found the officers of the command separated into various assemblages engaged in discussing the mission upon which we were bent, all being of the opinion that its object was the capture of Columbus. One small party, sitting around a table in the ladies' cabin, was notable, as seen in the light of events which had not then happened. It consisted of General Grant and some of his staff. An orderly stood at the dividing line which separated the ladies' cabin from the main or gentlemen's cabin. The picture was an interesting one. The glittering chandeliers cast their beams upon the man who, little suspected, was to be the hero of the war; destined to command the armies of this great nation, win more battles than all the other commanders, and become the most noted warrior of the nineteenth century; destined also to become president of our country for eight years, thus rounding out a remarkable career among the rulers of the world.

Finally the assemblage melted away, each officer hying himself to his couch to snatch a brief repose before the expected hour when grim Death, in most tempestuous mood, would come stalking among the armies of the blue and the gray.

It was felt by all that a crucial test was near, and while cheerfulness reigned with officers and men, it was yet felt that sorrow lurked near, and there was yearning for the loved ones at home who would perhaps on the morrow be left desolate. None could divine the will of Providence, nor could any claim exemption from its decrees.

Just as the faint streaks of dawn ushered in the day of November 7th we were aroused and the several boats began to move cautiously and slowly down the river, preceded by the gun-boats. We all ate our breakfast from the one day's cooked rations in our haversacks. When within five or six miles of Columbus, the sun was rising, and the Rebels, having caught sight of our smoke, began cannonading over the woodland in our direction. We were made to land on the Missouri side and our gun-boats dropped down in sight of the Rebel batteries and com-

menced hostilities. Our supposition was that we had only been landed where we were until, at the proper time, we should be taken to the Kentucky side to storm the Rebel heights. But finally our orders came to march ashore. The command was drawn up in line on the river bank at the edge of a corn-field. Here we remained while General Grant made a disposition of troops to guard the steamboats.

I might here say that the command leaving Cairo was 2,850 men. There were regiments enough to indicate a much larger force, but it must be remembered that the order calling for them did not interfere with those who were on guard duty or other service in camp; hence the men ready for immediate marching orders did not comprise all of the men who were able for duty. Here a regiment would have, say, 300, another 400; and the largest number was 500, which was the 22d Illinois—350 of the men of the command comprised the number which was left behind on the duty of guarding the boats; therefore we had 2,500 men to take into the fight.

The delay incident to making the disposition of the boat guard in a strategic position, to secure the best service in case the boats were attacked, brought the hour of the day to about 7:30 a. m. During the time we were awaiting final orders, the gun-boats had dropped further down to within sight of the Columbus fortifications and were passing the time in active hostilities with the Rebel batteries. Occasionally the Rebels tried to find our steamboats with their 128-pound shells, all of which passed over us, causing a general ducking of heads. Those larger shells would bury themselves in the ground some 300 or 400 yards beyond our right. I remember one that entered the river bank whose face at that time was, say, 25 or 30 feet above the water level, and the last of it I saw just before marching, when some three or four deck-hands of our boat were digging it out with shovels. I saw the same shell in Cairo the following day. These large shells were defective and did not explode.

After the disposal of the men was completed to the satisfaction of General Grant, he came riding up the river road to

our regiment, which was on the extreme right. Our colonel, Dougherty, had been assigned by him to command a brigade, thus leaving us under the command of our lieutenant-colonel, Hart. Hart was sitting on his horse about ten paces from where I was standing in line with my company. The general addressed him: "Colonel, advance your company of skirmishers." I had perfected my company in the skirmish drill and was the only captain who had paid any attention to it. Colonel Hart, glancing at me, nodded his head and said, "Captain, advance your company as skirmishers." I saluted and said, "Colonel, shall I deploy by section, platoon, or company?" The general immediately said, "Colonel, give the captain another company for reserve," and at once addressed me, "Deploy your whole company, captain, to develop the line of the enemy." I saluted and at once gave my company order to form in four ranks, and file left, which took us through the corn-field and into the woods, followed by Company C, which the colonel gave me for reserve.

At first entering the woods I found their border composed of large forest trees and clear of underbush, but possibly 300 yards distant I saw a thick tanglewood that had the appearance of a cane-brake, or a close growth of willows similar to what one sees on bottom lands or islands of a river. It appeared to be an impenetrable mass, of which my vision could see no end in either direction so far as was discernible through the woods. After marching probably about 1000 feet into this wood, I brought both companies in line of battle and addressed them thus: "Boys, we are entering this morning what will prove a pitched battle. Many of us have seen the sun rise for the last time and will not see it set. I wish to remind you of the fact that Illinois troops became famous in the war with Mexico, and that to-day the eyes of Illinois are upon us and we must not shrink from our duty to uphold her honor and preserve the escutcheon unsullied. We have most of us during the past few months participated in small skirmishing, heard the whistle of lead and smelled a little powder, but none of us have experienced

a battle. I do not know what the crucial test may cause, but I want you to mark what I say—if I should show the white feather, shoot me dead in my tracks and my family will feel that I died for my country. Boys, it is now quite warm and we are going to have a hot day; I propose that all of us take off our coats, pile them at the foot of this tree, and I will leave John Baker, who is lame, with them; when we come back to the boats, we can get them, and if we don't come back, we may not want them again.” I stacked arms for a minute and each of us did what I had recommended and we all rolled up our sleeves; I gave the necessary commands, my company was deployed on the double quick and we commenced the march in skirmish line. Only a few minutes and I saw three of my men fall, one of whom was dead. We entered that labyrinth of wild wood and held and drove by fits and starts, and finally the battle was on. The rattle of the volleys of musketry was terrific and even grand, resounding through the woods. At length I rallied my two companies in close order, and, working our way through to a more open woodland, attempted to find my regiment. It had been ordered to the right somewhere, I was told by one of the hospital corps whom I met with a wounded man. We were marching along by the flank, and coming behind the 7th Iowa, which was stubbornly fighting, I, all of a sudden, saw them swing back like the opening of a double gate and the Rebels were wildly charging upon them. The 7th Iowa Regiment was badly cut to pieces in this charge of the enemy. My companies happening to be opposite this opening gap, I brought them left face in line of battle, thus filling the gap, and made a counter-change on the Rebels, who in turn broke away. The 7th Iowa rallied and joined my command and remained with us until we had captured the Rebel camp, which was then the noon hour. It appeared that in our march across the bend we had about three miles to go to get to their camp. Upon the alarm being given them early in the morning, they had rushed from their camp while the cooks were preparing breakfast. For several hours afterwards their frying-pans, with meat and other preparations for

breakfast, were found where they had been suddenly abandoned, and there is no doubt in my mind but the men were rushed to the front without any sustenance whatever.

The Rebel camp was surrounded by some earthworks, reinforced by abatis of considerable strength; inside their works were several pieces of light artillery, brass guns, six-pounders, having an inscription cast on the breech, which proclaimed the command to be what had been known in previous years as the crack New Orleans battery of flying artillery. The Rebel troops were marched out probably two and a half miles from their camp to confront us; therefore from the time battle opened they opposed us step by step, causing us to take four hours to press them to the margin of their camp. On reaching their camp, their New Orleans battery, which had not been engaged before, began to play. Our forces finally made breaches through into their camp, charged upon and captured their cannon. The gunners fled with the infantry in great confusion, while their speed was accelerated by the loads they had just put into their guns and left, to be fired at them by our men.

The regimental band of ours had been detailed early in the morning to serve the hospital corps, and they were busy during the battle bearing off the wounded to the field hospital. Greatly to our surprise, we discovered in our moment of victory that in some inexplicable manner the members of our band had succeeded in keeping their instruments with them; for there, on the bank of the river, in defiance of the large body of the enemy in plain view on the other side of the river, they surrounded our colors and began playing "Dixie," passed from it to the "Star-Spangled Banner," then to "Yankee Doodle," followed by other soul-stirring patriotic airs. It is impossible for me to portray that scene. The exuberance of spirit was boundless. The Union soldiers cavorted and huzzaed; while rounding up a goodly number of prisoners, their antics were inspiring and thrilling. I myself mounted a captured gun, and had the boys join with song in the performance of the band. I re-

member that the inspiration of those moments infused me with a willingness to join the angels and march on to glory right then and there.

As I said before, the banks of the Mississippi were high above the water, and under the shelter of these the Rebels retreated below our vision. We had at this time probably 1,000 prisoners, and had full possession of their camp. Many of the tents were standing and a number of piles of tents were rolled up, lying on the ground ready for wagons, and we afterwards learned that 5,000 Rebels were expected to start that day to corral Colonel Dick Oglesby, who was somewhere near Rolla with three regiments.

In the jollification over the victory the boys began looting the tents and found many trinkets of value in the officers' baggage. They set fire to most of the tents. While this was going on, there across the river, which is very narrow at Columbus, Kentucky, could be seen many thousands of Rebel troops in line of battle on the hills close up against the river. Some of their cannons kept up a shower of shells upon us, mostly going wild and hurting some only. About 1 o'clock a steamboat was seen coming up the river from some point below. In turning the bend as it hove in sight it was seen to be crowded with troops. We allowed it to come nearer and nearer, when at the proper time we turned one of the New Orleans guns upon her. The first shot hit the water and went wild, but the second entered the front of the cabin and passed through lengthwise and out into the water. We were afterward informed that dinner was being served; that the ball cleared the table, killing and wounding several. Instantly the boat commenced backing, finally succeeding in turning around, and traveled away back around the bend. Our losses had been heavy through the day thus far. We had met the "New Orleans Tigers," the "Texas Rangers," and much of the boastful spirit of the South, which at that time maintained that "one Southerner could whip five Yankees." I asked, on the field, a Rebel orderly sergeant about that saying,

and he replied: "Oh! we don't mean you Westerners. We thought this morning, when you were approaching, that we never saw such big men in our lives before. You looked like *giants!*" The Rebel authorities had not been idle during the time we spent at their camp. Out of the view of our gunboats, two of their steamers were at work a mile or so above us, busily transferring a number of Rebel soldiers from Columbus camps to our side of the river, with a view to cutting us off. It was always asserted that eleven regiments were crossed over, but as to the number, I do not know.

When General Grant ordered a retreat to our boats, we had another battle to go through two lines of troops between us and them. It was then possibly 2 o'clock, maybe later, and when those of our command who did get through reached the river, the sun was setting. When we reached the boats, I was with four or five others at the water's edge, near the gang-plank of our boat, when a man at the top of the bank shouted, "Get aboard the boat; they are coming!" He called out to the captain of the boat, "Chop your lines and back out." We looked up and saw it was General Grant. We ran across the gang-plank and immediately behind us was the general and his horse. The boat was backing out as the Rebels came to the bank of the river, shooting volleys at us and at the pilot of the vessel. Providence guarded the pilot. He was not hit, though a number of soldiers were. A gunboat was in the channel about 100 feet from us. Its captain called out and motioned to the men on the lower deck at the bow to lie down, which they did; and the gunboat sent a broadside at the Rebels that mowed them down. The angle from the guns of the gunboat to the top of the bank at the distance we maintained from shore brought the heads of our men in line; hence the captain was frantic to get our men down.

The remnants of nearly all the regiments had got aboard their respective crafts, except the 27th Illinois Infantry. Its colonel, Buford, seeing he could not make it, made a detour

into the interior around the Rebels. We proceeded slowly up the river, and finally the fleet was hailed by the Twenty-seventh several miles up and they were taken aboard their boat. Our trip up the river was a solemn one. Many wounded men were lying on the cabin floor and on the guards; those who were known to be dead on the field were tenderly spoken of, and those whom no one could account for were hoped for. Finally, supper was served. General Grant sat at the end of the table next to the ladies' cabin. I occupied a seat the fourth from his on the left. All the officers were discoursing on the events of the day very glibly, but the general said not a word further than to speak to the waiter. We thought he was hard-hearted, cold, and indifferent, but it was only the difference between a *real* soldier and amateur soldiers. Thus ended the battle of Belmont. We knew not then what we went there for, but the general knew, and he saved Oglesby's command and tested the mettle of the untried soldiers. Besides, the Rebels never held a camp there afterwards or anywhere on that side of the river north of New Madrid.

I will here quote from the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant: "Our loss at Belmont was 485 in killed, wounded, and missing. About 125 of our wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. We returned with 175 prisoners and two guns, and spiked four others." Pardon me for digressing here, but I wish to say to you, companions, I brought off one of these two guns. It was the one I had used in firing at the steamboat.

Again quoting the "Memoirs" of Grant: "The enemy had about 7,000; but this includes the troops over from Columbus who were not engaged in the first defence of Belmont. The two objects for which the battle of Belmont was fought were fully accomplished. The enemy gave up all idea of detaching troops from Columbus. His losses were very heavy for that period of the war. Columbus was beset by people looking for their wounded or dead kin. I learned later, when I had moved farther south, that Belmont had caused more mourning than almost any other battle up to that time. The national troops

acquired a confidence in themselves at Belmont that did not desert them through the war."

Before closing, I think it proper for the purpose of this paper to quote from Jefferson Davis' "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," as follows: "On the 6th of November, General Grant left his headquarters at Cairo with a land and naval force and encamped on the Kentucky shore. This act and a demonstration made by detachments from the force at Paducah were probably intended to induce the belief that he contemplated an attack on Columbus, thus concealing his real purpose to surprise the small garrison at Belmont. General Polk, on the morning of the 7th, discovered the landing of the Federal forces on the Missouri shore, some seven miles above Columbus, and, divining the real purpose of the enemy, detached General Pillow with four regiments of his division, say 2,000 men, to reinforce the garrison at Belmont. Very soon after his arrival the enemy commenced an assault, which was sternly resisted, and with varying fortune, for several hours. The enemy's front so far exceeded the length of our line as to enable him to attack on both flanks, and our troops were finally driven back to the bank of the river with the loss of their battery. The enemy advanced to the bank of the river below the point to which our men had retreated, and opened an artillery fire upon the town of Columbus, to which our guns from the commanding height responded, with such effect as to drive him from the river-bank. In the meantime General Polk had at intervals sent three regiments to reinforce General Pillow. Upon the arrival of the first of these, General Pillow led it to a favorable position, where it for some time steadily resisted and checked the advance of the enemy. General Pillow, with great energy and gallantry, rallied his repulsed troops and brought them again into action. General Polk now proceeded in person with two other regiments. Whether from this or some other cause, the enemy commenced a retreat. General Pillow, whose activity and daring on the occasion were worthy of all praise,

led the first and second detachments by which he had been reinforced to attack the enemy in the rear, and General Polk, landing further up the river, moved to cut off the enemy's retreat; but some embarrassment and consequent delay which occurred in landing his troops caused him to be too late for the purpose for which he crossed, and to become only a part of the pursuing force. One would naturally suppose that the question about which there would be the greatest certainty would be the number of troops engaged in a battle, yet there is nothing in regard to which we have such conflicting accounts. It is fairly concluded, from the current reports, that the enemy attacked us on both flanks, and that in the beginning of the action we were outnumbered; but the obstinacy with which the conflict was maintained and the successive advances and retreats which occurred in the action indicate that the disparity could not have been very great, and therefore that, after the arrival of our reinforcements, our troops must have become numerically superior. The dead and wounded left upon the field, the arms, ammunition, and military stores abandoned in his flight, so incontestably prove his defeat, that his claim to have achieved a victory is too preposterous for discussion. Though the forces engaged were comparatively small to those in subsequent battles of the war, six hours of incessant combat, with repeated bayonet charges, must place this in the rank of the most stubborn engagements, and the victors must accord to the vanquished the meed of having fought like Americans. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 641; that of the enemy was probably not less than 1,200."

Before closing, I will say we did not come back to the same tree, so did not recover our coats we discarded in the morning. My own was a new one that I had bought in Cairo a few days before. Our guns were of those known as the Harper's Ferry flint-lock musket, altered to percussion caps, and the ammunition being cartridges that must be torn open with one's teeth, inserted in the muzzle of the musket and

rammed home. The cartridge contained with the powder one lead ball and four buckshot. With cartridge-biting, the faces of the men soon looked as though they might be coal-miners.

The impressions of the battle of Belmont are still clear and vivid within my mind after the lapse of many years devoted to peaceful pursuits. Whatever its place in history, a young man's first battle must be to him the greatest event of his life, and as such have I remembered the battle I have attempted to describe —the battle of Belmont.

I have framed and hung on the walls of my residence at Atchison, "Special Orders" from General Grant, of date December 21, 1861, read on dress parade, complimenting me for "the valuable services rendered at the battle of Belmont" by me. I intended to bring the same here to show you to-night, but forgot it.

Personal Reminiscences of Gettysburg.

**By Captain John D. S. Cook, 20th N. Y. S. M., 80th New
York Infantry Volunteers.**

December 12, 1903.

The story of the battle of Gettysburg has been told so often in history and oration that it is quite impossible to give interest to a new account. Nevertheless a simple narrative of personal experiences there by one who saw only what could be seen from the ranks, who does not undertake to discuss the plan of battle nor to describe the maneuvers of the troops, but just to tell faithfully what he saw and felt himself, may yet be interesting. This I have undertaken.

My story may seem garrulous, but that is the privilege of age; it may seem egotistical, but a personal narrative can hardly be otherwise.

I commanded a company in the regiment known in service as the 20th New York Militia. It had served three months under the first call for troops in 1861, then returned to Kingston, N. Y., reorganized as a three-years regiment, and went back to service under its former name. After it had reached Virginia it was classified in the New York rolls as the 80th Volunteers, but by special order of the Secretary of War it and several other New York Militia regiments which had gone out under similar circumstances were allowed to retain their original names and number in the field.

We served with a brigade of New York troops, all but ourselves enlisted for two years in "McDowell's Corps" until after the battle of Fredericksburg and the famous "Mud March." We were then detached and Provost-Marshal General Patrick, our former brigade commander, exchanging for us three regiments of Pennsylvanians, had us assigned to special duty under him. The three other regiments were mustered out as their time expired, and we were thus left alone. We kept busy as provost guards at Aquia Creek, at the railroad and supply stations, on trains and mailboats, until the army started to follow General Lee's invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. After it had gone, we dismantled the depot at Aquia Creek, went up to Washington by steamer, and thence marched by ourselves up the Poto-

mac to Edwardsville to rejoin the army. Here we were ordered to report to the First Army Corps, to which we had formerly belonged, then more than a day's march in advance. We followed by forced marches, reached it, and reported to General Reynolds on the afternoon of June 30, 1863.

He assigned us to duty with the Pennsylvania brigade, which had taken our place in the line when we were detached. They were enlisted for nine months, their term was nearly out, and they had never been under fire. We very naturally were not pleased with the assignment, as we were by no means sure that we could depend on them for support in action.

I am bound to say for them in passing that our apprehensions were not well founded. They fought in their own State, on their native soil, and neither their inexperience nor the natural desire to avoid danger during the short time they still had to serve prevented them from doing their duty. With one regiment, the 151st Pennsylvania, we afterwards, as will be seen, had close relations in a trying time, and I can testify for them that they behaved as gallantly as veterans.

Next morning at daylight we received orders to march. A hundred rumors circulated through the camps as to what was goin on or going to happen, but it was finally understood that General Lee and his army were coming from the northwest towards Gettysburg, that the cavalry corps was falling back before him, disputing the ground as it retreated, and that the First Corps was to go to support the cavalry.

Hurriedly the boys prepared their breakfast of hard-tack, pork, and coffee, and soon after sunrise we were on the road, forming the left of the brigade and the rear of the entire column.

Marching along the road in the early morning, we who had come from the fields of northern Virginia were impressed with the appearance of the country. Orchards, meadows, fields of grain, substantial fences, comfortable farm-houses, and above all the mighty barns, the glory of the Pennsylvania farmer, swiftly succeeded each other and showed a rich and highly culti-

vated land, unharried by an enemy, a striking contrast with the northern part of Virginia, over which war had swept with desolating hand.

The farmers with their families came out to see us pass, and for almost the first time since we had crossed the Potomac a year and a half before the people on our line of march gave us friendly greeting. Their good-will very generally took a more substantial form. The women brought to the roadside immense loaves of home-made bread baked after the fashion of the country, in pans as large as milk-pans, and with them crocks of sweet fresh butter. As the troops passed in their rapid march they offered these dainties (for dainties they were to men who had almost forgotten the taste of good bread and butter) to the men, who one after another stopped long enough to receive the treat. I saw the women busy in the distribution. With one broad sweep of a huge knife they spread the butter over the face of the mighty loaf. A swift stroke detached a thick slice, which was quickly seized by a soldier, who hurried on to rejoin his comrades and was at once succeeded by another. For the moment my heart glowed with sympathy for these patriotic people, so freely ministering to the comfort of our comrades.

But this feeling was somewhat disturbed when some of our regiment came cursing back from an application for their bounty, and said it had been refused because they were New Yorkers and not Pennsylvanians. I do not know that all made that distinction, but some of these people certainly did, and as we were there to repel a hostile invasion of Pennsylvania, we thought it hardly fair to us.

But a difficulty like that could never prevent our men from getting their share. It was easy enough to say that they were Pennsylvanians, and a little thing like that hardly troubled the conscience of an old campaigner, however much he might resent the necessity for the subterfuge. Our boys got their portion all right.

A little after nine o'clock we turned out from the road

into a woods pasture, a beautiful grove of large trees with a carpet of springy sod. Here we were drawn up in line to form the left wing of the corps. For a short time we enjoyed the cool shade and quiet of the position. But it was not to last, and we were soon marched out by the right flank to follow the column which moved up to connect with the rest of the corps. Our route took us into broad meadows, which from the forest on the left hand extended back to a line of fence inclosing a field with a large public building, which we afterwards learned was the Theological Seminary, while beyond it in the distance appeared the roofs and spires of the town. We were finally halted in line in the meadow fronting the woods and with the Seminary a few hundred yards behind us.

As we had approached the place where we turned out of the road we heard from time to time the sound of cannon and the occasional crackling of musket fire, and as we moved out of the woods towards our new position one of the men fell suddenly, stricken down by a stray bullet from the forest. Our surgeon leaped from his horse and ran to help the wounded man, and as we swept past in hurrying march we had an impressive intimation of what was to come. The incident thrilled every one with a sense of danger as great perhaps as that felt during the battle itself.

We were first posted in a swale of the meadow behind a slight rolling elevation. The left of the line thus terminated in an open field without any support or anything on which to rest. The line was as long as the numbers of the force would permit, but its left extremity held by us was technically "in the air." Here we lay down and listened with acute interest to the roar of artillery on our right and to the shriek of shells that passed overhead.

In a short time an order came to our regiment to advance and take position on the top of the ridge behind which we were sheltered. This of course made us conspicuous and a swarming flight of artillery missiles showed that we were seen by the

enemy. As usual, some of the men began to grumble at what seemed needless exposure. But it was reported that it was necessary to occupy that ground; that General Wadsworth, who had been our first brigade commander and was then with the next division of the corps, had recommended us for the duty; that he knew our regiment would go where it was sent and stay where it was put. This story spread quickly along the line, and whether true or not, I know it helped to console us for the exposure to which we were subjected. Pride in the supposition that we had been selected for the post of danger by a general whom we all loved and honored compensated even the most inveterate grumbler for the risk that selection imposed.

Soon afterwards the two left companies of the regiment were deployed as skirmishers, extending the line to the left and advanced a little to the front to resist and to give warning of any attempt to outflank us. In this position, with the noise of battle roaring on our right and a consant succession of missiles from the enemy's batteries flying over our heads and occasionally striking someone in the ranks, we laid down on the grass and waited.

How long I cannot tell. It must have been along in the early afternoon when Lieutenant Jack Young came in from the left skirmishing company to report. Jack was a character. He had served as a sergeant in the Mexican War and a field-piece captured at Cerro Gordo still bears as a trophy his name as one of the captors. High-spirited and insensible to fear, as an officer he had but one fault. He would get drunk and when drunk was riotous. There was a verse of a bawdy ballad, which, when in that condition, he used to sing, or, rather, shout with the voice of a Stentor. He had been put in arrest for an escapade as we passed through Washington, but at his earnest petition had been released to share in the action. He was too good a man in a fight to be left out. The excitement acted on him like a stimulant, and as he came up along the front of the line of men lying down almost rigidly nervous under the prolonged

exposure, with shot and shell whistling around him, he roared out the utterly unrepeatable verse of his favorite ballad at the top of his voice, and, raising his cap and wiping his heated face, shouted, "Colonel, it's d——d hot out there." The whole line broke into a roar of laughter, and the cool insouciance of Jack did more to relieve the mental strain which the long waiting under fire had caused than anything else could have done.

But the report he brought was not reassuring. The enemy had developed in force in front of the thin and unsupported line of skirmishers on our left and the latter could not hold its ground. Our colonel, Theodore B. Gates, could only give him a message to his captain to hold on as long as possible, and he returned to his company.

Hardly had he gone when from the forest in front appeared a long brown line of the enemy's infantry. In poetry and romance the Confederate uniform is gray. In actual service it was a butternut brown; and on those fellows who faced us at short range was, owing to their long campaign, as dirty, disreputable, and unromantic as can well be imagined. They exhibited no more of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" than so many railroad section-hands. But they could shoot all right, and as they stood out there in line in the open field and poured in a rapid fire of musketry they gave us no time to criticise their appearance. Our men sprang to their feet, returned their fire, and the battle was on.

As one after another fell killed or wounded the survivors closed up towards the colors and kept up their fire until more than half the men in line had fallen, and until the enemy, driving before them the line of skirmishers, had marched in column of companies completely past our left flank, wheeled into line, and poured in an enfilading fire. Our position was untenable and the order was given to fall back to the Seminary.

On the march that morning it had been agreed by my first lieutenant and myself that we would keep special watch over four of our men whose courage was doubtful; two, of Ameri-

can birth, fell to me, and the lieutenant undertook to look out for a couple of husky Irishmen. In the thick of the firing one of the men I was watching turned to run. I stopped him by presenting my revolver and turned him back into the line. As he turned he fell mortally wounded by a shot from the enemy and the next moment he had me clasped by the legs and begged piteously for help. Of course I could do nothing then to relieve him and he sank down in death. Almost at the same moment one of the two Irishmen started to run. The lieutenant stopped him with his drawn sword and as he did so the man fell, instantly killed by the enemy. The other two got away in the confusion of the retreat and reached the field hospitals, where sickness, real or pretended, enabled them to avoid a return to the command. I never saw them again.

As we fell back we came to a high rail-fence, which bounded the grounds in the rear of the Seminary, where men from the different regiments of the brigade intermingled and formed an improvised line. They tore down the fence, piled the rails into a temporary breastwork, and behind this rallied for another struggle. Two or three times the enemy advanced upon this position and were checked by an incessant and well-directed fire, until a body of their troops again got past our left flank and compelled another retreat.

I had moved down towards the extremity of this line and was directing the fire of the men there on the troops who were outflanking us, and did not hear the order to retreat. Suddenly, however, all the men about me began to run, and, looking back towards the Seminary, I saw the regimental colors falling back. I knew that meant an order to retreat and I hurried towards the Seminary to join the colors.

As I reached the building I found there on the ground Captain Dan McMahon, one of our best and bravest officers, with a shattered thigh, and beside him a man of his company, who was unwilling to leave him. The captain entreated me to help him away and I could not resist his appeal. His soldier

took off a belt and with it bound his legs together, then taking him by the legs, I took one shoulder and a man of my company, who had clung to me like a shadow, took the other, and we carried the captain around the building and started down the walk that sloped from its front across the lawn. The weight was too much for us, but I stopped a Pennsylvanian who came running after us, and he took my place while I held up the captain's head. It was soon evident that we could not get very far with him, much less keep up with our retreating troops, and I directed our course toward a small house on the left of the lawn, where I meant to leave him. Just as we turned the corner of its door-yard fence we all fell in a bunch, two of the men wounded. I looked back and saw the line of the enemy in front of the Seminary. They had seen us and fired on our group. For a moment I felt sure I must be taken, and the thought of Libby Prison was anything but cheering.

The attention of the enemy was, however, diverted to the line of our soldiers who were firing as they retreated, and hastily arranging McMahon in the ditch in which he was lying, I bade him good-bye and crept along the fence till I came to a road leading across a bridge and into the town. As I reached the bridge General Wadsworth and staff galloped across it, followed by the rush of a battery of artillery, which thundered behind him. I quickly followed in a throng of retreating soldiers and soon found myself in the town.

Two brigades of the Eleventh Corps had been sent forward to the aid of the first, and the crowd of retreating soldiers was made up of men from both commands, easily distinguished by their corps badges. As I reached the town I observed a street, or, rather, a road, leading to the right from the one by which I came in. At this corner the air was filled with shouts of "First Corps this way," "Eleventh Corps this way," but I could not distinguish who were giving the orders nor which way the men were invited to take. I kept straight on for about a half-block, when, finding only men of the Eleventh Corps about me, I

thought I had made a mistake and should have kept to the right.

It was not easy to get back through the throng, and seeing an opening like an alley leading through to the next street parallel to the one I was on, I turned into it to get through to that next street and then go down it to regain the road to the right which I should have taken.

This passage was obstructed with fences which enclosed a pig-pen, and as I clambered over these and waded through and stirred up the odors of the mud in the sty I did not form a very favorable opinion of the sanitation of the town. But the crash of cannon-balls through the buildings near me gave me little time to think of this, and I hastened on to the opening into the next street. As I came up to its edge I saw one of our men in the middle of the street before me throw up his hands with a shriek, spin around, and fall heavily to the ground. Glancing up to the left, I saw that the shots appeared to come from that direction, while on the right a couple of hundred feet away the street was crossed by the road I had missed, along which poured a crowd of retreating soldiers. The street in front, as as I had just seen, was swept by the enemy's fire, but I had no option but to make a run for the road. I did so, gained it, and joined the throng. The road we were on led away from the town, up a rather steep ascent to where we found some of the Eleventh Corps, who had not been engaged, drawn up in regular order on the height. Behind them the retreating soldiers were gathering into their respective commands and beginning to assume some sort of order. I soon found what was left of my regiment and of the 151st Pennsylvania. The rest of the brigade seemed to have taken some other place at which to assemble.

Our two companies which had been deployed as skirmishers had fallen back with little loss and formed nearly or quite one-half of the command. Those companies which had been in line were practically cut to pieces. When we first stood up to meet the enemy, I had twenty-seven enlisted men in my command, all that were left for duty after nearly two years of campaign and

battle, during which we had received no recruits. When we rallied on that hill, four of these twenty-seven had been killed, fifteen wounded, one was taken prisoner, and two, as I have already told, had run away. I had but five men left for duty. The other companies had suffered severely, but I think none of the others in quite so large a proportion. My company was next to the left of the colors on which the fire of the enemy was concentrated, and so had borne the hottest of that fire.

The relics of the two regiments were placed in a small field or yard in front of a farm-house, in reserve of the line, which rapidly extended as new troops from the other corps came hurrying to the scene. Except for an occasional cannon-shot, we were undisturbed for the rest of the day, and no nightfall was ever more welcome than that which came to us, wearied, dispirited, mourning our lost comrades, and filled with apprehension lest the enemy, so far successful, should attack and overwhelm us before our army could be got together to resist. Providence saved us from this misfortune, and by morning most of our army was in position and ready for the foe.

My separation from the regiment during the retreat which I have narrated had given rise to the report that I was killed, and my colored servant, upon whom I depended to bring me food, had heard the report, gone to the rear, and, joining the hospital attendants, had attached himself to one of our assistant surgeons. So I had nothing to eat that night or the next morning except what some of the others shared with me. We slept on the ground and in the summer night slept well.

We spent the forenoon in the same place. About eleven o'clock a full brigade of Vermont troops came up and were posted near us. Occasionally a stray shell would explode over head to make us uncomfortable, but we laid down and kept quiet. One bullet from a spherical case-shot struck between me and one of my company lying beside me, narrowly missing our legs and hitting his bayonet in its scabbard between us. It was a close call, but we hardly minded it. We had become hardened.

In the afternoon we saw the Third Corps crossing the road to the left of our position to take their place in this line. As is now well known, they advanced, under the direction of a gallant but reckless leader, much to the front of the position assigned them, exposed themselves to attack, and were badly cut up and driven back. Of course we knew nothing then of how it happened, but soon after their advance we heard in that direction the sound of desperate fighting, and I well remember how my heart sank within me as I saw the broken line retreating apparently in disorder back across the road over which it had advanced.

But we did not have much time for observation or regret. About sunset an order came to the two regiments, ours and the 151st Pennsylvania, and to the Vermont brigade, to go to the front, and we advanced across the fields in face of a sharp fire. But the enemy who had failed to take Round Top on the left of the line could not pursue the advantage they had gained over the Third Corps and fell back to their former position. The Second Corps advanced on our right and partly behind us, and night fell upon us in that position near a high rail-fence, which was quickly torn down, the rails piled up for such protection as they could give, and darkness closed about us there. A little to the left and before us was the ground over which the 120th New York, a regiment of the Third Corps, had fought that afternoon. This regiment was raised in our town after we had entered the service, and several of its officers had been connected with our regiment. It had suffered severe loss. The lieutenant-colonel in command, who had been one of our captains, had lost a leg, and another officer, one of the most promising and popular young men in our home town, was mortally wounded.

Colonel Gates took me for a companion and we spent much of the night going over the field searching for wounded and directing the ambulances as they came up to those we found. Mingled with ours we found many Confederates in the same condition, and I am glad to be able to remember that neither

the colonel nor myself considered or treated them as enemies. We did what we could to make them comfortable and found them very grateful for the small assistance we could render. Late at night we again laid down on the ground and slept till daylight.

Morning found us in a singular position. The two skeleton regiments hurried forward the night before were in the very front of the line and seemed to have been misplaced and forgotten. None of the command to which we properly belonged and no others of our brigade or division were with us. On our left was the Vermont brigade, which had only joined the army the day before, and on our right and behind us were the troops of the Second Corps, with whom we had no connection. Colonel Gates was senior to the colonel of the Pennsylvania regiment and assumed command of the demi-brigade, which thus formed practically an isolated force.

General Doubleday had succeeded to the command of the First Corps when Reynolds was killed until the arrival of General Meade, who, I have always thought rather ungraciously, had given General Newton the command of the corps, leaving Doubleday in charge of what was left of his division. This, except our two regiments, was posted, as I afterwards learned, farther to the left and in rear of us. I have been thus particular in stating our position to show how it came about that we took so prominent a part in the struggle which ensued, the glory of which has been largely monopolized by the Second Corps. Our little half-brigade, a detachment and nothing more, was in the very front rank of the troops who held the Cemetery Ridge, and was wet with the spray of the topmost wave of the "high tide of the Rebellion."

But to resume. In our position there was, of course, no chance to cook anything and the boys explored their haversacks for the trifle of food they had left. A corporal of my company found a whole hard-tack, which he shared with me. It was all we had to eat that day and all I had eaten since the morning before.

During the morning a sharp artillery duel was begun between the enemy and some of the batteries on our right and behind us, and the roar of cannon, the crack of exploding shells, and the rush of solid shot filled the air. Several times the enemy succeeded in blowing up one of our caissons, and the crash, the burst of flames, and cloud of smoke were tokens of disaster. About noon the firing died down and gave us nearly an hour of quiet. But this was only an interlude—General Lee had determined to break our army in two by an attack upon the left center, and massed nearly all his artillery in front of our position to clear the ground for this attack. Between twelve and one o'clock nearly or quite two hundred guns opened their fire upon us and from that time until about four a continuous storm of missiles of every kind poured in upon and over our heads, and the "shriek of shot, the scream of shell," and the sounds of exploding missiles seemed incessant. We hugged the ground behind the low pile of rails which partly concealed us, and awaited our destiny with such composure as we could muster. Again and again a shot struck one of these rails and knocked it around to kill or cripple men lying behind it. Again and again pieces of exploded shells would hit someone in the line with disabling or fatal effect. There was no getting away. To retreat would have been disgrace, and even had we wished it, a retreat would have to be made under the guns of the enemy and almost as dangerous as to remain where we were. Our artillery replied for a while, it seemed to us ineffectually, and the reply fire gradually slackened and nearly ceased.

I recall two incidents of that bombardment. A short distance behind and to my left lay a soldier with head towards the front. The peculiar swish of a solid round shot passed. The ball struck the ground almost at his head and rebounded, carrying with it his cap twenty feet into the air. As it rebounded he gave a curiously awkward "flop" and whirled almost end for end. It was so queer and so awkward that the men near him laughed heartily at what seemed a ridiculous attempt to dodge

a shot after it had struck. But he lay perfectly still and some of us went up to investigate. He was found apparently uninjured, but quite dead. I have often heard it said that a man can be killed by the wind of a cannon-ball, but never witnessed it but this once, and even in this case the man may have been killed by the violence with which he was flung around.

The other incident was less tragic. While the storm was at its height General Gibbons, of the Second Corps, in full uniform, with folded arms and in cool dignity walked up and down in front of the line, apparently indifferent to the rain of shot and shell that hurtled around him. His purpose was manifest. He wished by an example of indifference to the danger to relieve the mental tension of the soldiers, a tension that might easily degenerate into a panic. I thought as I saw him that the force of his example might be lost and it even prove disheartening if, as seemed probable, he should be struck down while teaching us to despise the danger. Fortunately for him and perhaps for the men, nothing of the kind happened and he paraded slowly back and forth along the line several times, uninjured and admired.

About four o'clock this fire slackened and almost ceased. Then its purpose was disclosed. In front of our position appeared a long line of infantry covered in front by a lighter line of skirmishers advancing in admirable order directly toward us. Of course we began to fire upon them and their skirmishers returned the fire. No one who saw them could help admiring the steadiness with which they came on, like the shadow of a cloud seen from a distance as it sweeps across a sunny field.

As it approached the line slightly changed direction by what is known in ancient tactics as "advancing the right shoulder." This brought its course a little to the right of where we stood. Colonel Gates gave an order to march by the right flank, and the two regiments moved along the front of the Second Corps towards the point of danger, firing as they went.

One reckless fellow rested the muzzle of his gun on my

left shoulder and banged away. The report, not six inches from my ear, made me jump, and as I turned to blow up the offender I was overwhelmed by the laughter of the men at the start it had given me. It was more funny for them than for myself.

As our troops rose up to meet them their artillery again opened fire to cover their advance, and the rain of cannon-shot, the fire of the advancing line, the rush of the enemy to break through, and the eager efforts of our men to stop them made a scene of indescribable excitement. Suddenly I felt a blow on the outside of my leg, a little below the hip. For the moment I thought the leg was broken. I stopped, stepped aside, and let down my trousers to see how I was hit. It was a glancing shot, which gave a severe bruise, but had not broken the skin, and I turned and followed the command. By this time the enemy, or what was left of them, had reached our men, and the struggle was hand-to-hand.

A curious thing about this fighting was, that although all the men were armed with bayonets, no one seemed to be using them. Those nearest clubbed their muskets and beat each other over the head, while those not so close kept loading and firing as fast as they could.

A few minutes ended the fray. The charge had failed and the foe turned to retreat. But as the ground over which they had come was swept by our fire, most of those near our line sank to the ground and gave up the attempt to get away.

Our men shouted to them to come in and promised not to hurt them, and at the word hundreds rose us and came into our lines, dropping their arms and crouching to avoid the fire of their own artillery, which was pouring upon our position. I recall one instance. A short distance in front was a clump of bushes among which appeared a white cloth. At first I thought it a rag caught in the brush, but it soon appeared that someone was waving it as a signal. Our boys shouted, "Come in, Johnnie; come in, we won't hurt you," and from behind the bush nearly or quite a dozen men arose and came hurrying and dodging into

our line. A line of skirmishers was thrown out to the front, and most of those who had not got away were thus enclosed and captured.

The fire upon us soon died away and we had leisure to look about us. The ground near and in front of us was almost literally covered with killed and wounded.

Just in front of us and not twenty yards away lay a group of Confederate officers, four or five in number, all dead but one, and he stretched across the body of another, gasping his last breath. As soon as he was dead some of our men went to see who they were. The one across whose body the other had died wore the uniform of a colonel, and one of the men found upon him a map of Virginia with a diary of the marches his command had made, and gave it to our colonel. His sword and scabbard were shot to pieces, but one of our sergeants detached his belt and gave it to me, and I occasionally wore it during my service and still have it. It has a curiously formed buckle, showing when clasped the arms of Old Virginia, with the motto "*Sic semper tyrannis*," afterwards made so fatally notorious by Wilkes Booth.*

Soon afterward we detected a Confederate officer trying to get away. He was wounded and could hardly get along. Our men called to him to halt, and he looked back and saw several muskets pointed at him. The view was not encouraging and he surrendered. He was shot in the hip, and our colonel directed me take him to a hospital, and at the same time see if my own injury needed attention. I found a field hospital about

*Since writing these "Reminiscences" I visited Washington on October 1, 1903, for the first time since the war. I there met Hon. John W. Daniel, of Virginia, and in conversation with him about the battle mentioned the fact that I had this belt, which had belonged to Colonel James Gregory Hodges, 14th Virginia Volunteers, and would be glad to give it to some surviving member of his family.

Senator Daniel took great interest in the matter, and upon inquiry ascertained that the widow of Colonel Hodges still survived, and put me in communication with her. I have had the satisfaction of being able to send her this relic of her husband and of receiving a greatly prized letter from her in acknowledgment of its return.

a quarter of a mile to the rear, where I turned over the prisoner with injunctions to the attendants to see that he did not get away. The doctor examined my leg, which was badly swollen and discolored, but as I could get about on it, and he had nothing there suitable to relieve a contusion, I did not think it worth while to bother with it and returned to the regiment.

My return led me past the house where General Meade had established headquarters. He rode up with his staff as I came along. I heard him inquiring about the report that General Longstreet had been killed, and told him I had just come from the front with a captured officer of Pickett's division and that the report was current that General Longstreet had been killed under one of our guns at the head of the charge. He doubted whether the report could be true, and remarked that, "Any army must be in a desperate condition when a corps commander led a charge like that." His instinct was right. The charge was led by a general officer, who fell at our guns and died in a few minutes. Before he died he gave his name as General Armistead. Some of the men near him thought he said "Longstreet" and the report quickly spread that the famous corps commander had fallen. It was this mistaken report which I had heard and repeated to General Meade, who readily showed its improbability.

I returned to the command and we remained in the same position till nearly nightfall, when our two regiments were ordered back to near Meade's headquarters.

On our way back we passed a battery of heavy guns which was also falling back. But two were fit for use, two had only one wheel each to their carriages, and the others were variously disabled. The limbers and what caissons were left were crippled. As the horses were straining to draw these relics from the field one of their men amused us by shouting, "Look at that, will you; ain't we a h—l of a battery?" We thought he had it about right, though its condition was no discredit to the men who had served it.

On the way back we met some of the Third Corps and

among them the 141st Pennsylvania, and I can hardly express the delight with which I encountered Captain Jo. Atkinson, of that regiment, alive and unhurt. Since I had enlisted he had married my much-loved sister and joined the service himself, and for her sake as well as his own I rejoiced in his safety. My greeting, though brief, was exuberant.

When we reached the bivouac our men began to feel the pangs of hunger which had been forgotten in the previous excitement. I went to the colonel to find out what could be done. He told me he had made request for relief from General Doubleday, but, evidently to prevent its being forgotten, directed me to go to the general and report the condition of the men. I was to find him by going down the road to the second fence running towards the front and then along that fence till I found him.

I set out and soon came to a small farm-building used as a hospital, outside which some doctors and attendants were talking with a mounted man in civilian dress. He told us that he was a scout and had been sent by General French to report his command to General Meade for orders; that General Crook's command had similar orders and that this would add twenty thousand men to our force. In return for this cheering news I told him the success of the afternoon struggle.

But what interested me most in him was the fact that he was eating one of those big slices of bread and butter of which I have told. I asked him if he had any more—told him of how long I had fasted and that I would like a share of his supply. "You are," he replied, "just the man I want to see," and pulled out of his saddle pocket another slice, cut and folded like a sandwich, and an enormous onion, both of which he handed to me. He would accept nothing in payment, saying he could easily get more along the road on his return and only regretted that he had no salt for the onion. This was, however, to me a superfluous luxury, and I went on to find the general, biting alternately at the bread and the onion. I soon found the general preparing to pass the night on his saddle-blanket in a fence

corner. His throat had been grazed by a bullet and the white bandage around his neck gave him quite a clerical appearance. I saluted, raising my hand with the bread and butter in it to my cap, and could hardly refrain from taking a bite as I brought my hand down from the salute. As directed, I reported our need of food. He laughed and said, "Well, captain, you seem to have a supply." I told him of my meeting with the scout, and interested him greatly by the report of the reinforcement. After a little talk about the events of the day, he told me that he had arranged to have rations for us early in the morning. As it was then nine at night, there was of course no more to be done, and I returned and reported his answer to Colonel Gates.

Early next morning a squad of men of the commissary department drove a young heifer to our camp and butchered it on the ground, and several boxes of hard-tack and some coffee, sugar, and salt were brought up and distributed. By the time the beef was cut up the boys had their fires going and coffee ready, and the meat was speedily distributed and cooked.

On the march, when no company cooks were available, each of the men made coffee for himself in a tip-cup. His tin plate served as a frying-pan, and the meat, cut into strips and salted, was cooked in it over the coals. To the gravy left in the plate a little water was added. In this were put three or four hard-tacks, which were soaked and stewed in the gravy. Then breakfast was ready and it speedily disappeared. This time very few waited to cook the first plateful of crackers, but as soon as the meat was done, it was eaten with dry crackers, and, the first edge of appetite taken off, the boys prepared another course with proper ceremony. It took two and with many of the men three platefuls to fill the void caused by their long abstinence, and there was nothing left of the heifer (the intestines being buried) but the hide.

Nor did this stay long. It was an amusing sight to see the farm-boys of the neighborhood getting these hides. The one near us was seized by a stolid-looking chap about twelve years

old, who took the tail over his shoulder and whose strength was taxed to the utmost as he hauled it away. In the course of the morning I saw several others gathered by boys in the same way. They manifested little curiosity as to the soldiers or interest in the battle, and either did not think of what they could pick up on the field or were afraid to try it. But there were beef-hides. They knew these were valuable, and, as nobody objected, they secured them and hauled them away by the tails as their share of the spoil.

Captain J. R. Leslie, of "ours," who was on duty with the provost-marshall general, came to see us, and offered to send letters for us with the dispatches from headquarters. As there would be no chance to send letters by ordinary mail for an indefinite time, I gladly availed myself of this chance to pencil a note home and assure the folks of the safety thus far of Captain Atkinson and myself. I was the more pleased to be able to do so as I feared the report that I was killed the first day might have become public and give them needless distress.

During the day we remained quiet except for a little controversy with the Vermonters. A party of them came to headquarters with a lot of trophies, several Confederate flags and a large gilt eagle, which belonged to the staff of our State flag and had been shot away in the fight. We laid claim to the eagle and a sergeant of our regiment insisted, I think truly, that he had captured one of the Confederate flags and it had been snatched from him by the Vermonter who then bore it. The officers at headquarters made them restore our eagle, but declined to adjudge the relative merits of the contestants for the honor of capturing the flag—saying there was glory enough for all of us anyway.

And so it soon appeared. General Doubleday, our division commander, issued that day a general order in which he thanked the Vermont brigade and our regiment and the 151st Pennsylvania by name for the gallant service which had materially contributed to the victory. Such an order, quite usual in foreign

service, was rare in ours. It gave us great pleasure then and was useful afterwards in preserving the record of our share in the work of repelling Pickett's charge—a share some historians and map-makers seemed inclined to ignore.*

Late in the afternoon our division was got together and marched a short distance to the south to be ready for the pursuit of the enemy, which we began next morning, and so ended our connection with the field of Gettysburg.

*Since the foregoing was written I have, for the first time since the battle, visited the field of Gettysburg. After the usual round with a guide, I went alone and on foot over that part of the field where we were engaged. I had no difficulty in identifying the places I have mentioned. The monument erected to our regiment is on Reynolds Avenue, very nearly on or quite at the place where we began our share of the fighting. To the left is that of the 121st Pennsylvania Regiment.

That regiment was certainly not on our left when the two companies were detached as skirmishers, but may have advanced to that position when the enemy attacked us.

At the point where Pickett's charge was repelled on the third day the United States erected a monument marking the "High Tide of the Rebellion."

On a granite platform stands a marble altar bearing a large bronze book, inscribed with the names of the brigades and regiments which were there engaged, and it was with no little pride that I saw the name of our regiment (there styled 80th New York Volunteers) and that of our gallant comrades of the 151st Pennsylvania registered among them.

Brown's Ferry.

**By W. A. Morgan, First Lieutenant Company E, 23d
Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.**

One of the most exciting little affairs during the Civil War was the capture of Brown's Ferry, about three miles west of Chattanooga, at daylight on the morning of October 27, 1863, by Hazen's brigade, 3d Division, 4th Corps.

Although the rapid movements, day and night, of General Rosecrans' army during the Chattanooga campaign resulted in the capture of that city, yet the enemy (Bragg's old army together with Breckinridge's division from Knoxville and Longstreet's corps from Virginia) took possession of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain and the valley between, as well as the mountains and valleys on the south side of the Tennessee River almost to Bridgeport (26 miles), Rosecrans' nearest depot of supplies.

The possession of these hills and valleys not only cut Rosecrans off from the most direct road to Bridgeport, but it also gave Bragg control of the next best route to that point—along the north side of the river at the base of Walden's Ridge. The result was that Rosecrans' supplies had to be hauled by wagon over a circuitous route, 60 miles long, crossing Walden's Ridge. That road was in such a wretched condition, as well as being subject to raids by the enemy's cavalry, that it was utterly impossible to supply the army. Rations were so scarce that it was no uncommon thing to see soldiers raking about where horses and mules were fed, looking for the undigested kernels of corn dropped by the animals. One Sunday my regiment happened to pass an artillery camp just as a load of corn was being unloaded. The soldiers made a break for the corn; the artillery men drew their sabers to defend their horses' feed and the men loaded their guns. A compromise was made on one ear to each man.

In the meantime General Hooker, with portions of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, had been transferred from Virginia to Tennessee and lay along the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, the head of column at Bridgeport. It would not do to add

these forces to the suffering troops at Chattanooga until the direct route was opened between these two points. With that object in view, General Rosecrans inaugurated a movement looking to the capture and occupation of Brown's Ferry—about nine miles from Chattanooga by river and three miles by wagon road—there to open communication with General Hooker's force advancing from Bridgeport, on the south side of the river, by way of Whitesides, Wauhatchie, and Lookout Valley. General Rosecrans was relieved a few days before the date set for the movement, but upon General Grant's arrival his plans were laid before the latter by General Thomas and they were adopted by Grant.

The expedition consisted of fifty pontoon boats, each carrying 24 men and an officer besides a working crew of 4 men, and two flatboats, each carrying 50 men properly officered and a working crew, about 1,300 in all, and all commanded by General W. B. Hazen, whose brigade furnished the fighting force. The order organizing the various squads for the several boats was issued by General Hazen on the 25th, two days before the day set for the movement and was in part as follows:

"The regimental commanders of this brigade will at once organize parties of picked men as specified below, each squad to be in charge of an officer selected especially for efficiency and bravery. * * * Men on picket can be used if they are known to be effective. * * *"

The men carried nothing with them but their guns and ammunition. Bayonets, tin cups, and everything else calculated to make a noise or encumber the men were left in camp. I saw a picture of this expedition in an illustrated paper a few weeks after, in which the soldiers were represented wearing overcoats and knapsacks, each musket topped with a bayonet half as long as the gun, and the officer in the center of the boat bearing a flag.

The Tennessee River, about 300 yards wide, after passing Chattanooga, makes a sharp bend to the south, bearing a little east, until it strikes the base of Lookout Mountain, where it makes an abrupt bend to the west, bearing a little north. After

flowing in that direction a few miles, it makes another abrupt bend to the north, bearing a little east, until it reaches a point a little north of Brown's Ferry. The latter, although less than three miles west of Chattanooga by land, is nine miles by the river, the last seven miles being picketed by the enemy on the south or left-hand side. This eccentric course of the river almost forms a perfect human foot and is known as "Moccasin Bend."

About one o'clock of the morning of October 27th, the 125 men selected from my regiment were aroused from their sleep and marched to the river, where 50 of them were placed in the flatboat which led the column, 25 in the next flatboat with 25 men from some other regiment, and the remaining 50 men in the last two pontoons, giving the right and left of the column to the 23d Kentucky. General Hazen was in the fourth boat.

About three o'clock the boats started following the large flatboat, my squad being in the last or fifty-second boat. So far as I know, the only instructions imparted to the commanders of the several squads was that at the proper time we would receive orders from the right-hand side of the river, and that we should keep as close to the right-hand side of the river, and in the shadow of the timber along the bank, as possible. I was also informed that the nature of the expedition was such that each squad might have to act independently of the others, in a great degree, until other orders were received.

The moon went down just before we started and although a light fog fell, we were able to distinguish the preceding boat. As we were crossing the river to pass through the opening made for us in the pontoon bridge that reached from Chattanooga to the north side one of my boys remarked: "This reminds me of a picture I once saw of Washington crossing the Alps." His mixed history caused a general laugh, which was quickly suppressed by a voice from the boat ahead, in a kind of a stage whisper: "Shut up, you d----d fools! do you think this is a regatta?" Scarcely a mile was passed when we heard a splash

ahead which told us that someone was overboard, and soon a man who had been swept overboard by a projecting limb was picked up. Silently we floated, using the oars only sufficient to get steerage way. Just before reaching Lookout Mountain we discovered the enemy's pickets, in groups of two or three, so utterly unconscious of our proximity that they appeared to be chatting with each other. At one post two pickets, made visible by the faint flicker of a fire, sat facing each other, astride of a log, and one, with lips puckered, was evidently teaching the other to whistle a tune, an occasional note of which we could hear. We soon passed another group who, from their actions, had evidently heard something, as they were intently listening and looking toward us. Thus the time passed when suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle was heard away ahead, then another. My first thought was that the leading boat had been discovered and by the time the fifty-second boat reached that point the enemy would have a whole brigade lined up shooting at us. The noise ahead indicated that speed was the thing now and our oarsmen bent to their work. In a few minutes a voice from the right bank, scarcely loud enough for us to hear, called out: "Pull across the river, go up the ridge, picket your front, and fortify." (Each squad had been furnished two axes for that purpose.) Quickly turning the boat in that direction, we soon reached the shore, which proved to be a steep hill about 200 feet high and very difficult to climb, at least where we landed. As soon as the boat was empty, the men in charge shoved out and pulled for the other shore. "What does that mean?" asked one of the boys as we slowly toiled upward. "That means," answered another, "fight and be d---d to you." The fact was, although we did not know it then, that the balance of the brigade (under the command of Colonel Langdon, of the 1st Ohio) and Turchin's brigade had marched across the neck of land and were waiting at the ferry to be ferried over to our support.

Upon gaining the summit we discovered that the top of the ridge varied from two to six feet in width, and by laying

down on the river side it made as good a breastwork as we wanted. By this time the musketry fire, about a half-mile on our right, which proved to be at the gap in the ridge leading to the ferry, was very heavy. Daylight was beginning to light up the tops of the hills, but it was still dark in the valley and Raccoon Mountain, about a mile across the valley, had the appearance of being surrounded by water. So far as I could see or hear, there was no enemy in our front. I at once deployed six men along the top of the ridge to the left and six more at the foot of the hill in the valley. After waiting a few minutes, the firing on the right indicated an increase in the enemy's forces (although the echo from Raccoon Mountain probably made it sound heavier than it really was) admonished me of the danger to our forces at the ferry, upon the success of whom the safety of all the others depended. The squads on my immediate right, like my own, had nothing in their front apparently (although there might be some of the enemy in the valley, it was too foggy down there to see), and were standing idle, waiting for something to turn up. We had performed all that we had been ordered to do, but remembering the admonition, that "each squad might have to act independently of the others," I concluded to make a demonstration in my front, hoping that by doing so I might be able to draw the partial attention of the enemy from our forces at the ferry; so I moved my six men at the base of the hill out into the valley, passing a small farm-house, until we reached a road which afterward proved to lead from the ferry to Lookout Mountain, and I judged we were one-third, or nearly so, from the ferry, between these two points. As yet we had met none of the enemy, and although we could see nothing to shoot at, I directed the men to fire their muskets at intervals, as if skirmishing. This "monkey business" did not continue long. Then the report of the artillery in the vicinity of the ferry reached us, and before many minutes we could hear the enemy coming toward us from the right. Fearing we might be cut off from the hill, the rapidity with which we got back to and partly

up the hill-side would be excruciatingly funny to an impartial observer. Calling the boys from the hill-top, I deployed the entire squad as skirmishers and again advanced. The boats having abandoned us to our fate, as we supposed, the boys were pretty determined, and we soon struck a fairly strong skirmish-line of the enemy and started them going back until we again passed the small house, after which our "Johnny" friends made a dash and sent us whirling back almost to the hill. Then the musketry fire began along the hill-top and again we were able to advance until within sight of the small house, from which we saw a wounded man carried, but we could advance no farther, the enemy was too much for us, and again we were compelled to retire and did not stop until we reached the hill-top, although the enemy did not follow us very far. By this time it was light in the valley and we could see the valley road occupied by a moving column of the enemy's infantry and two pieces of artillery, going to our left, in the direction of Lookout Mountain, at a fast walk, with flankers out, until they disappeared in the woods, a half-mile or more away, where they halted long enough to fire a few shells at us and then resumed their march. The firing had ceased along our line and we could see the boats carrying troops from the north side of the river to the ferry, from which they were being moved up on the hill, strengthening our line.

About this time General Hazen came along and informed us that we had "knocked the cover off the cracker-box and plenty to eat was in sight if we would hold the ground we had gained." The enemy made no effort to regain the position, and later in the day, General Hazen issued a circular congratulating the troops on their success, and as a recognition of their gallantry he ordered two ears of corn issued to each soldier and two ears to each officer on his personal requisition. (Hazen was methodical if he was anything.) Two ears of corn as a reward of bravery may seem like a joke to you companions, as you sit around this well-filled table to-night, but I assure you that on the occasion

referred to, had the option of a medal of honor or two ears of corn been given the troops, very few would have accepted the medal.

Late the next day General Hooker's forces arrived in the valley and camped between us and Lookout Mountain and a steamboat passed up on the way to Chattanooga loaded with hard bread, bacon, and coffee. When the troops near the river saw the steamboat and realized the fact that "the cracker line" flowed unvexed to Chattanooga, they broke forth in wild and vociferous cheers, which started some of us to inquiring the cause. One soldier rushed to the river and inquired of another: "Has Grant come?" "Grant be d——d!" said the other; "a boat-load of rations has come."

Up to the time we retired to the top of the hill I firmly believed that our "monkey business" in the valley had contributed towards the retreat of the enemy, but when I saw the large number of troops being ferried over (Turchin's brigade had also joined us), I concluded that our efforts, while well meant, were of no consequence. A few months ago, however, I came into possession of the official report of General Law, who commanded the brigade to which the troops on the side of the enemy at Brown's Ferry belonged. In that report General Law gives the reasons for their retreat. He says:

"The section of howitzers commanded by Lieutenant Brown opened upon it [our force at the ferry], throwing it into confusion and compelling it to temporarily retire. The enemy was evidently astonished at the presence of the artillery and its fire was very effective. When a second advance in additional force was made, *and upon information that the enemy was crossing at another point above them* [towards Lookout Mountain], the two regiments, 4th and 15th Alabama, which had now succeeded in collecting its pickets, with the artillery, retired towards Lookout Mountain."

Since reading the above, I am now inclined to think the "monkey business" was at least a partial success.

Another incident and I will close. During the afternoon of the 27th some of my squad visited the little farm-house in the valley and there learned from the family that the wounded soldier we saw carried out was a general. As the enemy's forces engaged were commanded by a colonel, there being no general officer present, and the official records show that Colonel W. C. Oates, of the 15th Alabama, one of the regiments engaged, was wounded at that fight, resulting in the loss of an arm, another query suggests itself—namely, Was Colonel Oates the wounded man we saw carried out of the small farm-house during the skirmishing?

A "Medal of Honor."

By Lieutenant William P. Hogarty, United States Army.

Some time in the long ago, in April, 1861, just before President Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers, with a number of other college students, I enlisted at Corning, N. Y., in Company D, 23d Regiment New York Volunteers. After a tedious wait of many days at our rendezvous for our arms, clothing, and equipments, we were finally started for Washington to aid in its defense.

An incident of the trip still clinging to my memory was the stopping of the train somewhere in the suburbs of Baltimore, where we were unloaded, put through the manual of arms, and ordered to load our converted Springfield muskets, that had done duty as flint-locks in the War of 1812 and Mexican War, with "buck-and-ball," which consisted of one ball, caliber .57, and three buck-shots, assorted sizes. We then entrained without accident or incident worthy of note, and resumed our journey. Arriving in the outskirts of Baltimore, we were again ordered out of the cars, formed column of company, and took up our march through the streets, the company front extending from curb to curb. In this formation we marched through that historic city, where a few days before the 6th Massachusetts had been viciously attacked by a Rebel mob. I have often wondered, and in my imagination tried to picture the scenes that might have met our gaze had our regiment been given the reception accorded the 6th Massachusetts. We were on the "ragged edge" of expectation, and fully prepared for any emergency. We saw few people on the streets. It was as quiet as a Sabbath day, and yet it was a week-day full of business. I have been in Baltimore many times since then, even on the Sabbath day, both during and since the war, but I have never found the city so quiet as on that busy week-day; but then, it may be said I was not looking for a quiet time.

Emerging from the southern boundary of the city without accident or incident, we immediately took cars again for Wash-

ington, where we arrived safely, sleeping (some of us) the first night in Canterbury Hall, on Louisiana Avenue.

From here we were ordered into camp on Meridian Heights, where we remained until after the first battle of Bull Run, listening regretfully, that long, weary Sunday, to the sullen growl and roar of battle only twenty-one miles away.

The next morning we were rushed across Long Bridge into Virginia, going into camp on Arlington Heights, near the old Lee mansion. The epoch in my life occurred here, and was caused by the arrival from Camp Floyd, Utah, of Light Battery B, 4th U. S. Artillery, under the command of Captain John Gibbon, regarded by those qualified to know as the most brilliant artillery officer in the Army. The battery being short of men, and unable to get them from the regular recruiting stations, Captain Gibbon obtained permission from the War Department to recruit his battery to its maximum strength by detaching volunteers. From among the many who volunteered for this service, I was among those selected by Captain Gibbon.

After these volunteer recruits had assembled for duty with the battery at Camp Dupot, near Munson's Hill, Captain Gibbon proceeded to reorganize his battery, assigning those volunteers from different regiments to different guns. Thus: all detached volunteers from the 23d New York to one gun; those from the 35th New York to another gun, putting both New York gun detachments in the same section; those from the 2d Wisconsin to another gun; those from the 6th and 7th Wisconsin each to separate guns, putting gun detachments from the same State in the same section, as was done in the case of the New York detachments. The sixth gun was manned by a detachment from the 19th Indiana. Captain Gibbon then presented to each gun detachment a small silk flag, about the size of a guidon, across which was printed in gold letters the number of the regiment and the State from which these detachments came.

Captain John Gibbon, in whose hands the destiny of these volunteers now rested, was a man of marked ability, discerning,

clear-headed, courageous, and a born leader of men. He treated these volunteers with marked kindness, encouraging them in every way in their study of the army regulations and artillery drill, in which they soon became proficient. All the vacancies among the non-commissioned officers in the battery he filled from these "detached volunteers." I, among the number, was made "lance" corporal, an honor I keenly felt, and of which I still feel proud.

Lieutenant Stewart, who shortly after succeeded to the command of the battery, possessed many of General Gibbon's excellent traits of character. Promoted from first sergeant of the battery on the urgent recommendation of General Gibbon, he was in close sympathy with the men, who looked up to him for guidance and advice as to an elder brother, while General Gibbon they held in reverential esteem as a father.

Passing over the stirring events of the campaigns, marches, and minor engagements, in which the battery always bore a conspicuous part, we arrived at the foot of South Mountain, September 14, 1862, where the New York section of the battery was ordered by General Gibbon, commanding the "Iron Brigade," to which battery was attached, to advance with the skirmish-line up through the gorge in Turner's Gap. Here we soon became hotly engaged with the enemy, driving them out of the Gap.

The next morning, our battery reunited, we resumed our march at the head of the army, arriving at Antietam Creek on the afternoon of September 16th, crossing at the Upper Ford. We were immediately ordered into position at the extreme right of the army, our guns resting on the Hagerstown Road. We had barely time to unlimber our guns for action when a Confederate battery posted on an eminence in our front opened fire on us. We immediately returned the fire silencing the battery the third round.

After taking all necessary precautions against possible night attacks, we ceased from our labors of the day. We had as

our guests of honor for that night General John Gibbon and staff, who slept with the officers of the battery under a "tarpaulin" spread upon the ground.

The morning of September 17, 1862, made ever memorable as the day on which was fought the bloodiest one-day battle of the Civil War, dawned clear and bright. Not a bugle-note stirred the quiet air with its mellow tones. Not a drum rattled its staccato taps of ever-unwelcome "First call." No reveille filled the air with its untimely rollicking tunes of frolicsome joys, luring the sleepy soldier from half-finished dreams of home, family, and friends, rousing him from his reveries to the sterner duties of the day. "All was quiet along the Potomac."

"All seemed as quiet and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill."

Suddenly from out the stillness came the short, sharp, warning crack! crack! crack! of the watchful picket-line, that never-sleeping guardian angel of the army. Then followed a rattle of musketry. Then followed the command of our officers: "By piece from the left forward into column, march! trot! gallop!! to the limit of speed, run!!!" Then these six guns, each drawn by six spirited horses, in fine fettle, their drivers mercilessly plying whip and spur, flew through the air, fire streaming from their steel-tired wheels as they hit that macadamized road, like the blaze from a burning meteor, setting fire to the Hagerstown Pike. No chariot ever raced for gain or glory, no fire patrol ever rushed through fire and smoke to the rescue of life or the protection of property, more gallantly than did Battery B to save the right of the Army of the Potomac at Antietam. Then followed the command, "In battery!" Then these gallant drivers swung their six Napoleon guns into action, the left wheels in the air, their right wheels plowing a furrow in the ground as they made the turn. Then came the ringing commands, "With canister, load!" "Commence firing!" and the battle was on. Then the doors of Pandemonium swung wide open, and the demons of discord went flying through the sulphur-saturated

air, screeching, screaming, and yelling their discordant songs of death, their demoniac features revealed in the white smoke of bursting shell and shrapnel. In ten seconds from the command "In battery," these six guns were belching fire and canister into the charging, yelling columns of the enemy's infantry. Crash on crash, roar following roar, with artillery enfilading them from the right; with solid columns of infantry charging them from the front; amid the growl of solid shot, the whistling of bullets, the shriek of bursting shell and shrapnel that set the heavens ablaze, showering the air with fragments of iron and leaden balls, seeding the earth with pain and anguish. In twenty minutes from the command "Commence firing," forty-four out of sixty of these brave cannoneers and drivers and thirty-three of these mettlesome, gallant horses lay dead or wounded around their guns; none were otherwise accounted for.

Oh for a masterful mind inspired with the art of musical notation, who will bind together in harmonious accord the discordant sounds of that battle-field, clustering together in melodious sequence the low, sweet murmurings of peace, home, and happiness!

No bugle-note or tap of drum sounded its welcome "Tattoo" over the weary Army of the Potomac that night. No soothing notes of the mellow horn or muffled tap of drum sounded "Taps" over the army that night, closing the tired eyes of the weary soldier. Silence reigned supreme. No lights were visible, save those that glimmered through crack or crevice of barn or cattle-shed, where the faithful surgeons were striving with tireless energy to save life and lessen pain.

As I lay alone that night, near my guns, in expectation of a renewal of the conflict in the early morning, thinking of my absent comrades who shared my blankets the night before, now lying cold and stiff upon the ground where they fell, their upturned ashen faces wet with the caressing dews of heaven, I involuntarily exclaimed: "Great God of the universe, can not this causeless fratricidal strife be compromised?" In reply a

tearful voice came out of the stillness on that dark battle-field saying: "Compromise what? Can right be compromised with wrong and justice remain among men? Can freedom be compromised with slavery and either master or slave be free? This is not a war to free the nation of African slavery, for have you not seen men and women as white as their masters held as firmly in the grip of slavery as the blackest man from Africa? This is a war to free the master as well as the slave. It is a war to break the shackles of ignorance, prejudice, malice, and hate that fetter the souls of your misguided brethren, who to-day shot to death your brave comrades in the interest of 'commercialism' in human slavery. It is not a war to save the Union alone; it is a war to make the Union worth saving. This is a war of righteousness such as the world has never seen. Then the tearful voice was hushed in the silence. Then I dropped into a restful sleep, thinking of the expected battle on the morrow; how we were to meet the enemy with so few men and horses to the guns.

Only two incidents of special heroic conduct out of many will I refer to occurring on this battle-field. The first, that of General John Gibbons, who, seeing nearly all the men of the left gun of the battery being killed or wounded and the battery in danger of being captured, in the full uniform of his rank assisted his detached volunteers in working one of the guns, thus aiding in repulsing the enemy, and saving the battery from being captured.

The other incident is that of the suicide on the battle-field of Sergeant Joseph Herzog, who, after having been severely wounded, upon being informed by the surgeon that his injuries were mortal, and that he had but a few hours to live, said, "In that case these few hours of suffering are not worth the living;" then, drawing his revolver, he placed the muzzle to his temple and pressed the trigger. That was poor Sergeant "Joe's" last shot. Sergeant Herzog had previously been wounded in the neck by an arrow while on an Indian campaign on the plains, and had

often said he would never again endure such suffering, but would end his misery in the way he did.

I was awarded the "Congressional medal of honor" for "distinguished gallantry" in this battle; but, as no specific act is mentioned, it necessarily follows that it is predicated upon the achievements of the whole battery, in which I feel that each and every man present with the guns and participating in that sanguinary struggle has an equal share in the glory of the achievements it serves to commemorate.

The frightful gaps Antietam made in the rank of the battery were never fully refilled. With our ammunition-chests replenished and with a fresh supply of horses, we took our position at the head of the column with the advance of the First Corps in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

We arrived at Fredericksburg, Va., and crossed the Rappahannock River on the lower pontoons on the afternoon of December 12th, engaging the enemy on our extreme left, shelling them out of their entrenchments.

It is here worthy of note, as showing the confidence the army, corps, division, and brigade commanders had in Battery B, that whenever the army was retiring, as in the second Bull Run campaign, Battery B was in the rear covering its retreat, retiring the guns by prolonge. When the army was advancing, as in the Maryland campaign, Battery B was in the advance with the skirmish-line, as at Turner's Gap. At the battle of Antietam it defended the extreme right of the army, while at Fredericksburg it was the first to engage the enemy on the extreme left.

The following morning, December 13, 1862, the battery swung up into the Bowling Green Road and immediately became engaged in an artillery duel with a battery on the side of the hill in our immediate front, about 600 to 800 yards distant.

The enemy, for several months having had peaceful and undisturbed possession of the whole field of operations, had carefully measured the ground, accurately marking the distances, and

opened fire on us with deadly accuracy. "Old Battery B" stood her ground and soon silenced this presumptive battery, dismounting one of their guns, blowing up a caisson and putting their whole battery out of action. Great was the subsequent joy of the whole battery when we learned from the enemy themselves, during a truce to remove the wounded and bury the dead, that the battery which we had so signally vanquished was the much vaunted and extensively advertised "Washington Artillery" of New Orleans, which had taken its name from our battery that during the Mexican War was commanded by Colonel Washington and was known as "Washington's Battery."

While getting the range, peering under the smoke of the gun, watching if the shell burst at the right spot, a ten-pound solid shot from the enemy's gun struck my left arm above the elbow, tearing it nearly off, leaving it hanging from my shoulder by a mere shred of flesh. The force of the blow, I was told by Lieutenant Stewart, who was standing by my side at the time, hurled me backward about twelve to fifteen feet. Picking myself up, I grasped my severed hand with my right, watching it die. Then in my anguish I exclaimed, "Merciful God, must I now go through life a cripple?" Again that tearful voice came out of the murky air of the battle-field, saying in cheerless tones: "Yes, to the end."

Then and there was severed, with the amputation of my good left arm, my connection with Light Battery B, 4th U. S. Artillery, a battery at whose guns more men fell than at the guns of any battery in the Union armies during the Civil War, as certified to by Colonel Fox, the statistician of the losses of the various military organizations during the Civil War. And yet, Battery B never lost a gun or caisson during the four years of that fratricidal strife; furthermore, it was never driven from a position where it had once unlimbered its guns for action. It was never run over by the charging columns of the enemy's infantry, yet in nearly every battle in which it was engaged it was within the zone of infantry fire. At Antietam the finest in-

fantry of "Stonewall" Jackson's command, supported by artillery, made three unsuccessful charges to capture it and turn the right wing of the army. Furthermore, Battery B, 4th U. S. Artillery, never opened fire on the enemy's artillery that it did not silence them, in many cases dismounting their guns, blowing up their caissons, and driving their gunners from the field. It never opened fire on the charging columns of the enemy's infantry that it did not stop them, driving them from the field with heavy loss.

My "medal of honor" also reads: "For distinguished gallantry in the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 13, 1862." In this instance I feel as I did in that of Antietam, that each and every man of the battery present and participating in the battle of Fredericksburg shares equally with me in the glory the medal commemorates.

Banquet at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas,

June 24, 1886,

**On the Occasion of the Permanent Organization of the Kansas
Commandery.**

Response to the Toast "Our Guests,"

By Col. J. H. Gillpatrick.

OUR GUESTS.

"They are welcome; let them have kind admittance."

Most Worthy Commander, His Eminence, the representative of the National Commandery, and visiting comrades, our guests, I salute you; and, being a guest too, let us all salute our host, that daring and hospitable officer, General A. McD. McCook, commander of the post at Fort Leavenworth.

You have traveled far, those who came from beyond the confines of Kansas, to grace the festivities of this occasion. It is a serious thing, such a journey to Leavenworth, and a serious matter to respond to this toast; seriously, I don't know whether I can do it. You came from towered cities, glittering with spires, and with pinnacles adorned, to this "loveliest village of the plain"—see how modestly I speak. We have ambition, but fling it away; "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." But there is between us not so much difference after all, and you have little to boast of over us.

Our Kansas man is subject to headaches as well as you; I have tasted of hospitality in Chicago and St. Louis, and even in the Trans-Alleghanian region at Philadelphia, and in all your proud cities, except Omaha, and know the different styles of that luxury. Now if you will follow confidently along, the companions here will give you this article, one that you will not forget, but boast of. We have three varieties—the positive, the comparative, and the superlative. Our superlative headache we recommend for family use (by the head of the family only). It leads to domestic joy; to flashes of great propriety, and opens the purse-strings to patient and devoted wives. We have many certificates from the latter, who all agree that when they say to *paterfamilias*, "Well, I hope you are satisfied now," the answer is always in the affirmative.

You have another chance of seeking the bubble reputation, in the cannon's mouth. You may talk, when I have done, till



reveille. The general commanding aims to give you a brief transition from the dull round of civil life, and he usually hits the mark.

Not in the pent rooms nor in gilded halls of the city, but under canvas, and on ground, responsive to the tread of the soldier only, here, where heroes have been trained, you shall hear the calls from the mellow-breathing bugle's notes—so familiar in the past, they open the cells where memory sleeps, and ere we part I expect to see on your innocent faces the grim visage and wrinkled front of war. As strangers and pilgrims, I beseech you to beware; you are within the magic circle, the jurisdiction of military law, and that, some great jurisconsult says, is no law at all.

So have a care; let prudence, and above all things temperance, be the lamp unto your path. Don't trust to prohibition; it is not reliable, and may lead you with siren voice to guileful shores and meads of fatal joy. You men of Omaha, from New York, and Chicago, and you of St. Louis, what went ye out into the wilderness to see? men in soft raiment and they which are gorgeously appareled and live delicately? Then note ye our companions from the plumed troopers of this post—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Speaking for many and as if the master of this feast, I say to you, our guests, disport yourselves; a feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry.

Some disciple of Epicurus had to do with the institution of this Order of the Loyal Legion.

The object of life, according to the Epicurean philosophy, was the pursuit of pleasure, with a due regard for consequences. Apply this principle and mock the midnight bell.

When you shall turn and on Pullman cars bend your footsteps hence, leave it not to be said by us, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced." When the garlands of this banquet are dead, and you mingle again with your fellows here and there, I hope you will and may truthfully say, That infant Command-

ery in Kansas royally welcomes the coming and speeds the departing guests," and say,

"So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

You have kindly given us your presence to aid in the organization and nuptial ceremonies of the Kansas Commandery and enable us at once to grasp the confraternity by the hand and delightfully expand our social relations. Accept our thanks and grateful acknowledgments.

Banquet at Leavenworth, Kansas,

March 3, 1887.

Response to the Toast "Reminiscences,"

By Governor John A. Martin.

REMINISCENCES.

“Words that bring back the feelings of our youth,
The words of men that walked in war’s red ways,
The simple words that, giving blame or praise,
Ring down the echoing avenues of life.”

I do not expect, Mr. Chairman, that any words of mine can “bring back the feelings of youth.” Time takes something from us, as the years come and go, that it never gives back, and the lights and shadows of twenty-five eventful years have fallen upon us since we first “walked in war’s red ways.” But I may, perhaps, interest you for a brief time by a description of one of those walks—the march of the day, which had its counterpart in the marches of all armies, on many, many days.

A column is moving along the dusty road, with a long, free, swinging stride, that seems as easy as it is masterful. It started out, before it was light, in compact order, each man in his place, each company, regiment, brigade, and division following in its appointed order. It is the middle of the forenoon now, and the solid formation is somewhat disordered. The men have fallen into irregular groups; some hunt the smoothest places in the road, and the paths thus formed, single or double, are not always straight. Some are following the cow-paths along the road-side; others keep the center of the highway. At intervals are little groups of horsemen—the commanding officer, the adjutant, and an orderly, at the head of the regiment; the next in command, with the surgeons, in the rear. Midway between these mounted officers, always in line, and always surrounded by a little group of non-commissioned officers, are two soldiers carrying, not guns, but what seem to be long poles encased in oil-cloth. They are the flags of the regiment—the battle-flag and the regimental banner.

Sometimes, for hours, only the steady tramp of feet is heard. The men are as silent as if they were dumb. Then something sets all their lips awag, and the woods and fields echo

with their shouts and laughter. They comment on everything—on the houses, the fields, the trees, the road; they jibe at and joke with one another; they are a moving mass of blue interrogation points, questioning every one they see about distances, country, and people; and their laughter is as care-free and contagious as that of happy children.

Then a clear bugle-note comes floating down the line, and the column dissolves on the road-sides. In an instant, almost, the men assume all varieties of postures—some sitting, some lying down—for the bugle-call meant a rest of five or ten moments. The stragglers come up, one by one, and drop in with their commands. Then the bugle sounds again, and all start to their feet. They fall into line with the precision of a machine, and move on, to again, in a few moments, fall into their old, irregular, go-as-you-please step and route.

The hours come and go, and the miles slip by, five, six, ten, perhaps, and then the bugle sounds another call—a welcome one, for it is greeted with a shout. But this time the moving column does not dissolve so quickly. It closes up in compact order, and the guns are stacked in groups of four; on these are hanged cartridge-boxes, blankets, and other encumbrances. A few moments later, little volumes of smoke—hundreds and thousands of them, as far as the eye can reach along the road—roll up, and the atmosphere is filled with the perfume of burning pine, the aroma of coffee, and perhap the savory smell of bacon.

With what crude and meager utensils—at most a tin pot or cup, and a small skillet—it is all done! and yet how quickly and deftly! But no dinners these men have ever since eaten were more enjoyed than those their own hands prepared as they halted by the roadside a quarter of a century ago.

The dinner cooked and eaten, the march begins again, with the same routine of shouting and laughter, or silence and meditation. It is business, all of it—simply moving along, hour after hour, and mile after mile, until the sun dropped low in the

west, or perhaps for hours after night had gathered and darkness had fallen upon the earth. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, and occasionally thirty miles—these were the distances frequently covered by the long blue columns, each man carrying his house on his back, like a snail, and, in addition, his gun, forty rounds of ammunition, three days' rations, his cooking utensils, and his bed.

Sometimes these marches were made in pleasant weather, when the air was full of the perfume of flowers and melodious with the songs of birds. Sometimes they were made when the skies were leaden and the clouds hung low; when rain poured down, hour after hour, and the roads became quagmires, and the men were soaked and chilled to the bone. Sometimes they were made in mid-winter, when the ground was frozen and the north wind cut like a knife, and at every step the road was stained with blood of bruised and broken feet. Sometimes the route lay along pleasant lanes, or dim old country roads, or through quiet and shadowy woods, rich with odors of fir and pine; sometimes it followed, for days, the hard, white pikes, over which the dust hung like a cloud, thick, heavy, stifling. But no matter what the weather or the roads might be—whether the rain poured down in torrents, or the sun beat upon the column like a fiery furnace, or the cold of winter chilled and froze—the regiments formed and marched whenever orders came.

The long lines dwindled steadily and fatefully. Regiments that once mustered a thousand men were reduced to two or three hundred; companies that had answered to roll-call a hundred strong were mere squads of ten or fifteen. But as their long columns shrank, and each soldier's place in the line drew nearer and nearer to the faded and tattered flag in the center, it seemed to grow dearer and more precious to their hearts. They followed it, upheld it, loved it with an earnestness and devotion without parallel. Following it, hardships and privations were welcomed; upholding it, dangers and sufferings were laughed at;

and to protect it, the humblest and roughest of them all would have cheerfully and proudly given his own life. I have heard men, of late years, deny the existence of such a thing as disinterested patriotism. But the soldiers of the Union exemplified this splendid sentiment during every moment of their lives. No difficulty could dampen their ardor, no repulse could shake their confidence in final victory, no toil or suffering could perplex their faithful loyalty. The flag represented the Republic; to serve it was a soldier's duty; to die for it was a soldier's fate.

The months rolled on and lengthened into years, and still these men marched, and fought, and suffered, and died. And at last came victory, and peace, and home. Their toils and privations, their trials and dangers, were over at last. They had filled the world with the splendor of their achievements. They had exalted and glorified the American name. They had preserved for all the generations of men the priceless heritage of free government. They had lifted the old flag into the very heavens, its blue field glistening with every star that had ever sparkled there, its crimson stripes bathed in the red blood of five hundred thousand patriot heroes, and its pure white folds as stainless as the shining souls of those who had died to save it. They had broken the shackles of four million slaves. They had enriched history with such a record of great deeds as never before illuminated its pages. And then, quietly and modestly, they went back to their homes—

"Satisfied to pass
Calmly, serenely from the whole world's gaze,
And cheerfully accept, without regret,
Their old life as it was.

"They who were brave to act,
And rich enough their action to forget—
Who, having filled their day with chivalry,
Withdrew, and keep their simpleness intact,
And all unconscious add more lustre yet
Unto their victory.

“On the broad Kansas plain,
Their patriarchal life they live anew—
 Hunters as mighty as the men of old,
Or harvesting the plenteous grains,
 Gathering ripe vintage of dusk branches blue,
 Or working mines of gold;

“Or toiling in the town,
 Armed against hindrance, weariness, defeat,
 With dauntless purpose not to swerve or yield,
And calm, defiant strength, they struggle on,
 As sturdy and as valiant in the street
 As in the camp and field.

“Thus in the common fields and streets they stand;
 The light that on the past and distant gleams
 They cast upon the present and the near,
With antique virtues from some mystic land
 Of knightly deeds and dreams.”

Banquet at Leavenworth, Kansas,

June 24, 1887,

Given to Observe the First Anniversary of the Commandery.

Response to the Toast "Kansas in the War,"

By General John A. Martin.

KANSAS IN THE WAR.

"A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war."

It is impossible within the brief limits of an after-dinner talk to fairly respond to the toast assigned me. Kansas in peace and in war is a vast theme: it is the meridian of American progress and American heroism. "*Ad astra per aspera*," to the stars through difficulties and dangers, but always to the stars, upward, onward, higher, highest, no matter what it cost of labor, sacrifice, or danger. The record of Kansas through every step and stage of the marvelous history has been an illustration of her motto. The Kansas of peace you who are gathered here to-night know something of. Its growth has been phenomenal in the history of American commonwealths. Four hundred miles long by two hundred miles wide, the great heart of the American continent throbs with warm, ardent, and aggressive life and enterprise, and has sent pulsing through every artery of the nation the inspiring blood of its splendid example and the quickening vigor of its magnificent energy attracting the brain and brawn of the civilized world. Kansas has fused all into a homogeneous and cosmopolitan people, whose achievements have been a wonder and a model for the generations of man. In less than three decades the men and women of Kansas have wiped a desert from the map of America and replaced it with 82,000 square miles of cultivated field and fragrant meadows and towering forests; have dotted the whole of this vast territory with prosperous cities, towns, and villages; have sent a locomotive whistling through nearly every county; have planted school-houses and churches in every township; and have accumulated greater and more equitably distributed wealth than is possessed by any other equal number of people on the face of the globe. Fairly but very briefly summarized, this is the record of Kansas in peace. In war the history of the young State was no less eventful and distinguished. The flash of the gun at Sumter was to

the people of the country generally like a thunderbolt out of a serene and cloudless sky, but in Kansas its echoes fell upon the ears of a people ready for the contest. The slave power had invaded this State with fire and sword. Around the homes of the pioneers of Kansas, during seven long and tragic years, fierce tides of civil war had surged and roared. The conflict had drawn hither a host of bright, enthusiastic young men, and had inured them to the hardships and dangers of camp and field. They had illustrated in their daily walk and life the sublime virtues of courage, patience, endurance, and self-sacrifice. They had measured the desperate ambition of slavery; they understood its intolerant and destructive spirit, and when it finally assailed the life of the Republic, they were neither surprised, dismayed, nor unprepared. The call to arms was therefore responded to by the people of Kansas with unparalleled unanimity and enthusiasm. Long before the President's official notification reached the Governor, military companies had been organized in every city, town, and hamlet in the State, and the first two regiments sworn into the service of the United States were not recruited. Three companies were selected out of enough offered to form half a dozen regiments. From that day until the close of the Rebellion the representatives of the young State at Washington were kept busy importuning and begging the War Department to accept and muster in the rapidly forming military organizations. The official records of the war show that, reducing the troops furnished to a year's standard, only one State in the Union filled the quotas assigned it, and that State was Kansas. The general Government called on Kansas, during the four years from 1861 to 1864, for 12,931 men, and she furnished a total of 20,661, nearly double the number called for. Reduced to a three-years standard, Kansas furnished 18,706 men, or 5,775 in excess of the number called for. The quotas assigned all the States were based on their population. The census of 1860 gave Kansas a population of 107,206, and of this number only 59,178 were males and only 28,097 between

the ages of 20 and 50 years. At an exciting election held in the fall of 1860, the total vote of the State was less than 17,000. The young State therefore contributed to the Union Army nearly 4,000 more soldiers than it had votes in 1860. Such a record of devotion to a cause is, I venture to say, unexampled in the history of any other war that has ever occurred in any age or country. Under the call of April 15, 1861, for 75,000 three-months men, no quota was assigned to Kansas, but she furnished 650.

"Abra was ready ere I called her name,
And although I called another, Abra came."

Under the second call, that of May 3, 1861, for 500,000 three-years men, the quota assigned to Kansas was 3,235, but she furnished 6,953.

Under the call of July 2, 1862, for 300,000 three-years men, Kansas' quota was 1,771, but she furnished 2,936.

Under the call of October 17, 1863, and February 1, 1864, for 500,000 three-years men, the quota of Kansas was 3,523, but she furnished 5,874.

Under the call of March 14, 1864, for 200,000 three-years men, Kansas' quota was 1,409, but she furnished 2,564.

Under the calls of July 18 and December 19, 1864, the quota of Kansas was 1,222 and she furnished 1,234.

The only call to which Kansas did not respond was that of August 4, 1862, for 300,000 nine-months men. The volunteers of Kansas went in for three years. The only enlistments for a briefer period were those of the Second Kansas for three months, under the President's first call for troops, and the greater part of this regiment, immediately on its muster out, re-enlisted for three years; a battalion of 441 men recruited in the autumn of 1864 for the hundred-days service, and 622 men furnished in December, 1864, for one year.

Of the 20,661 volunteers furnished by Kansas during the Rebellion, all except 1,713 enlisted for three years, or during the war. These cold official records illustrate more eloquently than

any language can describe the splendid enthusiasm with which the patriotic people of Kansas rallied around the flag; but, impressive and wonderful as they are, they do not tell the whole story. Kansas was called upon during the first year of the war to furnish only 3,235 men, and is credited on the quotas of that year with 7,603, but she actually furnished nine full regiments and one battery before the close of the year 1861.

During the second year of the war she was called upon for 1,771 three-years and 1,771 nine-months men, and she responded with four full regiments and a battery for three years; none for nine months.

During 1863 and 1864 her quotas aggregated 6,154, and she furnished five full regiments and a battery for three years; a battalion of nearly 500 men for a hundred days, and over 600 men for a year. Thus the young State furnished during the war nine regiments of infantry, nine of cavalry, three batteries and five companies, and 1,209 of these men, mainly of the First, Seventh, Eighth, and Tenth Regiments, re-enlisted in 1863 as veterans. Thus every call made upon Kansas was filled at once, and during the first two years of the war doubly filled by her eager, brave, and patriotic sons. With what dauntless courage and unselfish devotion the soldiers of Kansas followed the flag, and with what confident faith and sublime self-sacrifice they marched and fought, suffered and died, the unexampled losses they sustained in battle will conclusively prove. In January, 1867, the Provost-Marshall General of the Army, General J. B. Fry, made a report showing the proportion of soldiers killed in battle per 1,000 men from each State. Kansas headed the list with 61.01; Vermont ranked second, with 58.22; and Massachusetts, third, with 47.76.

General Fry, in commenting on this notable record, says: "Kansas shows the highest battle mortality of the table. The same singularly martial disposition which induced about half of the able-bodied men of the State to enter the Army without bounty may be supposed to have increased their exposure to the

casualties of battle after they were in the service." In all that I have said concerning the record of Kansas during the war, I have simply quoted the official figures, but these are a eulogy far above and far beyond the compass of words. They establish three remarkable facts: first, that Kansas was the only State in the Union that filled and more than filled the quotas assigned her; second, that she furnished more soldiers in proportion to population than any other State; and, third, that the proportion of her soldiers killed in battle was larger than that of any other State. But not alone in the number of soldiers furnished, and their casualties in battle, was Kansas a notable figure during the Civil War. With Missouri on her eastern border, the Indian Territory south and westward, the vast plains swarming with savages, the young State was almost surrounded by foes and the position of her people was one of extreme exposure and peril. Her volunteer regiments were soon ordered to distant points; the First and Seventh were in the Army of the Tennessee, the Eighth was serving in the Army of the Cumberland, the Tenth was with the Army of the Gulf, and Fifth was with the Army of the Southwest, and nearly all the others were attached to the Army of the Frontier. Thus it happened that the borders of Kansas were frequently left exposed to the fury of her enemies, and were repeatedly invaded by swarms of guerrillas. More than a dozen cities and towns of Kansas were sacked and burned by the cowardly, brutal miscreants who followed Quantrell, Anderson, Todd, and other border chiefs, and at last, in October, 1864, the strong army of the Confederate General Price moved northward to invade the State, expecting to capture Fort Leavenworth and drive from this region of country all the loyal people.

But Kansas was prepared even for such an emergency as this.

The isolation and perils of her position were fully comprehended by her people, and in every city, town, and neighborhood within her borders companies of well-armed and fairly

drilled militia had been organized. The flower of the young State's youth and manhood was in the volunteer service, but the boys and the old men and those whose physical condition or personal duties prevented them from enlisting for continuous service were ready for this emergency. The Governor's call to the militia for active service was responded to at once by twenty-four well-organized regiments, numbering fully 16,000 men, and for twenty days this force did duty in the field. It invaded Missouri, it confronted with sturdy firmness the veteran legions of Price. Several regiments participated in severe engagements, in which they sustained heavy losses; all were honorably mentioned by the commanding general of the United States' forces, and their numbers, enthusiasm, and valor contributed largely to the utter discomfiture of the Confederate Army and its hasty retreat.

"States are not great except as men may make them;
Men are not great except they do and dare;
But States, like men, have destinies that take them,
That bear them on not knowing why or where.
All merit lies in daring the unequal,
All glory comes from daring to begin.
Fame loves the State that, reckless of the sequel,
Fights long and well, though it may lose or win."

The Banquet at Topeka, Kansas,

February 6, 1889.

Response to the Toast "The Army Mule,"

By Colonel J. H. Gillpatrick.

THE ARMY MULE.

"King, prince, and potentate are of the royal class;
I, good my lords, am but a meek and lowly ass."

Companions, something asinine seems to be wanted. Lend me, then, your relics of a stormy past; lend me your ears while I chant of the army mule.

Groping for the origin of my theme, I am bothered at the very start. Sure it is that the mule was not antediluvian. No such discordant voice disturbed the leafy solitude in paradisiacal days. Noah named him not in his bill of lading. The animals shipped to be saved from the Deluge, stowed higgledy-piggledy, must have caused many a chance acquaintance and strange liaisons, and it is not improbable that this mule, the puzzle of the zoölogist, dates from the voyage of the Ark.

The natural antipathy of the dam to the sire is well known, and it is not to be presumed that the mule was the result of a theory and practice of the breeders of animals in those days, for we find it laid down in the Levitical law: "Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind." (Leviticus 19:19.) The noble animal is shrouded in mystery; and any hypothesis is doubtful. He came into notice by no gradual process, and evolution will not account for his coming.

Anah, the son of a patriarch, became distinguished among his fellows, and a man of mark by the discovery of mules, for it is written: "This was that Anah that found the mules in the wilderness, as he was feeding the asses of Zibeon his father." (Genesis 36:24.) For this he is remembered, while his contemporaries are forgotten. Why this finding, evidently a startling thing to the ancients, was introduced by the historiographer to be so meagerly explained is difficult to understand. Probably he gave us all he knew, and maybe more—not an uncommon thing among historians from that time to Herodotus, and even in these degenerate days. Anah, had he lived, would have been astonished to see what a "big find" he made.

The mule was begotten, and he gendered not again. That much is certain. But he was not an original idea; is rather an improvement on that great invention, animal mechanism. And indeed in the economy of Nature he is a scratch—a chance carom on the jack and the mare, a kind of beastly miscegenation. Looking through sacred history for his pedigree, you will find the first mention made of the ass, and discover that there were a great many asses in those days.

The Redeemer of mankind rode to Jerusalem on an ass and a colt the foal of an ass, and the people shouted "Hosanna!" Saul of Tarsus was astraddle of the same animal when he journeyed to Damascus and was so miraculously brought to a realizing sense of his sins. But few men nowadays, no matter how solid they might feel with their constitutions, would risk reputation by such locomotion. What would you think of a traveling lecturer riding into Topeka on an ass?

Well, after an accidental coition, a conception under protest, the offspring came rapidly into general use and was called a mule. When King David sent for Solomon, he said: "Let him come upon mine own mule." And of David's sons at another time it is written that "every man gat him upon his mule and fled." And that first secessionist, Absalom, rode a mule, "and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, and the mule that was under him went away." The inspired penman who wrote and hands down to us this veracious history plainly is disposed to gloat over Absalom's tragic end, and would laugh at his calamity, but he further interests himself to guy the mule, to make game of him. I don't know what they expected of mules in those days, and I don't see what the mule could do but go away. After Absalom was taken up between heaven and earth, the mule that was under him went away; of course he did, he had no further business there; and he has been going ever since.

George Washington first introduced him into this country,

and thus he gravitated into the United States Army. As I have said, there is no accounting for the mule to begin with, but there were many ways of accounting for him after he was taken up on the rolls of the quartermaster's office. I believe the favorite way was to account for him as "lost in action." And, by the way, it might be remarked that by casting up the number of actions used for this purpose the historian gets the exact total of engagements in the late war—and a good many more too.

When taken into service, he is initiated—naturalized—by the brand "U. S." and after this ceremonial he is never again the same animal. The sweetness of domestic simplicity and the ingenuousness of his youth have gone. He is introduced to the mysteries of logistics, and the intricacies, snares, and entanglements, the straps and chains of his bondage become the study of his life.

These make him a solemn and a thoughtful mule. Forced to tasks and taken through hardships and on journeys that few men can understand, he naturally takes the side of the opposition, and frequently becomes an obstructionist, and the leer in his eye grows vinegary. From the cool, sequestered vale, his habitat, he is plunged into the madding crowd. Still he forms a kind of affection for his life and associations in the Army. One stolen by the Comanches and gone for many days turns up unannounced one morning, walking demurely between the commanding officer and the men at guard mount, as if reporting for duty. For patient endurance, for uncomplaining sufferance, he is the chosen animal. Watch him under difficulties—stalled in the mire, steep banks in front and rear, an overloaded Government wagon behind, and the driver a common rascal, unaccomplished in villainy and without genius in blasphemy or anything else you would think. View the situation: the train is blockaded, the march impeded, and of course the mules are to blame and to be beaten. The driver's time has come. The occasion when men show what is in them has turned up. He develops latent faculties and powers abnormal. From the depths of his

slouchiness he springs into demoniacal activity, he covers himself with diabolism as with a garment. His cruel whip in all its black tapering length sings through the air, and curses and objurgations roll from his tongue till oaths and profanity in every major and minor key are circumambient. In words single and compound he damns the speechless beasts till Providence or exhaustion ends the scene. And Bre'r Mule, though covered with mud and misery, erects his ears, like two interrogation points, as if he'd say, "Is that all?"

His instincts are keen, and he knows an emergency as well and even better than his driver. Without food and water on the longest marches, with the short, quick step, he goes on and on and on, with no sign of complaint, while mankind about him breaks out in grumbling and discontent. His eyes show distress; his gaunt flanks throb and his ears flop rigorless, but otherwise he goes on with mechanical and monotonous regularity. But before the camp and water that they pant for are known to the command, he will, with a cry unlike anything else among animals and peculiar to his kind, give infallible notice that the end of another day's toil is near, and water, rest, and a roll. And that roll, by the way, will fit him out for yet another day's drive, without other sustenance or recuperation.

Once when the wagons were parked and the mules had been standing in harness for more than a day and night without respite, I noticed, when moving about the acres of teams as officer of the day in the gray of the morning, a driver petting his near lead mule. He smoothed her ears and stroked her face and embraced her head, as Sancho Panza did Dapple, on a memorable crisis in his affairs, and I overheard that driver say: "Mary, God d—n our souls! Mary, this yer's rough, ain't it?" He had jerked and pulled this same leader and abused her with immitigable bitterness many a time and oft, but now he damned her and himself in unison, in pure excess of pity and affection. And he and his class would lie and steal and fight if necessary to get forage for their mules.

When "played out" his worshipful master the quartermaster brands him "I. C." (inspected and condemned). Some, to be sure, have got out of the service without this mark of condemnation, with a character left, a sort of honorable discharge, but not often. Generally the A. Q. M. is noted for getting and keeping all the mules he can, but there have been cases where the mules were in superfluity: and then they are sold and branded "X. S." And the excesses of some men in the Army were deplorable.

I believe in the common soldier. He is what armies are made of; the unit of its organization. Without him there were no battles to record nor tales of victory to relate, and the general himself would never have had a chance to be great. But we must accord a place to the army mule. He is to the private soldier what the private is to the commander-in-chief.

I believe one old mule, famed for service beginning with the first battle of Bull Run, was placed, by order of General Sherman, on the retired list—*i. e.*, turned out never to be harnessed again; to roll at his own sweet will and be furnished a full ration till time with him shall be no more. This idea may have been borrowed from the Greeks—for the Athenians made a decree that the mules which served at the building of the temple called Hecatompedon should be free, and suffered to pasture where they would without hindrance. (See Plutarch's Life of Cato; Montaigne, Vol. II., p. 116.) And the Agrigentines had a common custom solemnly to inter the beasts they had a kindness for; and the magnificency that was common with them in all other things did also particularly appear in the sumptuousness and number of monuments erected to this end, that remained a show for several ages after. (Diodorus, Sic. XIII., 77.)

We build proud monuments to perpetuate the memories of valiant men; let's pass the hat to rear a mound or mausoleum to the memory of the army mule, for that he toiled with patience, tugged without complaint, and never "kicked."

Banquet at Topeka, Kansas,

February 6, 1897.

Response to the Toast "The Army Bummer,"

By Captain Joseph G. Waters.

THE ARMY BUMMER.

The bummer bore upon his person the proprietary trade-mark of the great United States. He was a creation of the American eagle, and he became a necessitous necessity as soon as his creator was advised of his boundless per capita of utility and gall. He never felt the gyves of discipline. If rank compelled a salute, a vicious mental exclamation was lymph for such lupus.

No crowned head would have tolerated him for a moment. There was about him the potency and inclination to knock the underpinning from the throne, or jump the claim and sequester the crown jewels of any satrap who occupied that kind of an upholstered seat. The interest on his capitalized assurance would have been ample to have paid the entire principal of the national debt. He was a larger book of strategy than De Jomini ever wrote, and beyond doubt he was the only personage of whom William Tecumseh ever had cause to be envious or afraid. The objective point became his while the Army was busy in preparation for its capture; and it laggardly responded to his request to hurry up and help him hold it.

Had he been a Crusader, the Holy City would have been his meat; and his descendants to-day would have borne the hen lyant or the razor-back rampant on their ennobled escutcheons.

* If the genus homo of whom I am permitted to speak could have been projected into the Russian campaign, as Mark Twain did the Yank into the court and times of King Arthur, instead of death on horseback pursuing the French Army a-foot back to France, the return from the God-forsaken country would have been a summer picnic, and, far into the next autumn, the road from the Kremlin to the Champs Elysées would have been littered with chicken feathers and ham rinds.

When the Government, and the great liberty-loving people behind it, were in agony over the outcome, and while the national gloom was as though the empty bottles of the night had been upturned and emptied into Chaos, he heard the roosters crow for

morning and gave the North backbone and faith; when they waited in dumb despondency for the dread Sphinx to answer, whether government of the people, by the people, and for the people should be wiped from the face of the earth, as some day a Kansas cyclone will serve the sixteen-story buildings of Chicago, he punctured the Confederacy and knew it to be an apple of the Dead Sea.

He wired Sherman to come and not be afraid, as there was nothing but a handful of Georgia malish of odd sizes and last year's vintage and three proclamations of Bragg intervening between him and the sea.

He was a wise man in his day and army corps. He always hunted up a Baptist settlement for a convenient place to ford a river. He was then sure of a ripple and rock bottom. He was all things to all women. Notwithstanding he had a family at home, he wooed the Southern maiden while a number of loving letters from his wife remained secure in his pocket. He told her the story old as time and sweet as mortality; one which pulses with the same rhythm and warmth beneath the midnight sun and Labrador sky as it does amid all the opulence of noon's eternal flowers. He asseverated to her that it was under a dire compulsion he dared not name that he took service in the Union Army; that, scorning proffers of high command in both the Army and Navy, he took the humblest position he could find; that although Grant was his uncle, he had not the heart to sanction the general's course; he prophesied a victory to the Southern cause and hinted at reclamation from the Northern purse for all the South had suffered or borne or lost; he declared that upon the conclusion of the vulgar and unconstitutional rapine and pillage of the Northern horde, he intended to return and invest his entire private fortune in that very vicinity.

And then, with his arms entangling her, "he poured into the porches" of her ears the "leprous distillment" beside which Claude Melnotte's harangue to the trusting Pauline was as contractor's sow-belly to Hesperian fruit. And all the while his

eyes wandered the landscape o'er, alert to discover the lair of the heirlooms and the abode of the buttermilk and sausage.

He was a statistician who used up the resources of the country in compiling the returns.

As a financier, he inflated the volume of Confederate currency by an issue which for letter-press was complimentary to the Philadelphia concern that got it up, and much of which our British brethren hold and hope some day for the United States to assume and pay.

As the deeps of atmosphere envelop the earth and protect it from stellar shot and hot, whizzing, rotten, planetary camp-kettles, so harm comes not to any mortal; as the tenuous nebula around the comet's head and hundred miles of tail, so he surrounded the Army and pervaded the country, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, while the great sinuous, crawling Army bisected the Confederacy with a frolic and tore it in two with a joke. It was the first great march the Salvation Army ever made.

The bummer's conscience was but an annex to his appetite. He was the very inspiration and genius of hunger. Reason, reputation, and risk were hand-maidens that waited on stomach. Anatomically, he was an octopus of abdomen, whose tentacles reached every hen-roost and pig-sty. His teeth were sand-papered and edged for nubbins, pain-killer, goose liver, red hair-oil, and corn pone.

Par excellence the American knight, whose lance was always in poise for the unwary hog, and who victoriously wrestled the trophies in his joust and tourney with unsophisticated mutton. He may have been unshaven, hungry, and dirty, but when it came to loyalty to the cause, he was a vestal virgin who had no use for a sieve; and when it came to disguising his purpose by the use of chin music, he was a Socrates.

Alas, and ah me! We gaze backward to at last linger on a dream. We invoke the past, and only a specter stalks across the memory to-night. The unreal flesh has taken on the invisible

livery that mantles a soul in Paradise. He rides his flea-bitten mule no more. His canteen lies corroded and empty. His gastric juice has taken a vacation and he assimilates his victuals no longer. The great nerve that touched the brain of an army's intelligence and activity has departed.

Where he may be I cannot tell. Full well I know his valor threads the shining meshes of the flag. There is an echo of him in the mighty woods as the birds sing songs of peace in the depths. Wherever the glow touches the hill-top, it tinges his name. There is a laughter of streams that ripple to his memory and a psalm of oceans that anthem his praise. There was victory and home again, instead of petty provinces, incongruous, divergent, and soon to be alien. From ocean to its sister sea is one land and one flag, which, under the Divine benignities, he fought for and so well helped to accomplish.

Where he may be I cannot tell. If still he dance the crazy maze called life, I say, God bless him! And if he is a foot pedestrian on the streets of the New Jerusalem, he has long ere this ascertained how well the golden cobble-stones are anchored down and how firm the matchless gems are set and grounded in its alabaster walls.

With him has vanished the marching men, the horse, the rider, the Dahlgren, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting," the lustrous and shining banners of victory, "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war"—all are gone forever!

Banquet at Topeka, Kansas,

May, 1897.

Response to the Toast "Good-Night,"

By Captain Joseph G. Waters.

GOOD-NIGHT.

The feast has ended and its broken fragments strew the board. Sweet as these gathered flowers may be which some kind hand has culled, they at last begin to wither and turn away in languor from their own perfume. For, graybeards all, the hour grows late!

During the flight of these swift moments we have heard an indistinct echo of bugles; and where it melts into silence our ears are too dull and heavy to discern. There has come to us the patter of far-away drums across the distance of years and many leagues of time.

Through a sunburst of the past one's eyes have caught the glitter of banners, upheld in defeat and advanced high against the sky in the supreme agony of victory. There have marched by us regiments whose faint footfalls we could not hear; galloping artillery, that gave no sound of hoof or wheel; horses, sabers, and men who sat their saddles well, who answered no salute. We have looked and listened as dreamers possessed by dreams in the dead watch and silence of a mid-summer's night.

From the other shore of an unknown and mysterious river, and across its tide, there has come a murmur of men that the witchery of this occasion has mellowed into the low chant of an anthem and the sweetness of a benediction. We have given them faint replies of undying regard and our answering hail has been to comrades.

May all-gracious and all-hallowed night bear to them the tender and loving words spoken in this cheery place by all this goodly company of souls. We have rightfully spoken of the cause for which we fought, regardfully of each other, and devoutly of the great increasing host,

"Whose lances rust,
Whose hearts are dust,
Whose souls are with the Lord, we trust."

We have given the flag the obeisance the smitten heart yields his lady-love. We have hid the passing hour with the sweetness of repeated song. And now, aweary with the pleasure of this banquet-room, the desire comes for rest and sleep that only "Good-night" brings.

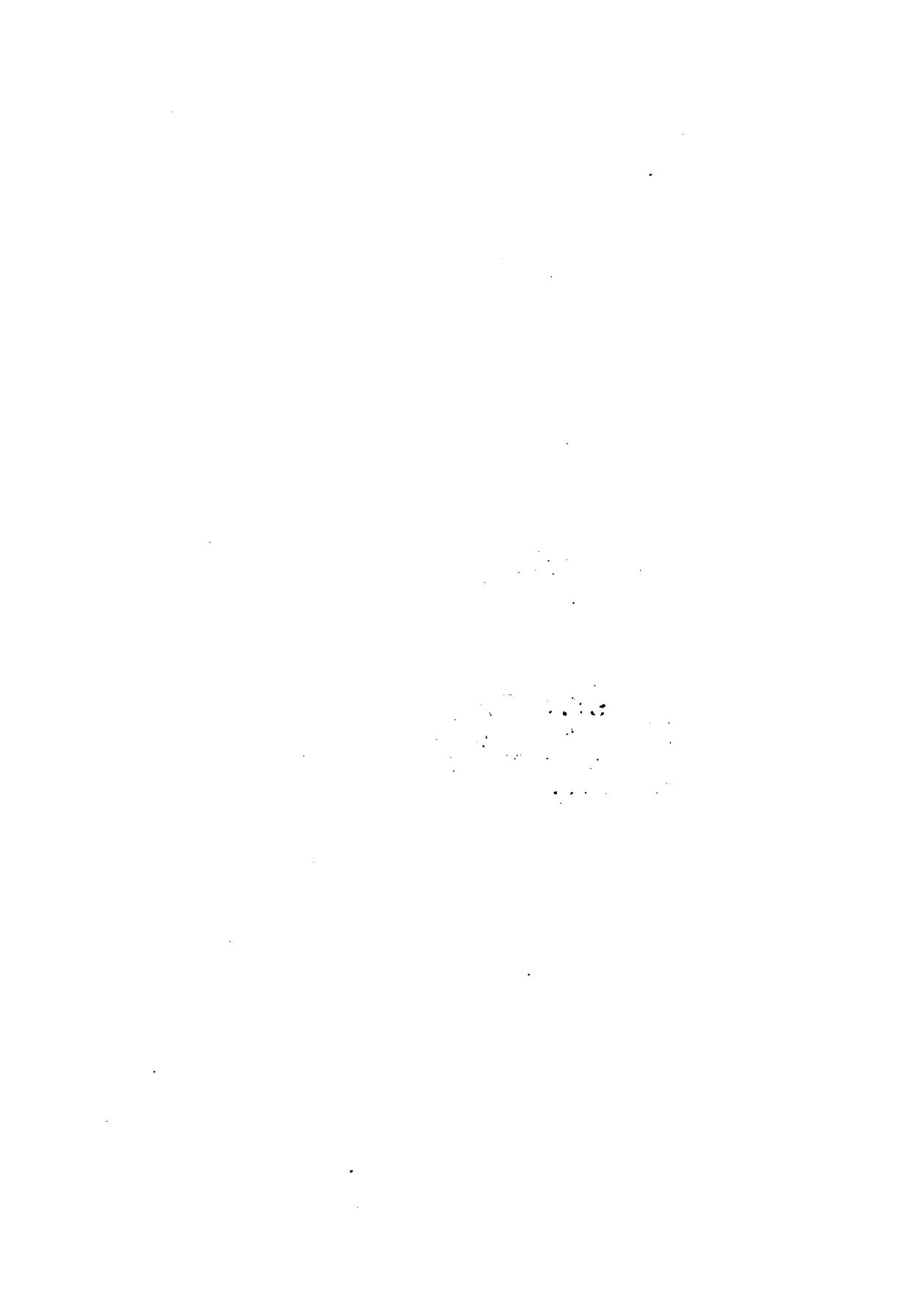
We have felt the conjury by which dead memories come back to life, we have divined the sorcery of comradeship, and the spell of benignant hours is upon us. The longest rivers reach the sea, and toast and speech and song end with farewell. It has been cast upon me to be the grim wizard whose wand shall ruthlessly break this enchantment and by a low and tremulously spoken "Good-night" turn this gay scene into a memory that begins to fade even while the painter sits at his easel and brushes its splendor in.

There are a few words in our speech that singly fill the page and touch the tongue with continued silence. *Friends, home, family, and government* are more comprehensive than a lexicon and are bounded by no definition. Among old comrades, on the eve of separation, each with the blessing of all, some to wander beyond the touch of hand or meet of eye, there drifts to human lip no sadder, sweeter word than that which I am forced to say —*Good-night!*

Within we find the paths of war,
The camp, the march, the bloody field,
The loyal hearts who fought to shield
Our flag from Treason's battle-scar.
Thro' these we read and feel the patriot's story
And see the Nation step to strength and glory.

JOEL MOODY.





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